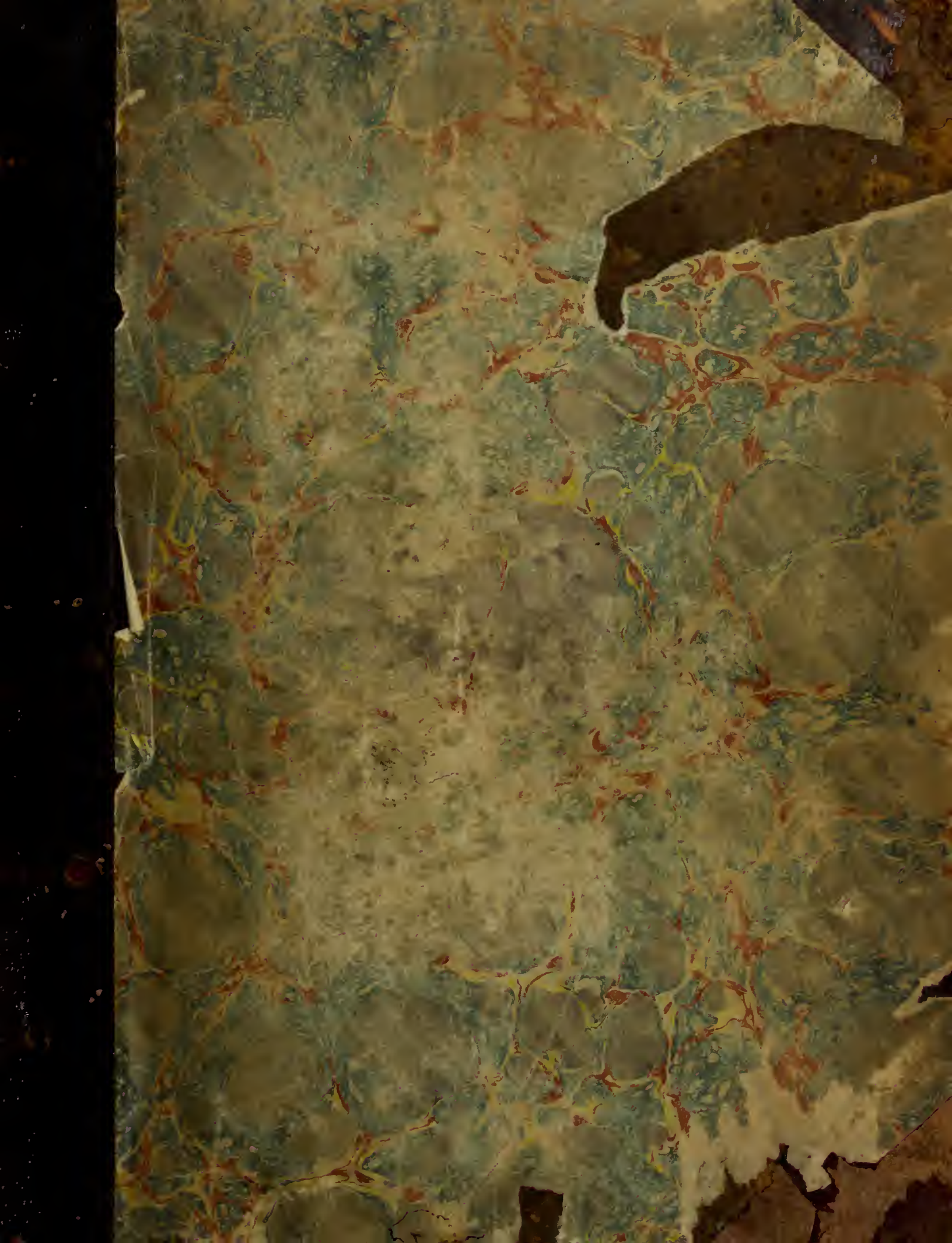

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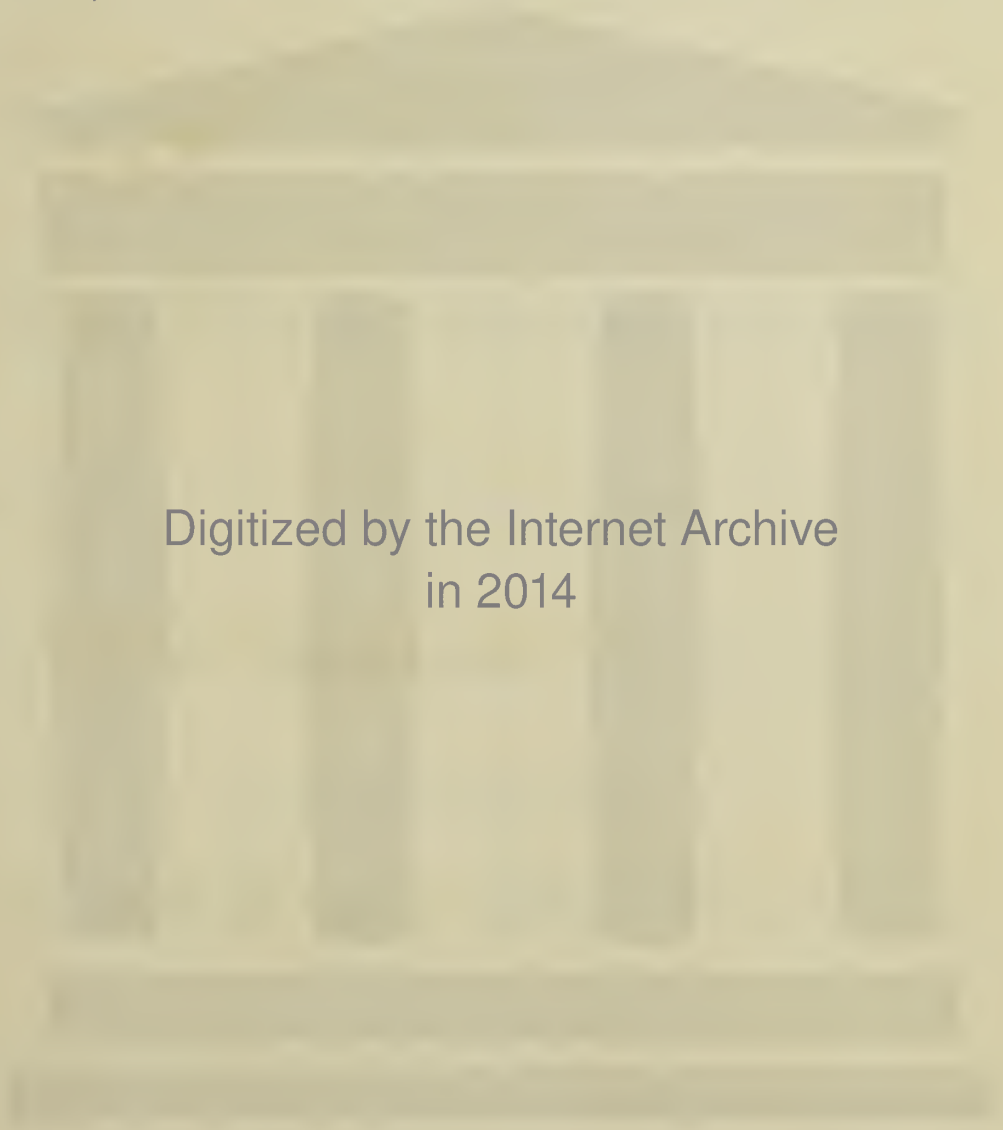

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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

VOLUME *the* SIXTH.

CONSISTING OF

TRAGEDIES from FABLE.

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON in the *Strand.*

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Shakesp
PR
2752
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1723
v. 6

PLAYS *contain'd in this Volume.*

TROILUS and *CRESSIDA.*

CYMBELINE.

ROMEO and *JULIET.*

HAMLET.

OTHELLO.

TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, *there lyes the ſcene: from Iſles of* Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens *ſent their ſhips,*
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian *bay*
Put forth toward Phrygia, *and their vow is made*
To ranſack Troy; *within whoſe ſtrong immures,*
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' *Queen*
With wanton Paris *ſleeps, and that's the quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come----*
And the deep-drawing barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan *plains,*
The freſh and yet unbruiſed Greeks *do pitch*
Their brave pavilions. Priam's *ſix-gated city,*
Dardan, *and* Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Anteroridas, *with maſſy ſtaples*
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts,
Stir up the ſons of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittiſh ſpirits
On one and other ſide, Trojan *and* Greek,
Sets all on hazard. Hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions as our argument;
To tell you, (fair beholders) that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
Beginning in the middle: ſtarting thence,
To what may be digeſted in a play.
Like, or find fault, do as your pleaſures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

PRIAM,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,
} TROJANS.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulyſſes,
Neſtor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Therſites,
Calchas,
} GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to* Menelaus, *in Love with* Paris.
Andromache, *Wife to* Hector.
Creſſida, *Daughter to* Calchas, *in Love with* Troilus.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, with other attendants.*

SCENE Troy *and the* Grecian *Camp.*

The Story originally written by an old Lombard *Author, and ſince by* Chaucer.

TROI-

† *TROILUS* and *CRESSIDA.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

TROY.

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

TROILUS.

ALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again.
Why ſhould I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan* that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troilus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

' *Troi.* The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and skilful to their ſtrength,
' Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſs valiant.
' But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
' Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;
' Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
' And skil-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

† *Before this Play of* Troilus *and* Creſſida *printed in* 1609 *is a Bookſeller's preface, ſhowing that firſt impreſſion to have been before the Play had been acted, and that it was publiſhed without* Shakeſpear's *knowledge from a copy that had fallen into the Bookſeller's hands. Mr.* Dryden *thinks this one of the firſt of our Author's plays: But on the contrary, it may be judg'd from the foremention'd Preface that it was one of his laſt; and the great number of obſervations, both moral and politick, (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) ſeems to confirm my opinion.*

Pan.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ah, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her ſelf, what Goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance than I do:
At *Priam*'s royal table I do ſit;
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,----
So traitor!----when ſhe comes? when is ſhe thence?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look, or any woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh would rive in twain,
Leſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceive me
I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm)
Buried this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helen*'s----well, go to, there were no more compariſon between the women. But for my part ſhe is my kinſwoman, I would not (as they term it) praiſe her----but I would ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but----

Troi. O *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus*----

When

When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye intrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s love. Thou anſwer'ſt, ſhe is fair,
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart;
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe----- O that! her hand!-----
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach) to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cignet's down is harſh, and ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'ſt me;
As true thou tell'ſt me; when I ſay I love her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*; an ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not an ſhe were a black-a-more, 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to ſtay behind her father: let her to the *Greeks*, and ſo I'll tell her the

next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*----

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*----

Pan. Pray you ſpeak no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit* Pandarus.

[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours, peace rude ſounds,
Fools on both ſides. *Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument,
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword:
But *Pandarus*----- O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandarus*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn, chaſt, againſt all ſute.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lyes, a pearl;
Between our *Ilium*, and where ſhe reſides
Let it be call'd the wild and wandring flood,
Our ſelf the merchant, and this ſailing *Pandar*
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* Æneas.

Æne. How now Prince *Troilus*? wherefore not i'th' field?

Troi. Becauſe not there; this woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What news, *Æneas*, from the field to-day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas?*
Æne. Troilus, by *Menelaus.*
Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* horn. [*Alarum.*
Æne. Hark, what good ſport is out of town to-day?
Troi. Better at home, if would I might, were may----
But to the ſport abroad---- are you bound thither?
Æne. In all ſwift haſte.
Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Creſſida *and a Servant.*

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?
Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen.*
Cre. And whither go they?
Ser. Up to th' eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the fight. *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtruck his armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the ſun roſe, he was harneſt light,
And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In *Hector's* wrath.
Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?
Ser. The noiſe goes thus; There is among the *Greeks*,
A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax.*
Cre. Good, and what of him?
Ser. They ſay he is a very man *per ſe*, and ſtands alone.
Cre. So do all men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

Ser. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lyon, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath ſo crouded humours, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man (that makes me ſmile) make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battel and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus.*

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus.*

Pan. Good morrow, couſin *Creſſid*: what do you talk of? † how do you, couſin? when were you at *Ilium*?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere ye came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre.

† Good morrow Alexander *is added in all the Editions very abſurdly,* Paris *not being on the Stage.*

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter*, there's no compariſon.

Pan. What not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you ſee him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well I ſay *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you ſay, as I ſay, for I am ſure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt to each of them, he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? alas poor *Troilus!* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himſelf? no, he's not himſelf, would he were himſelf; well, the gods are above, time muſt friend or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would my heart were in her body ---- no, *Hector* is not a better man, than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th' other's come to't: *Hector* ſhall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own,

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement, neice; *Helen* her ſelf ſwore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſs) not brown neither ----

Cre. No but brown.

Pan. Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris.*

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* ſhould have too much; if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his, he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen*'s golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris.*

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek* indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure ſhe does. She came to him th' other day into the compaſt window; and you know he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector.*

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. Juno have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled. I think his ſmiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia.*

Cre. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then----but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

Pan. *Troilus*? why he eſteems her no more, than I eſteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin; indeed ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught that her eye run o'er.

Cre. With milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry at the white hair, that *Helen* ſpied on *Troilus*'s chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the hair as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, make no queſtion of that: two and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is the father, and

all

all the reſt are his ſons. *Jupiter*, quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is *Paris*, my husband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck't out and give it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Helen* ſo bluſh'd, and *Paris* ſo chaft, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing Yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn 'tis true; he will weep you an 'twere a man born in *April*. [*Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, as 'twere a nettle againſt *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field, ſhall we ſtand up here and ſee them as they paſs towards *Ilium*? good neice do, ſweet neice *Creſſida*.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely, I'll tell you them all by their names, as they paſs by, but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Æneas *paſſes over the Stage.*

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor *paſſes over the Stage.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough, he's one o'th' ſoundeſt judgment in *Troy* whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon; when comes *Troilus*? I'll ſhew you *Troilus* anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall have more. Hector

Hector *passes over.*

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, neice: O brave *Hector*! look how he looks? there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good, look you what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there? there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say; there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris *passes over.*

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godslid is does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder, neice, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who said he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now, ha? would I could see *Troilus* now, you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus *passes over.*

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel where *Troilus* is: that's *Helenus*----I think he went not forth to-day; that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenus*, no---- yes, he'll fight indifferent well-----I marvel where *Troilus* is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *paſſes over.*

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus.* 'Tis *Troilus*! there's a man, neice---- hem---- brave *Troilus*; the prince of chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus*: look well upon him, neice, look you how his ſword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd then *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a grace, or a daughter a goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant *Helen* to change would give [a] one eye to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well ---- why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend

[a] *mony.*

fend my wiles; upon my ſecreſie, to defend mine honeſty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe; and at all theſe wards I lye, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe, † there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good neice.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, neice, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle---

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus.*

Cre. By the ſame token, you are a bawd. [*Exit* Pan.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels wooing,
Things won are done, the ſoul's joy lyes in doing:
That ſhe belov'd knows nought that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That ſhe was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Atchievement is command; ungain'd, beſeech.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;

† *Theſe neceſſary words added from the firſt quarto edition.*

That though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Agamemnon's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Trumpets. *Enter* Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Agam. PRINCES;
What grief hath ſet the jaundiſe on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition that hope makes
In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs; checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd:
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo far,
That after ſev'n years ſiege, yet *Troy* walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, tryal did draw
Bias and thwart; not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our works?
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive tryals of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,

The

The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a [b] broad and powerful fan
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter by it ſelf,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy goodly ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of noble bulk?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cuts,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like *Perſeus'* horſe: Where's then the ſawcy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſs? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew and valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune. For in her ray and brightneſs
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but when ſplitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under ſhade; the thing of courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
[c] Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyſ. *Agamemnon*,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul, and only ſpirit,

[b] *loud.* [c] *retires.*

In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up: hear what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation
The which, moſt mighty, for thy place and ſway, [*To* Aga.
And thou, moſt rev'rend for thy ſtretcht-out life, [*To* Neſt.
I give to both your ſpeeches, which were ſuch
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in ſilver)
Should with a bond of air, ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecian* ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou great, and wiſe) to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.

Aga. Speak, prince of *Ithaca*: we leſs expect
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burthen
Divide thy lips: than we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyſ. *Troy*, yet upon his baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of rule hath been neglected;
And look how many *Grecian* tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? *degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the mask.
The heav'ns themſelves, the planets, and this center,
Obſerve degree, priority and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*

In

In noble eminence enthron'd and ſphear'd
Amidſt the reſt, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
And poſts like the command'ment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the ſea? ſhaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixture? when *degree* is ſhaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high deſigns)
The enterprize is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, lawrels,
(But by degree) ſtand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what diſcord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecility,
And the rude ſon would ſtrike his father dead:
' Force would be right; or rather, right and wrong
' (Between whoſe endleſs jar juſtice reſides)
' Would loſe their names, and ſo would juſtice too.
' Then every thing includes it ſelf in power,
' Power into will, will into appetite,
' And appetite (an univerſal wolf,
' So doubly ſeconded with will and power)

' Muſt

'Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
'And laſt eat up itſelf. Great *Agamemnon*!
This chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The general's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he by the next;
That next by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, grows to an envious feaver
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation.
And 'tis this feaver that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.
Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The feaver, whereof all our power is ſick.
Aga. The nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*,
What is the remedy?
Ulyſ. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the fore-hand of our hoſt,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our deſigns. With him *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſs deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting player, (whoſe conceit
Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound

'Twixt

'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage)
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted ſeeming
He acts thy greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd;
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt
Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
The large *Achilles*, on his preſt-bed lolling,
From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe:
Cries---excellent----'tis *Agamemnon* juſt----
Now play me *Neſtor*---- hum, and ſtroke thy beard
As he, being dreſt to ſome oration.
That's done----as near as the extremeſt ends
Of parallels; as like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries, excellent!
'Tis *Neſtor* right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night-alarm:
And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet----at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, "O!----enough *Patroclus*----
Or, "give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all
"In pleaſure of my ſpleen." And in this faſhion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain,
(Whom, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head

In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a [d] pace,
As broad *Achilles*; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts, rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an oracle; and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlave whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint)
To match us in compariſons with dirt,
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How hard ſoever rounded in with danger.

Ulyſ. They tax our policy, and call it cowardiſe,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war,
Fore-ſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no act
But that of hand: 'the ſtill and mental parts,
'That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike
'When fitneſs calls them on, and know by meaſure
'Of their obſervant toil, the enemies weight,
'Why this hath not a finger's dignity;
'They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, cloſet-war:
'So that the ram that batters down the wall,
'For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
'They place before his hand that made the engine;
'Or thoſe that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
'By reaſon guide his execution.

Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* ſons. [*Tucket ſounds.*

Aga. What trumpet? look *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon*'s tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne.

[d] *place*

Æne. May one that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekiſh* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* head and general.
Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus*:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?
Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords, and *Jove*'s accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
Peace *Trojan*, lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If he that's prais'd himſelf bring the praiſe forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you your ſelf *Æneas?*
Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s ears.
Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.

Æne. And I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on that attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon*'s ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.

Æne. Trumpet blow loud:
Send thy braſs voice thro' all theſe lazy tents,
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.

[*The trumpets ſound.*

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A prince call'd *Hector*, (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is ruſty grown, he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, princes, lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his miſtreſs more than in confeſſion
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, (or do his beſt to do it)
He hath a lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet, call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rowze a *Grecian* that is true in love.

If

If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance; even ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas.*
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love;
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, I'm he.
Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*; one that was a man
When *Hector*'s grandſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* [c] hoſt
One nobleman that hath one ſpark of fire,
To anſwer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my [†] vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth is flood;
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth.
Ulyſ. *Amen.*
Aga. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our pavillion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:
Your ſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

[c] *mold* [†] *An armour for the arm*, Avant-bras.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Manent Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.

Ulyſ. Neſtor.

Neſt. What ſays *Ulyſſes?*

Ulyſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.

Neſt. What is't?

Ulyſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like evil
To over-bulk us all.

Neſt. Well, and how now?

Ulyſ. This challenge that the valiant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles.*

Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up,
And in the publication make no ſtrain:
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Lybia*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great ſpeed of judgement,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.

Ulyſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?

Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles?* though a ſportful combat,
Yet in this tryal much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt repute

With

With their fin'ſt palate: truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in ſuch indexes although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the giant-maſs
Of things to come, at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets *Hector* iſſues from our choice;
And choice being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil
As 'twere from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part!
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves;
Which entertain'd, limbs are his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſ. Give pardon to my ſpeech;
Therefore 'tis fit *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, ſhew our fowleſt wares,
And think perchance they'll ſell; if not,
The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not then conſent
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our ſhame in this
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun

Than

Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he ſcape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
Why then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lott'ry,
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector:* 'mong our ſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſick the great *Myrmidon*
Who broils in loud applauſe, and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,
Ajax imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.
Neſt. Ulyſſes, now I reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him ſtreight;
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
Muſt † tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

† Tarre, *an old engliſh word ſignifying to* provoke *or* urge on. *See K.* John, *act.* 4. *ſc.* 1. —*like a dog, ſnatch at his maſter that doth tar him on.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *and* Therſites.

AJAX.

THERSITES.

Ther. Agamemnon---- how if he had biles---full, all over generally. [*Talking to himſelf.*

Ajax. Therſites.

Ther. And thoſe biles did run---ſay ſo---did not the general run, were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog.

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, canſt thou not hear? feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord.

Ajax. Speak then, you [f] unſalted leaven, ſpeak, I will beat thee into handſomneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs; but I think thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o'thy jades tricks.

Ajax. Toads-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doeſt thou think I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

[f] *whinid'ſt*

Ther. I would thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee, I would make thee the loathſom'ſt ſcab in *Greece*.

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina*'s beauty. I, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs *Therſites*.

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf.

Ther. He would pound thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a bisket.

Ajax. You whorſon cur. [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch.

Ther. Ay, do, thou ſodden-witted lord; thou haſt no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Aſſinego* may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs, thou art here but to thraſh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou.

Ajax. You dog.

Ther. You ſcurvy lord.

Ajax. You cur. [*Beating him.*

Ther. *Mars* his ideot! do rudeneſs, do camel, do, do.

SCENE II.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this? How now, *Therſites*? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther.

Ther. Nay look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters, his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What? [Ajax *offers to ſtrike him*, Achilles *interpoſes*.

Ther. I ſay, this *Ajax*.----

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not ſo much wit----

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helen*'s needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool.

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I ſhall----

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you, for a fool's will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words, *Therſites*.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax, I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenure of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Ev'n ſo---- a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains, he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Therſites*?

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes*, and old *Neſtor*, (whoſe wit was mouldy ere their Grandſires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to---

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Therſites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles'* brach bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools [*Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our hoſt,
That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the ſun,
Will with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy*,
To-morrow morning call ſome knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach, ſuch a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis traſh, farewel.

Ajax. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwiſe
He knew his man.
Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Priam's *Palace in* Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris *and* Helenus.

Pri. AFter ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays *Neſtor* from the *Greeks*:
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war)
Shall be ſtruck off. *Hector*, what ſay you to't?
Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular; yet
There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is. The wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe; the tent that ſearches
To th' bottom of the worſt. Let *Helen* go.
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Ev'ry tithe ſoul 'mongſt many thouſand † diſmes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean of ours.
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi.

† diſmes *tenths.*

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
(So great is our dread father) in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
The vaſt proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waſte, moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? fie for godly ſhame!
Hel. No marvel, tho' you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You're empty of them. Should not our father *Priam*
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons,
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none that tells him ſo?
Troi. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſons. Here are your reaſons.
You know an enemy intends you harm,
You know, a ſword imploy'd is perillous,
And reaſon flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heels,
† And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
† Or like a ſtar dis-orb'd.---Nay if we talk of reaſon,
Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: manhood and honour
Should have [g] hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect
Make [h] livers pale, and luſtyhood deject.
Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth
What ſhe doth coſt the holding.
Troi. What's ought, but as 'tis valu'd?
Hect. But Value dwells not in particular will,
It holds its eſtimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of it ſelf,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,

To

† *Theſe two lines are miſplaced in all the folio editions.* [g] *hard* [h] *lovers*

To make the ſervice greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is † inclinable
To what infectiouſly it ſelf affects,
Without ſome image of th' affected merit.
Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
(Two trading pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of will and judgment.) How may I avoid
(Although my will diſtaſte what is elected)
The wife I chuſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour.
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant
When we have ſpoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in unreſpective place,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the *Greeks:*
Your breath of full conſent bellied his ſails;
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him ſervice: he touch'd the ports deſir'd;
And for an old aunt whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian* queen whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes [i]pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants------
If you'll avouch 'twas wiſdom *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go:*)
If you'll confeſs he brought home noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clap'd your hands
And cry'd, ineſtimable;) why d' you now
The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate,

And

† *Old edition, not ſo well, has it* attributive

[i] *ſtale*

And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar that eſtimation which you priz'd
Richer than ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe!
That we have ſtoln what we do fear to keep!
But thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtoln,
Who in *their* country did them that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place.

SCENE IV.

Enter Caſſandra *with her hair about her ears.*

Caſ. Cry, *Trojans*, cry!
Pri. What noiſe? what ſhriek is this?
Troi. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.
Caſ. Cry, *Trojans!*
Hect. It is *Caſſandra.*
Caſ. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.
Hect. Peace, ſiſter, peace.
Caſ. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come:
Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practiſe your eyes with tears.
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly *Ilion* ſtand:
Our fire-brand brother, *Paris* burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a wo;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or elſe let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not the high ſtrains
Of divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon

Nor

Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?
Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe *Caſſandra*'s mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s ſons,
And *Jove* forbid there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen,
To fight for and maintain.
Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.
Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights;
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall,
So to be valiant is no praiſe at all.
Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerly to my ſelf,
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it:

But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain as this
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubject. Then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and *Troilus*, you have both ſaid well:
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloſs'd, but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom [1] graver ſages think
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy.
The reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: for pleaſure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,

To

[1] Ariſtotle *thought*

To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta*'s king,
(As it is known ſhe is) theſe moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſpritely brethen, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance,
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Troi. Why there you touch'd the life of our deſigns:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theam of honour and renown,
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For I preſume, brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*,
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits.
I was advertis'd, their great general ſlept,
This I preſume will wake him---- [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

HOW now, *Therſites*? what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? ſhall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! would it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand 'till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the king of gods; and *Mercury* loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, leſs than little wit from them that they have; which ſhort-arm'd ignorance it ſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing the maſſy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that methinks is the curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a placket. I have ſaid my prayers, and devil Envy ſay Amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles!*

Enter Patroclus

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites*? Good *Therſites* come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'ſt not have ſlip'd out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy ſelf upon thy ſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee. Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if ſhe that lays thee out ſays thou art

art a fair coarſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't ſhe never ſhrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen. Where's *Achilles*?

Patr. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in a prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therſites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion ---why haſt thou not ſerved thy ſelf up to my table, ſo many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy lord, *Therſites*: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy ſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You raſcal----

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Therſites*.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Therſites* is a fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I a fool!

Ther. Make that demand to thy creator, it ſuffices me thou art.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, *and* Chalcas.

Look you, who comes here?----

Achil. Patroclus, I'll ſpeak with no body: come in with me, *Therſites.* [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch jugling, and ſuch knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the ſubject, and war and lechery confound all.

Aga. Where is *Achilles?*

Patr. Within his tent, but ill diſpos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He ſent our meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told ſo, leſt perchance he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent,
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man, but by my head 'tis pride; but why, why?---- let him ſhew us the cauſe. A word, my lord. [*To* Agamemnon.

Neſt. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyſ. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Neſt. Who, *Therſites?*

Ulyſ. He.

Neſt. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Ulyſ.

Ulyſ. No, you ſee he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles.*

Neſt. All the better, their fraction is more our wiſh than their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſel that a fool could diſunite.

Ulyſ. The amity that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untye.

SCENE VII.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyſ. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſie;
His legs are for neceſſity, not [k] flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure,
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate,
To call on him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health and your digeſtion-ſake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus*;
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot outflie our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him; yet his virtues
(Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs;
And like fair fruit in an unwholſom diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him, you ſhall not ſin
If you do ſay we think him over-proud,
In ſelf-aſſumption greater than in note

Of

[k] *flight.*

Of judgment: ſay, men worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And under-goe in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
[1] His courſe and times, his ebbs and flows; as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lye under this report.
Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a ſleeping gyant; tell him ſo.

Patr. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him. *Ulyſſes*, enter. [*Exit* Ulyſſes.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? do you not think he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

Aga. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he that is proud, eats up himſelf. Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle, and whatever praiſes it ſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

SCENE

[1] *His ſettiſh lines.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of toads.

Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Un-tent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

Ulyſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only
He makes important: he's poſſeſt with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd [m] worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters [n] down himſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.

Ulyſ. O, *Agamemnon,* let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles.* Shall the proud lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,

[m] *wrath* [n] *'gainſt it ſelf.*

And never ſuffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf? ſhall he be worſhip'd,
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will aſſubjugate his merit,
(As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,) by going to *Achilles*:
That were to 'enlard his ° pride, already fat,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* go to him.

Neſt. O this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe!

Ajax. If I go to him ----with my armed fiſt
I'll paſh him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeſe his pride; let me go to him.

Ulyſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paultry inſolent fellow ----

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf.

Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſ. The raven chides blackneſs,

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o'my mind ----

Ulyſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo, he ſhould eat ſwords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyſ. He would have ten ſhares.

Ajax.

° *fat, already, pride.*

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple, he's not yet through warm.

Neſt. Force him with praiſes; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyſ. My lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble general, do not do ſo.

Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles.*

Ulyſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man---- but 'tis before his face---
I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorſon dog! that palters thus with us----
Would he were a *Trojan!*

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now----

Ulyſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praiſe.

Ulyſ. Ay, or ſurly born.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected.

Ulyſ. Thank the heav'ns, lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, her that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yields
To ſinewy *Ajax*; I'll not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts. Here's *Neſtor*
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times;
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe:

But pardon, father *Neſtor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyſ. Ay, my good ſon.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord *Ajax*.

Ulyſ. There is no tarrying here; the hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; pleaſe it our great general
To call together all his ſtate of war;
Freſh kings are come to *Troy*; to-morrow, friends,
We muſt with all our main of pow'r ſtand faſt:
And here's a lord (come knights from eaſt to weſt,
And cull their flow'r,) *Ajax*, ſhall cope the beſt.

Aga. Go we to council, let *Achilles* ſleep;
[p] Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

TROY.

Enter Pandarus, *and a Servant.* [*Muſick within.*]

PANDARUS.

FRIEND! you! pray you a word: do not you follow the young lord *Paris?*

Ser. Ay Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I muſt needs praiſe him.

Ser.

[p] *Light boats may ſail ſwift, tho' great bulks draw deep.*

Ser. The lord be praiſed.

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better, I am the lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of grace?

Pan. Grace? not ſo, friend: honour and lordſhip are my titles: What muſick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is muſick in parts.

Pan. Know you the muſicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love muſick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my lord, who's there in perſon; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's inviſible ſoul.

Pan. Who, my couſin *Creſſida?*

Ser. No Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the lady *Creſſida*. I come to ſpeak with *Paris* from the prince *Troilus*: I will make a complemental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe indeed.

SCENE II.

Enter Paris *and* Helen.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company: fair deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide them, eſpecially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken muſick.

Par. You have broken it, couſin, and by my life you ſhall make it whole again, you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir----

Pan. Rude in ſooth, in good ſooth very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my lord; well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I have buſineſs to my lord, dear Queen; my lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out, we'll hear you ſing certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me; but, marry thus, my lord, my dear lord, and moſt eſteemed friend, your brother *Troilus*----

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*, honey-ſweet lord.

Pan. Go to, ſweet Queen, go to---

Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody:

If you do, our melancholy upon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queen, that's a ſweet Queen, I'faith---

Helen. And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſower offence. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no----

Pan.

Pan. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*----

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, my very very sweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord.

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? my cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life with my dispoſer *Cressida.*

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your dispoſer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord; why should you say *Cressida?* no, your poor dispoſer's sick.

Par. I spy---

Pan. You spy, what do you spy? come, give me an instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why this is kindly done.

Pan. My neice is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris.*

Pan. He? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out may make them three?

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may----

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more:
For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The ſhaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore:
Theſe lovers cry, oh oh they dye:
Yet, that which ſeems the wound to kill,
Doth turn, oh oh, to ha ha he:
So dying love lives ſtill.
O ho a while, but ha ha ha;
O ho groans out for ha ha ha---hey ho.

Helen. In love i'faith to the very tip of the noſe!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why they are vipers, is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at ſomething; you know all, lord *Pandarus.*

Pan. Not I, honey ſweet Queen: I long to hear how they ſped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuſe?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your neice.

Pan. I will, ſweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*

Par.

Par. They're come from field; let us to *Priam*'s hall,
To greet the warriors. *Helen* I muſt woo you
To help unarm our *Hector*: his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* ſinews: you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland Kings, diſarm great *Hector*.
Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, *Paris:*
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-ſhines our ſelf.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus's *Man.*

Pan. NOW, where's thy maſter? at my couſin *Creſſida*'s?
Ser. No Sir, he ſtays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?
Troi. Sirrah, walk off.
Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?
Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I ſtalk about her door
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! Gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid*'s ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid.*
Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard, I will bring her ſtraight.
[*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirles me round.
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe; what will it be
When that the watry palates taſte indeed
Love's thrice reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys,
As doth a battel when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite: I'll bring her. It is the prettieſt villain, ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow.

[*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. Ev'n ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe,
And all my pow'rs do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The eye of majeſty.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you bluſh? Shame's a baby. Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me. What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward we'll put you i'th' files: Why do you not ſpeak to her? Come draw this curtain, and let's ſee

ſee your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs the miſtreſs; how now, a kiſs in fee-farm? build there carpenter, the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The faulcon has the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you of deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion: what, billing again? here's in witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably---- come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* Pan.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſht me thus?

Cre. Wiſht, my lord! the gods grant---- O, my lord.

Troi. What ſhould they grant; what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubins, they never ſee truly.

Cre. Blind fear which ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without fear. To fear the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troi. O let my lady apprehend no fear, in all *Cupid*'s pageant there is preſented no monſter.

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Troi. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks tame tygers; thinking it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtroſity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Cre. They ſay all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able, and yet reſerve an ability that they never perform:

vowing more than the perfection of ten; and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and being born, his addition shall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*; as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

SCENE V.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant being won: they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever---- pardon me---
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant:
I love you now, but not till now, so much
But I might master it.---in faith I lie---

My

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too head-ſtrong for their mother; ſee we fools,
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us
When we are ſo unſecret to our ſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not,
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelf a man:
Or that the women had mens privilege
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent; ſee, [q] ſee, your ſilence
(Cunning in dumbneſs) from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſick iſſues thence. [*Kiſſing.*

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beſeech you pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd; ----O heav'ns, what have I done!----
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, ſweet *Creſſid*?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow-morning----

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.

Cre. Let me go try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that it ſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cre.

[q] *your ſilence*
Coming in dumbneſs, from my weakneſs draws
My ſoul of counſel from me.----

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I ſhew more craft than love,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you love not: To be wiſe and love,
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a woman;
(As if it can, I will preſume in you,)
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays.
Oh that perſwaſion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight!
' True ſwains in love ſhall in the world to come
' Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhimes,
' Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
' Want ſimilies: truth tired with iteration,
' As true as ſteel, as [1] planets to the moon,
' As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
' As ir'on to adamant, as earth to th' center:
' Yet after all compariſons of truth,
' (As truth's authentick author to be cited)
' As true as *Troilus* ſhall crown up the verſe
' And ſanctifie the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
' If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
' When

[1] *plantage.*

‘ When time is old and hath forgot it ſelf,
‘ When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
‘ And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
‘ And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
‘ To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
‘ From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
‘ Upbraid my falſehood; when they've ſaid as falſe
‘ As air, as water, wind, as ſandy earth;
‘ As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
‘ Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
‘ Yea let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
‘ As falſe as *Creſſid.* ----

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it, I'll be the witneſs. Here I hold your hand; here my couſin's; if ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name: call them all *Pandars*; let all conſtant men be *Troilus's*, all falſe women *Creſſida's*, and all brokers between *Pandars*: ſay Amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will ſhew you a chamber; which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, *Pandar*, to provide this geer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Menelaus, *and* Calchas.

Cal. NOW, Princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence: appear it to you
That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd my ſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniencies,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſtred from all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature.
And here to do you ſervice am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldſt thou of us, *Trojan*? make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deny'd: but this *Antenor*,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negociations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting this manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a prince o' th' blood, a ſon of *Priam*,

In

In change of him. Let him be ſent, great princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter: and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pain.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Creſſid* hither: *Calchas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us. Good *Diomede*,
Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange;
Withall, bring word if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus, *in their tent.*

Ulyſ. *Achilles* ſtands i'th' entrance of his tent;
Pleaſe it our general to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him:
I will come laſt, 'tis like he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent on him?
If ſo, I have deciſion medicinable
To uſe between our ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink.
It may do good: Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew it ſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;
So do each lord, and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainſt *Troy*.
Aga. What ſays *Achilles*? would he ought with us?
Neſt. Would you, my lord, ought with the general?
Achil. No.
Neſt. Nothing, my lord.
Aga. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you?
Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?
Ajax. How now, *Patroclus*?
Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax*.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*
Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not *Achilles*?
Patr. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
' 'Tis certain, Greatneſs once fall'n out with fortune
' Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
' He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
' As feel in his own fall: for men, like butter-flies,
' Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer;
' And not a man, for being ſimply man,
' Hath honour, but is honour'd by thoſe honours
' That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
' Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
' Which when they fall (as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders)
' The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,
' Doth one pluck down another, and together

Dye

Dye in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:
Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks, who do methinks find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding
As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulyſſes.*
I'll interrupt his reading.---Now *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſ. Now, *Thetis'* ſon!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that Man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.
Achil. This is not ſtrange, *Ulyſſes.*
The beauty that is born here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends it ſelf
† To others eyes: nor doth the eye it ſelf
† (That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold it ſelf
Not going from it ſelf, but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each others form.
For ſpeculation turns not to it ſelf,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee its ſelf; this is not ſtrange.
Ulyſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who in his circumſtance expreſly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in and of him there is much conſiſting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others:

† *Theſe two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the firſt quarto.*

Nor doth he of himſelf know them for ought,
'Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe
Where they're extended; which like an arch reverb'rates
The voice again, or like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax*----
Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horſe,
[s] He knows not his own nature: What things are
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe?
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth? now ſhall we ſee to-morrow
An act that very chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! O heav'ns, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men creep in skittiſh fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes:
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſs!
To ſee theſe *Grecian* lords! why ev'n already
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breaſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.

Achil. This I do believe,
They paſs'd by me, as miſers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What, are my deeds forgot?

' *Ulyſ.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
' Wherein he puts alms for oblivion:
' (A great-ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes)
' Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt, which are devour'd
' As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon

' As

[s] *That has he knows not what nature, what things are*, &c.

'As done: perſeverance keeps honour bright:
'To have done, is to hang quite out of faſhion,
'Like ruſty Mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a ſtreight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt; keep then the path.
For Emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way
Or turn aſide from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindermoſt; and there you lye
Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
For pavement to the abject, near o'er-run
And trampled on: Then what they do in preſent,
Tho' leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours.
'For time is like a faſhionable hoſt,
'That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by th' hand;
'But with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
'Graſps in the comer; Welcome ever ſmiles,
'And Farewel goes out ſighing. O let not virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one conſent praiſe new-born gauds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things paſt; *
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object.
Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worſhip *Ajax*;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,

Than

*——things paſt
And go to duſt that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-duſted:
The preſent eye, *&c.*

Than what not ſtirs. The cry [t] went once for thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not entomb thy ſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds but in theſe fields of late
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the gods themſelves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
I have ſtrong reaſons.

Ulyſ. 'Gainſt your privacy
The reaſons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam*'s daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful ſtate,
Knows almoſt ev'ry grain of *Pluto*'s gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehenſive deep;
Keeps place with thought; and almoſt like the gods
Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles:
There is a myſtery (with which relation
Durſt never meddle) in the ſoul of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath of pen can give expreſſure to.
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in his iſland ſound her trump;
And all the *Greekiſh* girls ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hector*'s ſiſter did *Achilles* win;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down [u] *Hector*.

Fare-

[t] *went out on thee.* [u] *him.*

Farewel, my lord---I, as your lover, ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice that you ſhould break. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act. I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus:
'Oh rouſe your ſelf; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
'Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold,
'And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
'Be ſhook to air.
Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector!*----
Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.
Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.
Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then when we ſit idly in the ſun.
Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus*:
I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T'invite the *Trojan* lords, after the combat,
To ſee us here: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great *Hector* in the weeds of peace,
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Ev'n to my full of view.----- A labour ſav'd!

SCENE

SCENE. IX.

Enter Therſites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an hoſteſs that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to ſet down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head, if 'twou'd out; and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, good morrow *Ajax*. And he replies, thanks *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? he's grown a very land-fiſh, language-leſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion, a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my ambaſſador to him, *Therſites*.

Ther. Who I?---- why he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*----tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon of the

magnanimous and moſt illuſtrious, ſix or ſeven times honour'd captain, general of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do this.

Patr. *Jove* bleſs great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum----

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his tent.

Ther. Hum----

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*!----

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven a clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus; what muſick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But I am ſure none; unleſs the fidler *Apollo* get his ſinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain ſtirr'd,
And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it; I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas *with a torch; at another,* Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomede *with torches.*

PARIS.

SEE ho, who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord *Æneas.*

Æne. Is the prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long,
As you, prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too: good-morrow, lord *Æneas.*

Par. A valiant *Greek*, *Æneas*, take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
You told, how *Diomede* a whole week, by days
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and th'other *Diomede* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and ſo long, health;
But when contention and occaſion meet,
By *Jove* I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit and policy.

Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will flie
With his face back in human gentleneſs:

Welcome

Welcome to *Troy*---now by *Anchiſes'* life,
Welcome indeed---by *Venus'* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We ſympathize. *Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleat courſes of the ſun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
Patr. This is the moſt deſpightful, gentle greeting;
The nobleſt, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What buſineſs, lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meets you; 'twas, to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas'* houſe, and there to render him
(For the enfree'd *Antenor*) the fair *Creſſid.*
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before. I conſtantly do think
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof; I fear
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That aſſure you.
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* born from *Troy.*
Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, lord, we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble *Diomede*; tell me true,

Ev'n in the ſoul of good ſound fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* moſt?
My ſelf, or *Menelaus?*
Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her that doth ſeek her,
(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure,)
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour,)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a letcher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me, *Paris*,
For ev'ry falſe drop in her baudy veins
A *Grecian*'s life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A *Trojan* hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not giv'n ſo many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffer'd death.
Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend to ſell.
Here lyes our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not your ſelf; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, ſweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down:
He ſhall unbolt the gates.
Troi. Trouble him not----
To bed, to bed----ſleep ſeal thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants empty of all thought!
Cre. Good-morrow then.
Troi. I pr'ythee now to bed.
Cre. Are you a weary of me?
Troi. O *Creſſida!* but that the buſie day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cre. Night hath been too brief.
Troi. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays
Tedious as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.
Cre. Pr'ythee tarry---you men will never tarry----
O fooliſh *Creſſida*----I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.
Pan. within] What's all the doors open here?
Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A peſtilence on him; now will he be mocking;
I ſhall have ſuch a life----
Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads? Hear you maid; where's my couſin *Creſſid?*

Cre.

Cre. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do---- and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay what: What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come come, beſhrew your heart; you'll ne'er be good; nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas poor wretch; a poor *Chipochia*, haſt not ſleept to-night? would he not (a naughty man) let it ſleep? a bugbear take him. [*One knocks.*

Cre. Did I not tell you?---- would he were knock'd o'th' head---- who's that at door?---- good uncle, go and ſee.---- My lord, come you again into my chamber:---- you ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha---

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no ſuch thing.
How earneſtly they knock---- pray you come in. [*Knock.*
I would not for half *Troy* have you ſeen here. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? how now? what's the matter?

SCENE III.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good-morrow lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord *Æneas?* by my troth,
I knew you not; what news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him:
It doth import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn; for my own part, I came in late: what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Who--- nay, then:---- come, come, you'll do him

wrong,

wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo harſh: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomede*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us, and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Creſſida*.

Troi. Is it concluded ſo?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general ſtate of *Troy*.
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my lord *Æneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the ſecrets of[x] neighbour *Pandar*
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt: the devil take *Antenor*; the young prince will go mad: a plague upon *Antenor*; I would they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!---

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my lord? gone! tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above.

Cre.

[x] *nature.*

Cre. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee get thee in; would thou had'ſt ne'er been born: I knew thou would'ſt be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor*.

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou muſt go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus:* 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father.
I know no touch of Conſanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet *Troilus*. O you gods divine!
Make *Creſſid*'s name the very crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus*. Time and death,
Do to this body what extreams you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love
Is, as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it. I'll go in and weep.

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant *Greek*

Comes

Comes fast upon us: good my brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Troi. Walk into her house:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A priest, there offering to it his heart.
Par. I know what 'tis to love,
And would, as I shall pity, I could help.
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Pandarus *and* Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And in its sense is no less strong, than that
Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief;
My love admits no qualifying [y] dross.

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.
Pan. Here, here, here he comes, ---- a sweet duck. ----
Cre. O *Troilus*, *Troilus!*
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! let me embrace too:
Oh heart, (as the goodly saying is;)
O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

[y] *cross*

where he anſwers again;

Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it. How now, lambs?

Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity;
That the bleſt gods, as angry with my fancy,
(More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a caſe.

Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy*?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Cre. Is it poſſible?

Troi. And ſuddenly: while injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, ſtrangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Each other bought, muſt poorly ſell our ſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious Time, now with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Æneas

Æneas within.] My lord, is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark, you are call'd. Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, come, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root.

Cre. I muſt then to the *Grecians*?

Troi. No remedy. When ſhall we ſee again?
Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart----

Cre. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:----
I ſpeak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my glove to Death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Cre. O you ſhall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* centinels
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true again?

Troi. Hear while I ſpeak it, love:
The *Grecian* youths are full of ſubtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gift of nature
Flowing, and ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon----
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſie

(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afraid.
Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not!
Troi. Die I a villain then:
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion
So mainly as my merit: I can't ſing,
Nor heel the high lavolt; nor ſweeten talk;
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are moſt prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cre. Do you think I will?
Troi. No.
But ſomething may be done that we will not:
And ſometimes we are devils to our ſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.
Æneas within.] Nay, good my lord.
Troi. Come kiſs, and let us part.
Paris within.] Brother *Troilus.*
Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.
Cre. My lord, will you be true?
Troi. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meer ſimplicity.
While ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the port (lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair, and by my ſoul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.

Diom. Lady *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads your fair uſage; and to *Diomede*
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.

Troi. *Grecian*, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
To ſhame the ſeal of my petition towards thee
By praiſing her. I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.
I charge thee uſe her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Diom. Oh be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free. When I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my liſt: and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;
I'll ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour ---- no.

Troi. Come to the port----I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand----and as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk. [*Sound trumpet.*
Par. Hark, *Hector*'s trumpet!
Æne. How have we ſpent this morning?
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis *Troilus*' fault. Come, come to field with him.
Diom. Let us make ready ſtrait.
Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity
Let us addreſs to tend on *Hector*'s heels:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Calchas, &c.

Aga. HERE art thou in appointment freſh and fair,
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purſe;
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow villain, 'till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholick of puft *Aquilon:*

Come

Come ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector*.
Ulyſ. No trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Enter Diomede *and* Creſſida.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomede* with *Calchas'* daughter?
Ulyſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He riſes on his toe; that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.
Aga. Is this the lady *Creſſida?*
Dio. Ev'n ſhe.
Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet lady. *

Dio.

*——ſweet lady.
Neſt. Our general doth ſalute you with a kiſs.
Ulyſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better ſhe were kiſs'd in general.
Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.
So much for *Neſtor*.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
† And parted thus, you and your argument.
Ulyſ. Oh deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads to gild his horns.
Patr. The firſt was *Menelaus'* kiſs——this mine——
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Men. O, this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiſs, Sir: lady, by your leave.
Cre. In kiſſing do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cre. I'll make my match to give,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o'th' head.

Cre.

† *This line only in the quarto edition of* 1607.

Dio. Lady, a word---- I'll bring you to your father----

Neſt. A woman of quick ſenſe.

[Diomedes *leads out* Creſſida, *then returns.*

Ulyſ. Fie, fie upon her:

'There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
'Nay, her foot ſpeaks, her wanton ſpirits look out
'At every joint, and motive of her body:
'Oh theſe Encounterers! So glib of tongue,
'They give a coaſting welcome ere it comes;
'And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts,
'To every tickliſh reader: ſet them down
'For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,
'And daughters of the game.

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, *and attendants.*

All. The *Trojans* trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Æne. Hail all the ſtate of *Greece*! what ſhall be done
To him that victory commands? do you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bad ask.

Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.
Ulyſ. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn:
May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Cre. You may.
Ulyſ. I do deſire it.
Cre. Why beg then.
Ulyſ. Why then, for *Venus*' ſake give me a kiſs:
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his-----
Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyſ. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.
Dio. Lady, a word—— *&c.*

Aga.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?
Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal miſprizing
The knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride excel themſelves in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And that which looks like pride, is courteſie.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to ſeek
This blended knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.
Achil. A maiden battel then? O, I perceive you.
Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: go, gentle knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breath. The combatants being kin
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.
Ulyſ. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What *Trojan* is that ſame that looks ſo heavy?
Ulyſ. The youngeſt ſon of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor being provok'd ſoon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private ſoul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me. [*Alarum.*

SCENE IX.

Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*

Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now *Ajax* hold thine own.
Troi. *Hector*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blows are well diſpos'd; there *Ajax*.
[*Trumpets ceaſe.*
Dio. You muſt no more.
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then, will I no more.
Thou art, great lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon;
A couſin-german to great *Priam*'s ſeed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain;
Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo
That thou coud'ſt ſay, this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*; the ſinews of this leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter

Bounds

Bounds in my ſire's: by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a *Greekiſh* member,
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: But the juſt gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus----
Couſin, all honour to thee.

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector!*
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* ſo mirable,
On whoſe bright creſt, Fame with her loud'ſt O yes,
Cries, this is he, could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll anſwer it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewel.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
(As ſeld I have the chance) I would deſire
My famous couſin to our *Grecian* tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And ſignifie this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my couſin:
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your knights.

Agamemnon *and the reſt of the* Greeks *come forward.*

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy all arms, as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy,
† But that's no welcome: underſtand more clear,
What's paſt and what's to come is ſtrew'd with husks
And formleſs ruin of oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing,
Bids thee with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon.*
Aga. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you. [*To* Troi.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting,
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus.*
Hect. O---- you my lord---- by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus'* glove.
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly theme.
Hect. O pardon ---- I offend.
' *Neſt.* I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, ſeen thee oft
' Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
' Through ranks of *Greekiſh* youth; and I have ſeen thee,
' As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* ſteed,
' Bravely deſpiſing forfeits and ſubduements,
' When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i'th' air,

' Not

† *The ſix following lines are not in the old edition.*

' Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
' That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders-by,
' Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder dealing life.
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling. Thus I 've ſeen:
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw 'till now. I knew thy grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a ſoldier good,
But by great *Mars*, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.

Neſt. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſie.

Hect. I would they could.

Neſt. By this white beard I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time----

Ulyſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here the baſe and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelf and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekiſh* embaſſie.

Ulyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue.
My propheſie is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.

Hect. I muſt not believe you:

There

There they ſtand yet; and modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phygian* ſtone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the general, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my tent.

Achil. I ſhall foreſtal thee, lord *Ulyſſes*, thou:
Now *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles?*

Achil. I am *Achilles.*

Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heav'ns.

Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: ſtand again.
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil.

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But by the forge that ſtythied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea o'er and o'er.
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips,
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never ----

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin;
And you, *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone
'Till accident or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have ſtomach. The general ſtate, I fear,
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field:
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecian*'s cauſe.

Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, *Hector?*
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. Firſt, all you peers of *Greece* go to my tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector*'s leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him
To taſt your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

Manent Troilus *and* Ulyſſes.

Troi. My lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?
Ulyſ. At *Menelaus'* tent, moſt princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feaſt with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Creſſid.*
Troi. Shall I, ſweet lord, be bound to thee ſo much,
After you part from *Agamemnon*'s tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyſ. You ſhall command me, Sir:
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*; had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?
Troi. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth.
But ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *before* Achilles's *tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

I'LL heat his blood with *Greekiſh* wine to-night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.

Patr. Here comes *Therſites.*

Enter Therſites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou cruſty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and idol of idiot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from *Troy.*

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well ſaid, adverſity; and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be ſilent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be *Achilles*'s male-varlet.

Patr. Male-varlet, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palſies, † raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſtume, ſciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palme, incurable bone-ake, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries.

† *What follows is added out of the firſt edition.*

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy thou, what mean'ſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous butt, you whoreſon indiſtinguiſhable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial skein of ſley'd ſilk: thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye; thou taſſel of a prodigal's purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies, diminutives of nature.

Patr. Out gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battel:
Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it,
Fall *Greek*, fail fame; honour, or go, or ſtay,
My major vow lyes here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my tent,
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, *Patroclus*. [*Exit.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of mad-men. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he hath not ſo much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* there his brother, the bull, the primitive ſtatue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice [a] farced with wit turn him to? to an aſs were nothing, he is both aſs and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and aſs; to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad,

[a] *forced*

toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt deſtiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*; for I care not to be the lowſe of a lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*.---- Hey-day, ſpirits and fires!

SCENE II.

Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *and* Diomede, *with lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.
Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome princes all.
Aga. So, now fair prince of *Troy*, I bid good-night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good-night to the *Greek*'s general.
Men. Good-night, my lord.
Hect. Good-night, ſweet lord *Menelaus*.
Ther. Sweet draught---ſweet quoth a --- ſweet ſink, ſweet ſewer.
Achil. Good-night, and welcome, both at once, to thoſe that go or tarry.
Aga. Good-night.
Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, you too *Diomede*
Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord, I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now; good-night, great *Hector*.
Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyſ. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent:
I'll keep you company. [*To* Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo good-night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame *Diomede*'s a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave: I will no more truſt him when he leers than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the ſun borrows of the moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uſes the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after----- Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Calchas's *Tent.*

Enter Diomede.

Dio. WHAT are you up here, ho? ſpeak.
Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomede; *Calchas*, I think; where's your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus *and* Ulyſſes, *after them* Therſites.

Ulyſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſid.

Troi. Creſſid come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now my ſweet guardian; hark, a word with you.
[*Whiſpers.*

Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?

Ulyſ.

Ulyſ. She will ſing to any man at firſt ſight.

Ther. And any man may [b] ſing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſ. Liſt.

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery -----

Dio. Nay then.

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forſworn----

Cre. In faith I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek.*

Dio. Good-night.

Troi. Hold, patience----

Ulyſ. How now, *Trojan?*

Cre. Diomede.

Dio. No, no, good-night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better muſt.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madneſs!

Ulyſ. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you----

Ulyſ.

[b] *find her, if he can take her life.*

Ulyſ. Good my lord go off:
You fly to great diſtraction: come, my lord.
Troi. I pr'ythee ſtay.
Ulyſ. You have not patience; come.
Troi. I pray you ſtay; by hell, and by hell's torments, will not ſpeak a word.
Dio. And ſo good-night.
Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!
Ulyſ. Why, how now, lord?
Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian---why *Greek*----
Dio. Fo, fo, adieu, you palter.
Cre. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyſ. You ſhake, my lord, at ſomething; will you go? You will break out.
Troi. She ſtroaks his cheek.
Ulyſ. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, ſtay; by *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potato finger tickles theſe together! fry, lechery, fry.
Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith I will come; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyſ. You have ſworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, ſweet lord,
I will not be my ſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Creſſida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.
Cre. Here *Diomede*, keep this ſleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyſ. My lord.
Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve; behold it well:----
He lov'd me:---- O falſe wench:---- Give't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomede*, viſit me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O all you gods---- O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy maſter now lyes thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it:
As I kiſs thee.
Dio. Nay, do not ſnatch it from me.
Cre. He that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did ſwear patience.
Cre. You ſhall not have it, *Diomede*: 'faith you ſhall not,
I'll give you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will have this: whoſe was it?
Cre. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was?

Cre.

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whoſe was it?

Cre. By all *Diana*'s waiting-women yonder,
And by her ſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not----
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then farewel,
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.

Cre. You ſhall not go;---- one cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not you, pleaſes me beſt.

Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:---- O *Jove*!--- do, come:---I ſhall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell 'till then. [*Exit.*

Cre. Good-night: I pr'ythee come.
Troilus, farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee----
Ah poor our ſex; this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, muſt err: O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſay, my mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyſ.

Ulyſ. All's done, my lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulyſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troi. To make a recordation to my ſoul,
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert that teſt of eyes and ears;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?
Ulyſ. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*
Troi. She was not ſure.
Ulyſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troi. Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.
Ulyſ. Nor mine, my lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!
Think we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn criticks, apt without a theme
For depravation, to ſquare all the ſex
By *Creſſid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Creſſid.*
Ulyſ. What hath ſhe done, Prince, that can ſoil our mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out of his own eyes?
Troi. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomede*'s *Creſſida.*
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:
If ſouls guide vows, if vows are ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the gods delight,
If there be rule in unity it ſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets up with and againſt thy ſelf!

[c] By-fold authority! where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid.*
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides far wider than the sky and earth,
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point as ſubtle
As ſlight *Arachne*'s broken woof, to enter.
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as *Pluto*'s gates;
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n:
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as heav'n it ſelf,
The bonds of heav'n are ſlip'd, diſſolv'd and loos'd,
And with another knot five-finger-tied:
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſie reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede.*

Ulyſ. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that ſhall be divulged well;
In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*---- ne'er did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul----
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Creſſid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede.*
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:
Were it a cask compos'd by *Vulcan*'s skill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhip-men do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty [d] ſun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on *Diomede.*

Ther.

[c] *By foul authority.* [d] *finger*

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

Ulyſ. O contain your ſelf:
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, prince; my courteous lord adieu.
Farewel, revolted fair: and, *Diomede*,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head.

Ulyſ. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulyſſes.

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab: letchery, letchery, ſtill wars and letchery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

TROY.

Enter Hector *and* Andromache.

And. WHEN was my lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlaſting gods, I'll go.
Ant. My dreams will ſure prove ominous to-day.
Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſ. Where is my brother *Hector?*
And. Here ſiſter, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition;
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.
Caſ. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet ſound.
Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heav'ns, ſweet brother.
Hect. Be gone, I ſay: the gods have heard me ſwear.
Caſ. The gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.
And. O be perſwaded, do not count it holy,
To hurt by being juſt; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Caſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet *Hector*
Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'ſt thou to fight to-day?

And.

And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſwade. [*Exit* Caſſandra.

Hect. No faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs, youth:
I am to-day i'th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools-play, by heav'n, *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to ruful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, ſavage, fie.

Troi. Hector, thus 'tis in wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beckning with fiery truncheon my retire,
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

SCENE VII.

Enter Priam *and* Caſſandra.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, *Priam* hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. Hector come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelf,
Am like a prophet, ſuddenly enrapt
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Priam. But thou ſhalt not go.
Hect. I muſt not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam.*
Caſ. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit* Andromache.
Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl,
Makes all theſe bodements.
Caſ. O farewel, dear *Hector*:
Look how thou dieſt; look how thy eyes turn pale!
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

Hark

Hark how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* ſhrills her dolour forth!
Behold diſtraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector*'s dead! O *Hector*!

Troi. Away.

Caſ. Farewel: yet, ſoft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelf and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the gods with ſafety ſtand about thee.

[*Alarum.*

Troi. They're at it, hark: proud *Diomede*, believe
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pand. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pand. A whorſon ptiſick, a whorſon raſcally ptiſick ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I ſhall leave you one o'theſe days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my bones, that unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there?

Troi. Words, words, meer words; no matter from the heart.
Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*
Go wind to wind, there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pand.

Pand. Why, but hear you----

Troi. Hence, brothel, lacquy! ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

The field between Troy *and the Camp.*

[*Alarum*] *Enter* Therſites.

Ther. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of *Troy*, there in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet, that, that ſame young *Trojan* aſs that loves the whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* whore-maſterly vallain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs errant. O'th' t'other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty ſwearing raſcals, that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe *Neſtor*, and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes*, is not prov'd worth a blackberry. They ſet me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day. Whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomede *and* Troilus.

Soft----here comes ſleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for ſhould'ſt thou take the river *Styx*,
I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſcall Retire:
I do not fly, but advantagious care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee! [*They go off fighting*

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*: now for thy whore, *Trojan*: now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

SCENE X.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek*? art thou for *Hector*'s match? Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee ---- live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle ---- yet in a ſort, letchery eats it ſelf: I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomedes *aud Servant.*

Dio. Go go, my ſervant, take thou *Troilus*'s horſe,
Preſent the fair ſteed to my lady *Creſſid*:
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord.

SCENE XI.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce *Polydamas*
Hath beat down *Menon*: baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* priſoner,
And ſtands *Coloſſus*-wiſe, waving his beam
Upon the paſhed coarſes of the kings,
Epiſtropus and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is ſlain;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;

Patroclus ta'en or ſlain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful [e] Sagittary
Appals our numbers: haſte we, *Diomede*,
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go bear *Patroclus'* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnail'd-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame.
There are a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his horſe,
And there lacks work; anon he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or dye, like ſcaled ſhoals
Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Oh, courage, courage, princes; great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rowz'd his drowſie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtick execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bad him win all.

SCENE

[e] *Teucer.*

SCENE XII.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*. [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-killer, ſhew me thy face:
Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector, where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector*. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy head.

Re-enter Diomede.

Dio. *Troilus*, I ſay, where's *Troilus?*

Ajax. What wouldſt thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou ſhould'ſt have my office,
Ere that correction: *Troilus*, I ſay, what *Troilus?*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh traitor *Diomede!* turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my horſe.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand *Diomede*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both.
[*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus?* O well fought! my youngeſt brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; have at thee, *Hector*.

Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*

Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſie, proud *Trojan.*
Be happy that my arms are out of uſe,
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Æneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n
He ſhall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I † reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll fruſh it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it; wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons.*
Mark what I ſay, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep your ſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your arms.
Follow me, ſirs, and my proceeding eye:
It is decreed---*Hector* the great muſt dye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

† *Or*, care not.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Therſites, Menelaus *and* Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: now bull, now dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now my double-hen'd [g] ſparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns, ho.

[*Ex.* Paris *and* Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A baſtard ſon of *Priam's*.

Ther. I am a baſtard too, I love baſtards. I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: If the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewel baſtard.

Baſt. The devil take thee coward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core! ſo fair without:----
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Reſt ſword, thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look *Hector*, now the ſun begins to ſet;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the ſun,
To cloſe the day up, *Hector*'s life is done.

[*They fall upon* Hector *and kill him.*

Hect.

[g] Spartan *in the old edition.*

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*
Achil. Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, ſink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlain. [*Exeunt.*
Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.
Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets ſound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth;
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparate; *
Come, tye his body to my horſe's tail:
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*

[*Sound retreat. Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, *and the reſt, marching.*

Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace, drums.
Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! *Achilles!*
Dio. The bruit is, *Hector*'s ſlain, and by *Achilles.*
Ajax. If it is ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.
Aga. March patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended. [*Exeunt.*

SNENE XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor *and* Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand ho, yet are we maſters of the field,
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter

* ——the armies ſeparate;
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tye *&c.*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Hector* is ſlain.

All. *Hector!* ---- the gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead, and at the murtherer's horſe's tail
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful field.
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;
Sit gods upon your thrones, and ſmile at *Troy*.
I ſay at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.

Æne. My lord, you do diſcomfort all the hoſt.

Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that gods and men
Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba*?
Let him that will a ſcrietch-owl ay be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and ſay there, *Hector*'s dead:
That is a word will *Priam* turn to ſtone;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it ſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet, you vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains:
Let *Titan* riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-ſiz'd coward!
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates,
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenſy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to *Troy!* with comfort go:
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi.

Troi. Hence, brothel, lacky; ignominy, ſhame [*Strikes him.*
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet at work, and how ill requited? why ſhould our endeavour be ſo lov'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it?----let me ſee----

Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
'Till he hath loſt his honey and his ſting;
But being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths---
As many as be here of *Pandar*'s hall,
Your eyes half out, weep out at *Pandar*'s fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now; but that my fear is this,
† Some galled gooſe of *Wincheſter* would hiſs;
'Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes,
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exit.*

† *The publick ſtews were anciently under the juriſdiction of the Biſhop of* Wincheſter.

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CYMBELINE, *King of* Britain.
Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former husband.*
Leonatus Poſthumus, *a gentleman in love with the Princeſs, and privately married to her.*
Guiderius, } *Diſguis'd under the names of* Polidore *and* Cadwal, *ſuppo-*
Arviragus, } *ſed ſons to* Bellarius.
Bellarius, *a baniſh'd Lord, diſguis'd under the name of* Morgan.
Philario, *an* Italian, *Friend to* Poſthumus.
Iachimo, *Friend to* Philario.
Caius Lucius, *Ambaſſador from* Rome.
Piſanio, *Servant to* Poſthumus.
A French *gentleman, friend to* Philario.
Cornelius, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*
Helen, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman *Senators, Tribunes, Ghoſts, a Soothſayer, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other attendants.*

SCENE, *for ſome part of the firſt, ſecond, and third Acts, lyes in* Rome; *for the reſt of the Play in* Britain.

Story partly taken from Boccace's Decameron, *day* 2. *nov.* 9. *little beſides the names being hiſtorical.*

CYM-

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's *Palace in* Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENTLEMAN.

OU do not meet a man but frowns. Our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
But ſeem as do's the king's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his wife's ſole ſon, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her ſelf
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman.
She's wedded.
Her husband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd. All
Is outward ſorrow, though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He that hath loſt her too: ſo is the queen,
That moſt deſir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent

Of the king's looks) but hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they ſcoul at.

2 *Gent.* And why ſo?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miſs'd the princeſs, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack good man!
And therefore baniſh'd) is a creature ſuch,
As to ſeek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 *Gent.* You ſpeak him fair.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himſelf,
Cruſh him together, rather than unfold
His meaſure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
Againſt the *Romans*, with *Caſſibelan*,
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,
Two other ſons; who in the wars o'th' time
Dy'd with their ſwords in hand. For which their father,
(Then old and fond of iſſue) took ſuch ſorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle lady
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Poſthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time

Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſtred.
His ſpring became a harveſt: liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do,) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the young'ſt; to th' more mature,
A glaſs that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards. To his miſtreſs,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her own price
Proclaims how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
But tell me, is ſhe ſole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two ſons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I'th' ſwathing cloaths the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtol'n; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children ſhould be ſo convey'd!
So ſlackly guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them!----

1 *Gent.* Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We muſt forbear. Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princeſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, Poſthumus, Imogen, *and attendants.*

Queen. No, be aſſur'd you ſhall not find me, daughter,
After the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers,
I'll-ey'd unto you: you're my pris'ner, but
Your goaler ſhall deliver you the keys
That lock up your reſtraint. For you, *Poſthumus,*
So ſoon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his ſentence, with what patience
Your wiſdom may inform you.

Poſt. Pleaſe your highneſs,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. Diſſembling courteſie! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds! My deareſt husband,
I ſomething fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reſerv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall here abide the hourly ſhot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may ſee again.

Poſt. My queen! my miſtreſs!
O lady, weep no more, leſt I give cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſs
Then doth become a man. I will remain

The

The loyall'ſt husband, that did e'er plight troth.
My reſidence in *Rome*, at one *Philario*'s,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you ſend,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the king come, I ſhall incur I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure---- yet I'll move him [*Aſide.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Poſt. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothneſs to depart would grow: adieu.

Imo. Nay, ſtay a little----
Were you but riding forth to air your ſelf,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Poſt. How, how? another!
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And ſear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here!
[*Putting on the ring.*
While ſenſe can keep thee on: and ſweeteſt, faireſt,
As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo in our trifles
I ſtill win of you. For my ſake wear this,
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it [*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Upon

Upon this faireſt pris'ner.
Imo. O the gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?

SCENE III.

Enter Cymbeline, *and lords.*

Poſt. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoid, hence, from my ſight:
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt. Away!
Thou'rt poiſon to my blood.
Poſt. The gods protect you,
And bleſs the good remainders of the court!
I'm gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.
Cym. O diſloyal thing,
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
A year's age on me.
Imo. I beſeech you, Sir,
Harm not your ſelf with your vexation,
I'm ſenſeleſs of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Paſt grace? obedience?
Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way paſt grace.
Cym. Thou might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my queen.
Imo. O bleſt that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid a † puttock.
Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; would'ſt have made my throne
A ſeat for baſeneſs.
Imo. No, I rather added
A luſtre to it.

Cym.

† *a ſort of Kite.*

Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd *Poſthumus*:
You bred him as my play-fellow; he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.
Cym. What? art thou mad?
Imo. Almoſt, Sir; heav'n reſtore me: would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour-ſhepherd's ſon!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing;
They were again together, you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beſeech your patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet ſovereign,
Leave us t' our ſelves, and make your ſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.
Cym. Nay let her languiſh
A drop of blood a-day, and being aged
Die of this folly. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Queen. Fie, you muſt give way:
Here is your ſervant. How now, Sir? what news?
Piſ. My lord your ſon, drew on my maſter.
Queen. Hah!
No harm, I truſt, is done?
Piſ. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted

By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend, he takes his part,
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir!
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My ſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your maſter?

Piſ. On his command; he would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When't pleaſe you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain ſo.

Piſ. I humbly thank your highneſs.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About ſome half hour hence, pray ſpeak with me;
You ſhall, at leaſt, go ſee my lord aboard.
For this time leave me. ---- [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* SIR, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad ſo wholſome as that you vent.

Clot. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it ----
Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No faith: not ſo much as his patience.

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carkaſs if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for ſteel if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* His ſteel was in debt, it went o'th' back-ſide the town.

Clot. The villain would not ſtand me.

2 *Lord.* No, but he fled *forward* ſtill, toward your face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you ſome ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans, puppies! [*aſide.*

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had meaſur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*aſide.*

Clot. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe's damn'd. [*aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good ſign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection ſhould hurt her. [*aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: would there had been ſome hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wiſh not ſo; unleſs it had been the fall of an aſs, which is no great hurt. [*aſide.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordſhip.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Imogen, *and* Piſanio.

Imo. I Would thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o'th' haven,
And queſtioned'ſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper loſt

As offer'd mercy is. What was the laſt
That he ſpake with thee?

Pif. 'Twas, His queen, his queen!

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pif. And kiſs'd it, madam.

Imo. Senſeleſs linnen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

Pif. No, madam; for ſo long
As he could make me with his eye, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fit and ſtirs of's mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.

Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pif. Madam, ſo I did.

Imo. 'I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crackt 'em, but
'To look upon him; 'till the diminution
'Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
'Nay follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
'The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
'Have turn'd mine eye, and wept---but, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?

Pif. Be aſſur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him ſwear,
The ſhe's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him

At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T'encounter me with oriſons, (for then
I am in heav'n for him) or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, madam,
Deſires your highneſs' company.

Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.

Pif. Madam, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

ROME.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, *and a* French *man.*

Iach. BELIEVE it, Sir, I have ſeen him in *Britain;* he was than but creſcent, none expected him to prove ſo wore thy as ſince he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by *Items.*

Phil. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have ſeen him in *France;* we had very many there could behold the ſun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he muſt be weighed rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French.

French. And then his baniſhment----

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of thoſe that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her judgment, which elſe an eaſie battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it he is to ſojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were ſoldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Here comes the *Britain.* Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans.*

Poſt. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs; I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather ſhun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by other experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to ſay it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords; and by ſuch two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded one the other, or have faln both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may

may without contradiction ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our country-miſtreſſes. This gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wiſe, chaſt, conſtant, qualified, and leſs attemptable than any the rareſt of our ladies in *France*.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Poſt. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Poſt. Being ſo far provok'd as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing, tho' I profeſs my ſelf her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good; a kind of hand-in-hand compariſon had been ſomething too fair and too good for any lady in *Britany:* if ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſters many I have beheld, I could not believe ſhe excelled many; but I have not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her; ſo do I my ſtone.

Iach. What do you eſteem it at?

Poſt. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your paragon'd miſtreſs is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken; the one may be ſold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchaſe, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Poſt. Which by their graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, ſtrange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be ſtoln too; ſo your brace of unprizeable eſtimations, the one is but frail and the other caſual. A cunning thief, or a (that way) accompliſh'd

pliſh'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your *Italy* contains none ſo accompliſh'd a courtier to convince the honour of my miſtreſs; if in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail; I do nothing doubt you have ſtore of thieves, notwithſtanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy ſignior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me, we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair miſtreſs; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poſt. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my eſtate to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your confidence, than her reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion; and I doubt not you'd ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that:

Poſt. A repulſe; though your attempt, as you call it, deſerves more; a puniſhment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too ſuddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my eſtate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What lady would you chuſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; who in conſtancy you think ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſt.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiſer; if you buy ladies fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting. But I ſee you have ſome religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my ſpeeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you? I ſhall but lend my diamond 'till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thoughts. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one. If I bring you not ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are yours: ſo is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in; ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only thus far you ſhall anſwer; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate. If ſhe remain unſeduc'd, you not making it appear otherwiſe; for your ill opinion, and th' aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have theſe things ſet down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for *Britain*, leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Hoſt. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
Pray let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britain.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius *with a viol.*

Queen. WHile yet the dew's on ground gather thoſe flowers.
Make haſte. Who has the note of them?

Ladies. I, madam.

Queen. Diſpatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now maſter doctor, have you brought thoſe drugs?

Cor. Pleaſeth your highneſs, ay; here they are, madam;
But I beſeech your grace without offence
(My conſcience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me theſe moſt pois'nous compounds?
Which are the movers of a languiſhing death;
But though ſlow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'ſt me ſuch a queſtion; have I not been
Thy pupil long? haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? diſtil? preſerve? yea ſo,
That our great king himſelf doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
Unleſs thou think'ſt me dev'liſh, is't not meet
That I did amplifie my judgment in
Other concluſions? I will try the forces
Of theſe thy compounds on ſuch creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human;
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their ſev'ral virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highneſs
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
Both noyſome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Piſanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring raſcal, upon him [*aſide.*
Will I firſt work; he's for his maſter's ſake
An enemy to my ſon. How now, *Piſanio?*
Doctor, your ſervice for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

Cor. I do ſuſpect you, madam. [*aſide.*
But you ſhall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee a word. [*To* Piſanio.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think ſhe has
Strange ling'ring poiſons; I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice with
A drug of ſuch damn'd nature. Thoſe ſhe has
Will ſtupifie and dull the ſenſe a while;
Which firſt perchance ſhe'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the ſpirits a time,
To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.

Queen. No further ſervice, doctor,
Until I ſend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſay'ſt thou? doſt thou think in time
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? do thou work;
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loves my ſon,

I'll tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy maſter; greater; for
His fortunes all lye ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What ſhalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him? Thou tak'ſt up
[Piſanio *looking on the viol.*
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay I pr'ythee take it,
It is an earneſt of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do't, as from thy ſelf:
Think what a chance thou chanceſt on, but think
Thou haſt thy miſtreſs ſtill; to boot, my ſon,
Who ſhall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
To any ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then my ſelf, I chiefly
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women---- [*Exit* Piſa.
Think on my words.---A ſly and conſtant knave,
Not to be ſhak'd; the agent for his maſter,
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand faſt to her lord. I've giv'n him that,
Which if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
Of leidgers for her ſweet; and which ſhe after
(Except ſhe bend her humour) ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too. *Enter*

Enter Piſanio, *and Ladies.*

So, ſo; well done, well done;
The violets, cowſlips, and the prim-roſes,
Bear to my cloſet; fare thee well, *Piſanio*,
Think on my words. [*Ex. Queen and ladies.*
Piſ. And ſhall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak my ſelf; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Imogen *alone.*

Imo. A Father cruel, and a ſtepdame falſe,
A fooliſh ſuitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband baniſh'd---- O, that husband!
My ſupream crown of grief, and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it----had I been thief-ſtoln,
As my two brothers, happy! but moſt miſerable
Is the deſire that's glorious. Bleſs'd be thoſe,
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter Piſanio, *and* Iachimo.

Piſ. Madam, a noble gentleman of *Rome*
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greets your highneſs dearly.
Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich!
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare, [*aſide.*

She

She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
Arm me audacity from head to foot.
Or like the *Parthian* I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen *reads.*

He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truſt.

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the reſt, and takes it thankfully----
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and ſhall find it ſo
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, faireſt lady.
What, are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To ſee this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of ſea and land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd ſtones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye; for apes, and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch ſhe's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i'th' judgment;
For Ideots in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definite. Nor in the appetite,
Slutt'ry to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make deſire vomit ev'n emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach.

Iach. The cloyed will,
That ſatiate, yet unſatisfy'd deſire, that tub
Both fill'd and running: ravening firſt the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage----
Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam, well---Beſeech you, Sir, [*To* Piſanio.
Deſire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's ſtrange and peeviſh.
Piſ. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.
Imo. Continues well my lord?
His health, beſeech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleaſant; none a ſtranger there.
So merry, and ſo gameſome; he is call'd
The *Britain* reveller.
Imo. When he was here
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one
An eminent monſieur, that it ſeems much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home. He furnaces
The thick ſides from him; whiles the jolly *Britain*,
(Your lord I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries Oh!----
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be, will his free hours languiſh out
For aſſur'd bondage?

Imo.

Imo. Will my lord ſay ſo?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*: but heav'n knows
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rds him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his beyond all talents,
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wreck diſcern you in me
Deſerves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what
To hide me from the radiant ſun, and ſolace
I'th' dungeon by a ſnuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openneſs your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to ſay, enjoy your---- but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.

Imo. You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurt more
Than to be ſure they do; for certainties
Or are paſt remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then born;) diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.

Iach.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bath my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe very touch would force the feeler's ſoul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; ſhould I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips, as common as the ſtairs
That mount the capitol? join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſhood, as with labour?
Then glad my ſelf by peeping in an eye
Baſe and unluſtrious as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow? it were fit
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain.*

Iach. And himſelf. Not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A lady
So fair, and faſtned to an empery,
Would make the great'ſt king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diſeas'd venters
To play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rotteneſs lends nature! ſuch boyl'd ſtuff
As well might poiſon poiſon! Be reveng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How ſhould I be reveng'd, if this be true?
As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe; if it be true,
How ſhall I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana*'s prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your deſpight, upon your purſe? revenge it!
I dedicate my ſelf to your ſweet pleaſure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.
Imo. What ho, *Piſanio*! ----
Iach. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.
Imo. Away, I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Sollicit'ſt here a lady, that diſdains
Thee, and the devil alike. What ho, *Piſanio*! ----
The king my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault; if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſawcy ſtranger in his court to mart
As in a *Romiſh* ſtew, and to expound
His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not reſpects at all. What ho, *Piſanio!* ----
Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may ſay,
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deſerves thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſs

Her

Her aſſur'd credit! bleſſed live you long,
A lady to the worthieſt Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthy fit. Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The trueſt-manner'd, ſuch a holy witch,
That he inchants ſocieties into him:
Half all mens hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He ſits 'mongſt men like a deſcended god;
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty Princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffleſs. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i'th' court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almoſt forgot
T' intreat your grace but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; my ſelf, and other noble friends
Are partners in the buſineſs.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your lord,
(Beſt feather of our wing,) have mingled ſums
To buy a preſent for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor for the reſt, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels

Of rich and exquiſite form, their values great;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage: may it pleaſe you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety. Since
My lord hath int'reſt in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night;
I muſt aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beſeech you: or I ſhall ſhort my word
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*,
I croſt the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. I muſt, madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have out-ſtood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our preſent.

Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it ſhall be ſafe kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's *Palace.*

Enter Cloten, *and two lords.*

CLOTEN.

WAS there ever man had ſuch luck! when I kiſs'd the *Jack* upon an up-caſt, to be hit away! I had an hundred pound on't; and then a whorſon jack-an-apes muſt take me up for ſwearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clot. When a gentleman is diſpoſed to ſwear, it is not for any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord: nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whorſon dog! I give him ſatisfaction? would he had been one of my rank.

2 *Lord.* To have ſmelt like a fool. [*aſide.*

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth, ---- a pox on't. I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the Queen my mother; every jack-ſlave hath his belly full of fighting, and I muſt go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too, and you crow cock with your comb on. [*aſide.*

Clot.

Clot. Say'ſt thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordſhip ſhould undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordſhip only.

Clot. Why ſo I ſay.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a ſtranger that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A ſtranger, and I not know on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus*'s friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whereſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordſhip's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefore your iſſues being fooliſh, do not derogate. [*aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this *Italian*: what I have loſt to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip. [*Exit* Clot.

That ſuch a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this aſs; a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas poor princeſs,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt,
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is

Of

Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce ---- he'll make the heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unſhak'd
That temple thy fair mind, that thou may'ſt ſtand
T' enjoy thy baniſh'd lord: and this great land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A magnificent bed-chamber, in one part of it a large trunk.

Imogen *is diſcover'd reading in her bed, a lady attending.*

Imo. WHO's there? my woman *Helen?*
Lady. Pleaſe you, madam----
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almoſt midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed----
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by four o'th' clock,
I pr'ythee call me----ſleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly. [*Exit lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods;
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beſeech ye. [*ſleeps.*

[Iachimo *riſes from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs it ſelf by reſt: our *Tarquin* thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded. *Cytherea,*
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lilly,
And whiter than the ſheets! that I might touch,
But kiſs, one kiſs---- rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't!----'tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'th' taper

Bows

Bows tow'rd her, aud would under-peep her lids,
To ſee th' incloſed lights, (now canopy'd
Under the windows,) white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tinct---- but my deſign's
To note the chamber---- I will write all down,
Such and ſuch pictures---- there the window,---- ſuch
Th' adornment of her bed---- the arras, figures----
Why ſuch, and ſuch---- and the contents o'th' ſtory----
Ah, but ſome nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables
Would teſtifie, t' enrich mine inventory.
O ſleep, thou ape of death, lye dull upon her,
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chappel lying. Come off, come off.----
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As ſlipp'ry as the gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience do's within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I'th' bottom of a cowſlip. Here's a voucher,
Stonger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. No more---- to what end?
Why ſhould I write this down that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry. Sh' hath been reading late,
The tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where *Philomele* gave up---- I have enough----
To th' trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May [a] ope the raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
One, two, three: time, time! [*Goes into the trunk, the Scene cloſes.*

SCENE

[a] *bear*

SCENE III.

The Palace again.

Enter Cloten *and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* YOUR lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordſhip; you are moſt hot and furious when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhall have gold enough: It's almoſt morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clot. I would this muſick would come: I am adviſed to give her muſick a-mornings, they ſay it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate here with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful ſweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her conſider.

SONG

Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate ſings,
And Phœbus *'gins ariſe,*
His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
On chalic'd flowers that lyes:
And winking Mary-*buds begin*
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady ſweet ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

So, get you gone---- if this penetrate, I will conſider your muſick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears; which horſe-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up ſo late, for that's the reaſon I was up ſo early: he cannot chuſe but take this ſervice I have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your majeſty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our ſtern daughter?
Will ſhe not forth?

Clot. I have aſſail'd her with muſicks, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new.
She hath not yet forgot him: ſome more time
Muſt wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then ſhe's yours.

Queen. You are moſt bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame your ſelf
To orderly ſolicits; and befriended
With aptneſs of the ſeaſon, make denials
Encreaſe your ſervices; ſo ſeem, as if
You are inſpir'd to do thoſe duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſs.

Clot. Senſeleſs? not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. So like you, Sir, ambaſſadors from *Rome*;
The one is *Caius Lucius.*

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;

But

But that's no fault of his: we muſt receive him
According to the honour of his ſender;
And towards himſelf, his goodneſs fore-ſpent on
We muſt extend our notice: our dear ſon,
When you have giv'n good-morning to your miſtreſs,
Attend the Queen and us; we ſhall have need
T' employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Clot. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her; if not,
Let her lye ſtill, and dream. By your leave ho!
I know her women are about her---- what
If I do line one of their hands?---- 'tis gold
Which buy admittance, oft it doth, yea makes
Diana's rangers falſe themſelves, and yield
Their deer to th' ſtand o'th' ſtealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometimes hangs both thief and true-man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not underſtand the caſe my ſelf.
By your leave. [*knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clot. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.
Lady. That's more
Than ſome whoſe tailors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of: what's your lordſhip's pleaſure?
Clot. Your lady's perſon, is ſhe ready?
Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you, ſell me your good report.
Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good? The princeſs—

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow faireſt, ſiſter your ſweet hand.
Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.
Clot. Still I ſwear I love you.
Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.
Clot. This is no anſwer.
Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you ſpare me, faith
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſie
To your beſt kindneſs: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Clot. To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin,
I will not.
Imo. Fools are not mad folks.
Clot. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being ſo verbal: and learn now for all,
That I who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am ſo near the lack of charity
T' accuſe my ſelf, I hate you: which I had rather

You felt, than make my boaſt.
Clot. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The contract you pretend with that baſe wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o'th' court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their ſouls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in ſelf-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by
The conſequence o'th' crown, and muſt not foil
The precious note of it with a baſe ſlave,
A hilding for a livery, a ſquire's cloth,
A pantler; not ſo eminent.
Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the ſon of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art beſides, thou wert too baſe
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be ſtil'd
The under hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr'd ſo well.
Clot. The ſouth-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt garment
That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my reſpect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made ſuch men. How now, *Piſanio?*

Enter Piſanio.

Clot. His garment? now the devil.
Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hye thee preſently.

Clot.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am ſprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worſe ---- go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too caſually
Hath left mine arm ---- it was thy maſter's. Shrew me
If I would loſe it for a revenue
Of any king in *Europe*. I do think
I ſaw't this morning; confident I am,
Laſt night 'twas on my arm; I kiſſed it.
I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiſs ought but him.

Pif. 'Twill not be loſt.

Imo. I hope ſo; go and ſearch.

Clot. You have abuſed me ---- his meaneſt garment? ----

Imo. Ay, I ſaid ſo, Sir,
If you will make't an action, call witneſs to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too;
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worſt of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worſt of diſcontent. [*Exit.*

Clot. I'll be reveng'd;
His meaneſt garment? ---- well. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

ROME.

Enter Poſthumus, *and* Philario.

Poſt. FEAR it not, Sir; I would I were ſo ſure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Poſt. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the preſent winter's ſtate, and wiſh
That warmer days would come; in theſe fear'd hopes
I barely gratifie your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodneſs, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great *Auguſtus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commiſſion throughly. And I think
He'll grant the tribute; ſend th' arrearages,
Or look upon our *Romans*, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their grief.

Poſt. I do believe,
(Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you ſhall hear
The legion now in *Gallia*, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when *Julius Cæſar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their diſcipline
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people ſuch
As mend upon the world.

SCENE VI.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See *Iachimo*.

Poſt. Sure the ſwift harts have poſted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

Phi.

Phi. Welcome, Sir.

Poſt. I hope the briefneſs of your anſwer, made
The ſpeedineſs of your return.

Iach. Your lady,
Is of the faireſt I e'er look'd upon.

Poſt. And therewithal the beſt, or let her beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Poſt. Their tenure good, I truſt.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Poſt. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Poſt. All is well yet.
Sparkles this ſtone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
Was mine in *Britain*, for the ring is won.

Poſt. The ſtone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being ſo eaſie.

Poſt. Make not, Sir,
Your loſs your ſport; I hope you know that we
Muſt not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we muſt,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your miſtreſs home, I grant
We were to queſtion farther; but I now

Profeſs

Profeſs my ſelf the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Poſt. If you can make't apparent
That you have taſted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her poor honour, gains, or loſes
Your ſword or mine, or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumſtances
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe; whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.

Poſt. Proceed.

Iach. Firſt, her bed-chamber,
(Where I confeſs I ſlept not, but profeſs
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilver and ſilk; the ſtory
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her *Roman*,
And *Cidnus* ſwell'd above the banks or for
The preſs of boats, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was----

Poſt. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.

Iach. More particulars
Muſt juſtifie my knowledge.

Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaſt *Dian*, bathing; never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves; the cutter
Was as another nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewiſe read;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The roof o'th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted. Her andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Poſt. This is her honour;
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this,
Praiſe be to your remembrance, the deſcription
Of what is in her chamber nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: ſee!----
And now 'tis up again; it muſt be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.
Poſt. Jove! ----
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She ſtrip'd it from her arm, I ſee her yet,
Her pretty action did out-ſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid ſhe priz'd it once.

Poſt.

Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.
Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?
Poſt. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a baſilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Then they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above meaſure falſe!----
Phi. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable ſhe loſt it; or
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Might ſtoln it from her.
Poſt. Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't; back my ring,
Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her
More evident than this; for this was ſtole.
Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.
Poſt. Hark you, he ſwears; by *Jupiter* he ſwears.
'Tis true----nay keep the ring----'tis true; I'm ſure
She could not loſe it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to ſteal it!
And by a ſtranger!----no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: ſh'hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves between you.
Phi. Sir, be patient;
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd,
Of one perſuaded well of----

Poſt. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you ſeek
For further ſatisfying; under her breaſt,
Worthy the preſſing, lyes a mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate lodging. By my life
I kiſt it, and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?
Poſt. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Poſt. Spare your arithmetick.
Count not the turns: once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be ſworn----
Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſwear you have not done't, you lie.
And I will kill thee if thou doſt deny
Thou'ſt made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Poſt. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal;
I will go there and do't i'th' court, before
Her father----I'll do ſomething---- [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite beſides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. ‘ Is there no way for men to be, but women
‘ Muſt be half-workers? we are baſtards all,
‘ And that moſt venerable man which I
‘ Did call my father, was I know not where,
‘ When I was ſtampt. Some coyner with his tools
‘ Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother ſeem'd
‘ The *Dian* of that time; ſo doth my wife
‘ The non-pareil of this---- Oh vengeance, vengeance!
‘ Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
‘ And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
‘ A pudency ſo roſie, the ſweet view on't
‘ Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*---- that I thought her
‘ As chaſte, as unſunn'd ſnow. Oh, all the devils!
‘ This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour---- was't not?----
‘ Or leſs; at firſt? perchance he ſpoke not, but
‘ Like a full-acorn'd boar, [a] a-churning on,
‘ Cry'd oh! and mounted; found no oppoſition
‘ But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
‘ Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
‘ The woman's part in me----- for there's no motion
‘ That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
‘ It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
‘ The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
‘ Luſt, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
‘ Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
‘ Nice-longings, ſlanders, mutability:
‘ All faults that may be nam'd, nay that hell knows,
‘ Why hers, in part, or all; but rather all---- for even to vice
‘ They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
‘ One vice, but of a minute old, for one ‘ Not

[a] A *Jermen* one, *in the firſt editions*; *ſince alter'd to* a *German* one.

' Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
' Deteſt them, curſe them ---- yet 'tis greater skill
' In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
' The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's *Palace.*

Enter in ſtate, Cymbeline, *Queen,* Cloten, *and lords at one door; and at another,* Caius Lucius *and attendants.*

CYMBELINE.

NOW ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæſar* with us?

Luc. When *Julius Cæſar,* (whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in *Britain,*
And conquer'd it, *Caſſibelan* thine uncle
(Famous in *Cæſar*'s praiſes, no whit leſs
Than in his feats deſerving it) for him
And his ſucceſſion, granted *Rome* a tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvail,
Shall be ſo ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæſars,*
Ere ſuch another *Julius*: *Britain* is
A world it ſelf, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noſes.

Queen. That opportunity

Which

Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We have again. Remember, Sir my liege,
The kings your anceſtors; together with
The nat'ral brav'ry of your iſle, which ſtands
As *Neptune*'s park ribbed and paled in
With oaks unskaleable, and roaring waters,
With ſand that will not bear your enemies boats,
But ſuck them up to th' top-maſt. A kind of conqueſt
Cæſar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame*: With ſhame,
(The firſt that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coaſt, 'twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles,) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibelan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet fortune!) to maſter *Cæſar*'s ſword,
Made *Lud*'s town with rejoicing fires bright,
And *Britains* ſtrut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch *Cæſars*; other of them may have crook'd noſes, but to own ſuch ſtrait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as *Caſſibelan*, I do not ſay I am one; but I have a hand. Why tribute? Why ſhould we pay tribute? if *Cæſar* can hide the ſun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; elſe, Sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. *Cæſar*'s ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch

The

The ſides o'th' world, againſt all colour here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to ſhake off
Becomes a warlike people, (which we reckon
Our ſelves to be) to do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, who
Ordain'd our laws, whoſe uſe the ſword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair and franchiſe,
Shall by the power we hold be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry. That *Mulmutius*
Who was the firſt of *Britain*, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himſelf a King.

Luc. I'm ſorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*,
(*Cæſar* that hath more kings his ſervants, than
Thy ſelf domeſtick officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then. War and confuſion
In *Cæſar*'s name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for my ſelf.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*,
Thy *Cæſar* knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to ſeek of me again perforce,
Behooves me keep at variance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which not to read, would ſhew the *Britains* cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not find them.

Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clot. His Majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day or two, or longer: if you ſeek us afterwards on other terms, you ſhall find us in our ſalt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it,

it

it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our crows ſhall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your maſter's pleaſure, and he mine:
All the remain, is welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Piſanio *reading a letter.*

Piſ. HOW? of adultery? wherefore write you not
What monſters have accus'd her? *Leonatus!*
Oh maſter, what a ſtrange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear? what falſe *Italian*,
As pois'nous tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready ear! Diſloyal? no,
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes
More goddeſs-like than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults
As would take in ſome virtue. Oh my maſter!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I ſhould murther her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy command!----I her!----her blood!
If it be ſo to do good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable. How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't----the letter* [*Reading.*
That I have ſent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. Damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: ſenſeleſs bauble!
Art thou a fœdarie for this act; that look'ſt
So virgin-like without? Lo here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.
Imo. How now, *Piſanio?*
Piſ. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who! thy lord? that is my lord *Leonatus:*
Oh, learn'd indeed were that aſtronomer
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are aſunder; let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth phyſick love of his content,
All but in that. Good wax, thy leave ----- bleſt be
You bees that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young *Cupid*'s tables: good news, gods! [*Reading.*

JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take me in his dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me; but you, oh the deareſt of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria *at* Milford-Haven: *what your own love will out of this adviſe you, follow. So he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increaſing in love,*

Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh for a horſe with wings! hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
He is at *Milford-Haven:* read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true *Piſanio,*

Who

Who long'ſt like me to ſee thy lord; who long'ſt,
(Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'ſt,
But in a fainter kind-----oh not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond-----ſay, and ſpeak thick;
Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing
To th' ſmoth'ring of the ſenſe---- how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed *Milford*? and by th' way
Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
T'inherit ſuch a haven. But firſt of all,
How may we ſteal from hence? and for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence going
Till our return, t' excuſe---- but firſt, how get hence?
Why ſhould excuſe be born or-ere begot?
Well talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs, ſay
She'll home t' her father: and provide me preſent
A riding ſuit; no coſtlier than would fit
A *Franklin*'s houſewife.

Piſ. Madam, you'd beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me, man, nor here nor here,
Nor what enſues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Foreſt with a cave, in Wales.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bell. ‘A Goodly day! not to keep houſe with ſuch,
‘ Whoſe roof's as low as ours: ſee, boys! this gate
‘ Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
‘ To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
‘ Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may jet through
‘ And keep their impious turbands on, without
‘ Good-morrow to the ſun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
‘ We houſe i'th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
‘ As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. ‘ Now for our mountain ſport, up to yond hill,
‘ Your legs are young: I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
‘ When you above perceive me like a crow,
‘ That it is *place* which leſſens and ſets off;
‘ And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
‘ Of courts of princes, of the tricks in war,
‘ That ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
‘ But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
‘ Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
‘ And often to our comfort, ſhall we find
‘ The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold
‘ Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh this life,
‘ Is nobler than attending for a check;
‘ Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
‘ Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
‘ Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,

‘ Yet

' Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd; no life to ours.
Guid. ' Out of your proof you ſpeak; we poor unfledg'd
' Have never wing'd from view o'th' neſt; nor know
' What air's from home. Hap'ly this life is beſt,
' If quiet life is beſt, ſweeter to you
' That have a ſharper known: well correſponding
' With your ſtiff age; but unto us, it is
' A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed,
' A priſon, [a] for a debtor that not dares
' To ſtride a limit.
Arv. ' What ſhould we ſpeak of
' When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
' The rain and wind beat dark *December?* how
' In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
' The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing,
' We're beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
' Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
' Our valour is to chaſe what flies; our cage
' We make a choir, as doth the priſon'd bird,
' And ſing our bondage freely.
Bel. ' How you ſpeak!
' Did you but know the city's uſuries,
' And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' court,
' As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb
' Is certain falling, or ſo ſlipp'ry that
' The fear's as bad as falling. The toil of war,
' A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
' I'th' name of fame and honour; which dies i'th' ſearch,
' And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
' As record of fair act; nay, many time
' Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe,
' Muſt curt'ſie at the cenſure. Oh boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd

With

[a] *or*

With *Roman* ſwords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a ſoldier was the theam, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I told you oft,
But that two villains (whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confed'rate with the *Romans*: ſo
Follow'd my baniſhment; and this twenty years,
This rock and theſe demeſnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom, pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time---- but, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters language; he that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o'th' feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater ſtate:
I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt boys.*

How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature?
Theſe boys know little they are ſons to th' king,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
They think they're mine; tho' trained up thus meanly
Here in the cave, wherein their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Polydor*,
(The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom

The

The king his father call'd *Guiderius*,) *Jove!*
When on my three-foot ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay, thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I ſet my foot on's neck----even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words----The younger brother *Cadwall*,
(Once *Arviragus*,) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd----
Oh *Cymbeline!* heav'n and my conſcience know
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon
At three, and two years old, I ſtole theſe babes,
Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou waſt their nurſe, they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave;
My ſelf *Belarius* that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Piſanio *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now----*Piſanio*,
Where is *Poſthumus?* What is in thy mind
That makes thee ſtare thus? wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th' inward of thee? one but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication. Put thy ſelf
Into a 'haviour of leſs fear, ere wildneſs

Van-

Vanquiſh thy ſteadier ſenſes---- what's the matter?
Why offer'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if't be ſummer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that count'nance ſtill. My husband's hand?
That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
And he's at ſome hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be ev'n mortal to me.

Piſ. Pleaſe you read,
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imogen *reads.*

THY miſtreſs, Piſanio, *hath play'd the ſtrumpet in my bed: the teſtimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes, but from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou* Piſanio *muſt act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own hands take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunity at* Milford-Haven. *She hath my letter for the purpoſe; where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.*

Piſ. ‘ What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
‘ Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis ſlander,
‘ Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
‘ Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*, whoſe breath
‘ Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belye
‘ All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and ſtates,
‘ Maids, matrons, nay the ſecrets of the grave
‘ This viperous ſlander enters. What chear, madam?
Imo. Falſe to his bed! what is it to be falſe?

To

' To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
' To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if ſleep charge nature,
' To break it with a fearful dream of him,
' And cry my ſelf awake? that falſe to's bed!
Piſ. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I falſe? thy conſcience witneſs, *Iachimo*,
Thou didſt accuſe him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dſt like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*
(Whoſe mother was her painting) hath betray'd him:
Poor I am ſtale, a garment out of faſhion,
And for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I muſt be ript: to pieces with me: oh,
Mens vows are womens traitors. All good ſeeming
By thy revolt, oh husband, ſhall be thought
Put on for villany: not born where't grows,
But worn, a bait for ladies.
Piſ. Madam, hear me---
Imo. ' True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
' Were in his time thought falſe: and *Synon*'s weeping
' Did ſcandal many a holy tear, took pity
' From moſt true wretchedneſs. So thou *Poſthumus*,
' Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
' Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
' From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: when thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience. Look!
I draw the ſword my ſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy maſter is not there; who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike;
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,

But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.

Piſ. Hence, vile inſtrument!
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I muſt die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's. 'Gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine
That † cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart----
(Something's afore't---- ſoft, ſoft, we'll no defence;
[*Opening her breaſt.*)
Obedient as the ſcabbard!---- What is here?
The ſcriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to hereſie? away, away,
[*Pulling his letters out of her boſom.*
Corrupters of my faith, you ſhall no more
Be ſtomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe falſe teachers: thoſe that are betray'd
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou *Poſthumus*,
That ſet my diſobedience 'gainſt the king,
And mad'ſt me put into contempt the ſuits
Of princely fellows; ſhalt hereafter find
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve my ſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſ-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'ſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me---- Pr'ythee diſpatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's the knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I deſire it too.

Piſ. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then. *Piſ.*

† *makes me a coward.*

Pif. I'll break mine eye-balls firſt.
Imo. Ah wherefore then
Didſt undertake it? why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horſes labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court
For my being abſent? whereunto I never
Purpoſe return. Why haſt thou gone ſo far
To be unbent? when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
Th' elected deer before thee?
Pif. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe; good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, ſpeak.
I've heard I am a ſtrumpet, and mine ear
(Therein falſe ſtruck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But ſpeak.
Pif. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Moſt like
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pif. Not ſo neither;
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well; it cannot be
But that my maſter is abus'd, ſome villain
And ſingular in his art, hath done you both
This curſed injury.
Imo. Some *Roman* curtezan?
Pif. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it: for 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo. You ſhall be miſs'd at court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow;
What ſhall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Piſ. If you'll back to th' court----

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing, *Cloten:*
Whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.

Piſ. If not at court,
Then not in *Britain* muſt you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britain* all the ſun that ſhines? Day? night?
Are they not but in *Britain*? i'th' world's volume
Our *Britain* ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool a ſwan's neſt. Pr'ythee think
There's living out of *Britain.*

Piſ. I'm moſt glad
You think of other place: th' Ambaſſador,
Lucius the *Roman* comes to *Milford-Haven*
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That which t'appear it ſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger; you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view; yea haply near
The reſidence of *Poſthumus*; ſo nigh, at leaſt,
That though his action were not viſible,
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for ſuch means,
(Though peril to my modeſty, not death on't,)
I would adventure.

Pif. Well then, here's the point:
' You muſt forget to be a woman, change
' Command into obedience; fear and niceneſs,
' (The handmaids of all women, or more truly
' Woman its pretty ſelf,) to waggiſh courage,
' Ready in gybes, quick-anſwer'd, ſawcy, and
' As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you muſt
' Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek,
' Expoſing it (but oh the harder heart,
' Alack, no remedy) to th' greedy touch
' Of common-kiſſing *Titan*; and forget
' Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
' You made great *Juno* angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.
Pif. Firſt, make your ſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them. Would you in their ſerving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, before *Lucius*
Preſent your ſelf, deſire his ſervice; tell him
Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
If that his head have ear in muſick, doubtleſs
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad;
You have me rich, and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupply.
Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee away.
There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt

I'm

I'm ſoldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Piſ. Well, madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel.
Leſt being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble miſtreſs,
Here is a box, I had it from the queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're ſick at ſea,
Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away diſtemper---- to ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the gods
Direct you to the beſt!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, *Queen*, Cloten, Lucius, *and Lords.*

Cym. THUS far, and ſo farewel.
Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence,
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My maſter's enemy.
Cym. Our ſubjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoak; and for our ſelf
To ſhew leſs ſoveraignty then they, muſt needs
Appear un-kinglike.
Luc. So, Sir: I deſire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven.*
Madam, all joy befal your grace; and you.
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:
So farewel, noble *Lucius.*

Luc.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Th'event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my lords,
'Till he have croſt the *Severn*. Happineſs! [*Exit* Lucius, &c.

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us
That we have giv'n him cauſe.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britons* have their wiſhes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs;
The powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britain*.

Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs,
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it ſhould be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? ſhe hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in ſufferance.

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since th' exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time muſt do. Beſeech your majeſty,
Forbear ſharp ſpeeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Cym. Where is ſhe? how
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?
Meſ. Pleaſe you Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be giv'n to th' loudeſt noiſe we make.
Queen. My lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe,
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer; this
She wiſh'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not ſeen of late? grant heav'ns, that which I fear
Prove falſe! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I ſay; follow the king.
Clot. That man of hers, *Piſanio*, her old ſervant,
I have not ſeen theſe two days. [*Exit.*
Queen. Go, look after----
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Poſthumus!*----
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? haply deſpair hath ſeiz'd her;
Or wing'd with fervor of her love, ſhe's flown
To her deſir'd *Poſthumus*; gone ſhe is
To death, or to diſhonour, and my end
Can make good uſe of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *Britiſh* crown.

Re-enter

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my ſon?
Clot. 'Tis certain ſhe is fled.
Go in and cheer the king, he rages, none
Dare come about him.
Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-ſtall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen.*
Clot. I love and hate her; for ſhe's fair and royal,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Out-ſells them all. I love her therefore; but
Diſdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her judgment,
That what's elſe rare, is choak'd, and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools----

SCENE VI.

Enter Piſanio.

Who is here? what are you packing, ſirrah?
Come hither; ah you precious pandar, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word, or elſe
Thou'rt ſtraightway with the fiends.
Piſ. Oh, good my lord!
Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Cloſe villain,
I'll have this ſecret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus?*
From whoſe ſo many weights of baſeneſs, cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pif. Alas, my lord,
How can ſhe be with him? when was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is ſhe, Sir? come nearer;
No farther halting; ſatisfie me home,
What is become of her.

Pif. Oh, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Diſcover where thy miſtreſs is, at once,
At the next word; no more of worthy lord.
Speak, or thy ſilence on the inſtant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pif. Then, Sir,
This paper is the hiſtory of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's ſee't; I will purſue her
Even to *Auguſtus'* throne.

Pif. Or this, or periſh. [*aſide.*
She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pif. I'll write to my lord ſhe's dead. Oh, *Imogen*,
Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return again.

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pif. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Poſthumus*'s hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a villain, but to do me true ſervice; undergo thoſe employments wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee with a ſerious induſtry, that is, what villany ſoe'er I bid thee do to perform it, directly and truly; I would think thee an honeſt man, thou ſhouldſt neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pif. Well, my good lord.

Clot.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerve me? for ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that beggar *Poſthumus*, thou can'ſt not in the courſe of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Pif. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Pif. I have, my lord, at the lodging, the ſame ſuit he wore when he took leave of my lady and miſtreſs.

Clot. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit hither; let it be thy firſt ſervice, go.

Pif. I ſhall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven?* I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon; even there, thou villain *Poſthumus*, will I kill thee. I would theſe garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, (the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart,) that ſhe held the very garment of *Poſthumus* in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back will I raviſh her; firſt kill him, and in her eyes---there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body, and when my luſt hath dined, (which as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that ſhe ſo prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath deſpis'd me rejoycingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Piſanio, *with a ſuit of cloaths.*

Be thoſe the garments?

Pif. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't ſince ſhe went to *Milford-Haven?*

Pif. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt

be a voluntary mute to my deſign. Be but duteous, and true preferment ſhall tender it ſelf to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Ex.*

Piſ. Thou bidd'ſt me to my loſs: for true to thee,
Were to prove falſe, which I will never be,
To him that is moſt true. To *Milford* go,
And find not her, whom thou purſu'ſt. Flow, flow,
You heav'nly bleſſings on her! this fool's ſpeed
Be croſt with ſlowneſs; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The Foreſt and Cave.

Enter Imogen *in boys cloaths.*

Imo. I See a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tired my ſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me. *Milford*,
When from the mountain top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou waſt within a ken. Oh *Jove*, I think
Foundations fly the wretched, ſuch I mean,
Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or tryal? yes no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in fullneſs
Is ſorer, than to lye for need; and falſhood
Is worſe in kings, than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou'rt one o'th' falſe ones; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to ſink for food. But what is this? [*Seeing the cave.*
Here is a path to't----'tis ſome ſavage hold;

'Twere

'Twere beſt not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take, or lend---- ho! no anſwer? then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Grant ſuch a foe, good heav'ns! [*She goes into the cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* have prov'd beſt woodman, and
Are maſter of the feaſt; *Cadwal* and I
Will play the cook, and ſervant, 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die
But for the end it works to. Come, our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely ſavo'ry; wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thy ſelf!

Guid. I'm throughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i'th' cave, we'll brouze on that
Whilſt what we've kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in---- [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think
It were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter* an Angel! or if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineneſs
No elder than a boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good maſter, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought

T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth
I have ſtoln nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold ſtrew'd i'th' floor. Here's mony for my meat,
I would have left it on the board ſo ſoon
As I had made my meal: and parted thence
With prayers for the provider.
Guid. Mony, youth?
Arv. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip dirty gods.
Imo. I ſee you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Have dy'd, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir; I have a kinſman, who
Is bound for *Italy:* he'embark'd at *Milford*,
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I'm faln in this offence.
Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor meaſure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well-encounter'd!
'Tis almoſt night, you ſhall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to ſtay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.
Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould wooe hard, but be your groom in honeſty;
I bid for you, as I do buy.
Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
And ſuch a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long abſence, ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome!

Be

Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt friends.
Imo. 'Mongſt friends? [*aſide.*
If brothers, would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my father's ſons; then had my prize
Been leſs, and ſo more equal ballaſting
To thee, *Poſthumus.*
Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.
Guid. Would I could free't!
Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it coſt, what danger; gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whiſpering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue
Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them; laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peer theſe twain. Pardon me gods,
I'd change my ſex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is falſe.
Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boys, we'll go dreſs our hunt. Fair youth come in;
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting; when we've ſupp'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy ſtory,
So far as thou wilt ſpeak.
Guid. I pray draw near.
Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, leſs welcome!
[*Exeunt.* *
SCENE

*—— leſs welcome! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Rome.

Enter two Roman *Senators, and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* THIS is the tenor of the Emperor's writ;
That ſince the common men are now in action
'Gainſt the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
And that the legions now in *Gallia*, are

Full

SCENE VIII.

Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, *Lords, and* Piſanio.

Cym. AGAIN; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
Madneſs, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
The great part of my comfort, gone! my queen
Upon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her ſon gone,
So needful for this preſent! it ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll force it from thee
By a ſharp torture.

Piſ. Sir, my life is yours,
I ſet it at your will: but for my miſtreſs,
I nothing know where ſhe remains; why gone,
Nor when ſhe purpoſes return. Beſeech your highneſs,
Hold me your loyal ſervant.

Full weak to undertake our war againſt
The fall'n off *Britains*; that we do incite
The gentry to this buſineſs. He creates
Lucius pro-conſul: and to you the tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commands
His abſolute commiſſion. Long live *Cæſar!*
Tri. Is *Lucius* gen'ral of the forces?
2 *Sen.* Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?
1 *Sen.* With thoſe legions
Which I have ſpoke of, whereunto your levy
Muſt be ſuppliant: the words of your commiſſion
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their diſpatch.
Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

Lord.

Lord. Good my liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will no doubt be found.
Cym. The time is troubleſome;
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but our jealouſie
Do's yet depend.
Lord. So pleaſe your majeſty,
The *Roman* legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt, with large ſupply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by th' ſenate ſent.
Cym. Now for the counſel of my ſon and queen:
I am amaz'd with matter.
Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put theſe powers in motion,
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away. [*Exeunt.*
Piſ. I heard no letter from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him *Imogen* was ſlain. 'Tis ſtrange;
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remain
Perplext in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work;
Wherein I'm falſe, I'm honeſt; not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find I love my country,
Ev'n to the note o'th' king, or I'll fall in them;

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in ſome boats that are not ſteer'd. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The FOREST.

Enter Cloten *alone.*

I Am near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (ſaving reverence of the word,) becauſe 'tis ſaid, a woman's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman, I dare ſpeak it to my ſelf, for it is vain-glory for a man and his glaſs to confer in his own chamber; I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this imperſeverant thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! *Poſthumus*, thy head which is now growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off, thy miſtreſs enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, ſpurn her home to her father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage; but my mother having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is ty'd up ſafe: out ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! fortune put them into my hand; this is the very deſcription of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen, *from the cave.*

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave,
We'll come t'you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, ſtay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man ſhould be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I'm very ſick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well,
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, ere ſick: ſo pleaſe you leave me,
Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom,
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I'm not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it. Pray you truſt me here,
I'll rob none but my ſelf, and let me die
Stealing ſo poorly.
Guid. I love thee: I have ſpoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, Sir, I yoak me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love reaſons without reaſon. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay
" My father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble ſtrain!
O worthineſs of nature, breed of greatneſs! *
I'm not their father, yet who this ſhould be
Doth miracle it ſelf; lov'd before me!
'Tis the ninth hour o'th' morn.
Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.
Arv. You health ---- ſo pleaſe you, Sir.
Imo. Theſe are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at court: *
I am ſick ſtill, heart-ſick ---- *Piſanio*,
I'll now taſte of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the viol.*
Guid. I could not ſtir him;
He ſaid that he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.
Arv. Thus did he anſwer me; yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To th' field, to th' field:
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and reſt.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not ſick,
For you muſt be our houſewife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit* Imogen.
Bel. And ſhalt be ever.
This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd, appears to have had

* —— breed of greatneſs!
" Cowards father cowads, and baſe things ſire the baſe:
" Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not, &c.

* —— but at court:
Experience, oh how thou diſprov'ſt report.
Th' imperious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh,
Poor tributary rivers, as ſweet fiſh;
I am ſick ſtill, &c.

Good

Good anceſtors.

Arv. How angel-like he ſings?

Guid. But his neat cookery?

Arv. He cut our roots in characters,
And ſauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been ſick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A ſmiling with a ſigh. *

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience rooted in him both,
Mingle their [a] pow'rs together. *

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: who's there?

SCENE III.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. Icannot find thoſe runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Thoſe runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the ſon o'th' queen; I fear ſome ambuſh----
I ſaw him not theſe many years, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one; you and my brother ſearch

*——— a ſigh:
As if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile:
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
From ſo divine a temple, to commix
With winds that ſailors rail at.
Guid. I do note, &c.

*——— together.
Arv. Grow patience,
And let the ſtinking elder, greif, untwine
His periſhing root, with the encreaſing vine.
Bel. It is, &c.

What

[a] *ſpurs*

What companies are near: pray you away,
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt* Bellarius *and* Arviragus.
Clot. Soft, what are you
That fly me thus? ſome villain-mountainers----
I've heard of ſuch. What ſlave art thou?
Guid. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
A ſlave without a knock.
Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.
Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I ſhould yield to thee?
Clot. Thou villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my cloaths?
Guid. No nor thy tailor,
Who is thy grandfather; he made thoſe cloaths,
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.
Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.
Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool,
I'm loath to beat thee.
Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Guid. What's thy name?
Clot. Cloten, thou villain.
Guid. Cloten, then double villain be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, ſpider,
'Twould move me ſooner.
Clot. To thy further fear,

Nay,

Nay, to thy meer confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I'm ſon to th' queen.
Guid. I'm ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clot. Art not afraid?
Guid. 'Thoſe that I rev'rence, thoſe I fear; the wiſe:
'At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clot. Die the death:
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud*'s town ſet your heads;
Yield ruſtick mountaineer. [*Fight and Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Bellarius *and* Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world; you did miſtake him ſure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of favour
Which then he wrote; the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking, were as his: I'm abſolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.
Arv. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my brother make good time with him,
You ſay he is ſo fell.
Bel. Being ſcarce made up,
I mean to man; he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cauſe of fear. But ſee thy brother.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purſe,

There was no mony in't; not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had born
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haſt thou done?

Guid. I'm perfect what; cut off one *Cloten*'s head,
Son to the queen, after his own report,
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and ſwore
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in,
Diſplace our heads, where, thanks to th' gods, they grow,
And ſet them on *Lud*'s town.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to loſe,
But what he ſwore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us; then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himſelf?
For we do fear no law. What company
Diſcover you abroad?

Bel. No ſingle ſoul
Can we ſet eye on; but in all ſafe reaſon
He muſt have ſome attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation, ay and that
From one bad thing to worſe; yet not his frenzy,
Not abſolute madneſs, could ſo far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone; although perhaps
It may be heard at court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, haunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and ſwear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he ſo undertaking,
Nor they ſo ſuffering; then on good ground we fear,

If

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the gods foreſay it, howſoe'er
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele*'s ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.
Guid. With his own ſword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the queen's ſon *Cloten.*
That's all I † reck. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, *Polidore*, thou hadſt not don't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone purſu'd me! *Polidore*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou'ſt robb'd me of this deed; I would revenges
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, would ſeek us thro',
And put us to our anſwer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee to our rock,
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll ſtay
'Till haſty *Polidore* return, and bring him
To dinner preſently.
Arv. Poor ſick *Fidele!*
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour
I'd let a pariſh of ſuch *Clotens* blood,
And praiſe my ſelf for charity. [*Exit.*

† *care*

Bel. O thou goddeſs,
Thou divine nature! how thy ſelf thou blazon'ſt
‘ In theſe two princely boys? they are as gentle
‘ As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
‘ Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
‘ (Their royal blood enchaf'd,) as the rude wind,
‘ That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
‘ And make him ſtoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful
‘ That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
‘ To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
‘ Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
‘ That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
‘ As if it had been ſow'd. Yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Cloten*'s being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us?

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have ſent *Cloten*'s clot-pole down the ſtream,
In embaſſie to his mother; his body's hoſtage
For his return. [*Solemn muſick.*

Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark *Polidore*, it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? hark.

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear mother
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter? *

* —— The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwall* mad?
SCENE V. *&c.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. ‘ The bird is dead
‘ That we have made ſo much on! I had rather
‘ Have skipt from ſixteen years of age, to ſixty;
‘ And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
‘ Than have ſeen this.
Guid. ‘ Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt lilly!
‘ My brother wears thee not one half ſo well,
‘ As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelf.
Bel. ‘ Oh melancholy!
‘ Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
‘ The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
‘ Might eas'lieſt harbour in?---thou bleſſed thing!
‘ *Jove* knows what man thou might'ſt have made? but ah!
‘ Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!
‘ How found you him?
Arv. ‘ Stark, as you ſee:
‘ Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber,
‘ Not as death's dart being laugh'd at: his right cheek
‘ Repoſing on a cuſhion.
Guid. ‘ Where?
Arv. ‘ O'th' floor:
‘ His arms thus leagu'd; I thought he ſlept, and put
‘ My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
‘ Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.
Guid. ‘ Why, he but ſleeps;

If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed,
With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near thee.
Arv. With faireſt flow'rs,
(Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele*,)
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave. Thou ſhalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primroſe*, nor
The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins; no nor
The leaf of *Eglantine*, which not to ſlander,
Out-ſweetn'd not thy breath. The raddock would
With charitable bill (oh bill ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lye
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides. When flow'rs are none
To winter-ground thy coarſe ----
Guid. Pr'ythee have done,
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To th' grave.
Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?
Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.
Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, *Polidore*, though now our voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to th' ground
As once our mother: uſe like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* muſt be *Fidele*.
Guid. Cadwall,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than prieſts and fanes that lie.
Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.
Bel. Great griefs I ſee med'cine the leſs. For *Cloten*

Is

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's ſon, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
Was paid for that: the mean and mighty rotting
Together have one duſt; yet reverence,
(The angel of the world,) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a prince.

Guid. Pray fetch him hither.
Therſites body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt: brother begin.

Guid. Nay, *Cadwall*, we muſt lay his head to th' eaſt;
My father hath a reaſon for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. ‘ *Fear no more the heat o'th' ſun,*
‘ *Nor the furious winter's rages;*
‘ *Thou thy worldly task haſt done,*
‘ *Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.*
Golden lads and girls all muſt
As chimney ſweepers, come to duſt.

Arv. ‘ *Fear no more the frown o'th' great,*
‘ *Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;*
‘ *Care no more to cloath and eat;*
‘ *To thee the reed is as the oak:*
The ſcepter, learning, phyſick, muſt
All follow this, and come to duſt.

Guid.

Guid. ‘ *Fear no more the lightning-flaſh.*
‘ Arv. *Nor th' all dreaded thunder-ſtone.*
‘ Guid. *Fear no ſlander, cenſure raſh.*
‘ Arv. *Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers muſt*
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.
Guid. *No exorciſer harm thee!*
Arv. *And no witchcraft charm thee!*
Guid. *Ghoſt unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet conſummation have,*
And renowned be thy grave!

Enter Bellarius *with the body of* Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obſequies: come lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs that have on them cold dew o'th' night
Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for graves.—— Upon their faces——
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even ſo
Theſe herbelets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrow.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees——
The ground that gave them firſt, has them again:
Their pleaſure here is paſt, ſo is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Imogen *awakes.*

‘ Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?——
‘ I thank you——by yond buſh——pray how far thither?——
‘ 'Ods pittikins——can it be ſix mile yet?——
‘ I've gone all night——'faith, I'll lye down and ſleep.
‘ But ſoft! no bedfellow!——oh gods, and goddeſſes!
[*Seeing the body.*
‘ The

' The flow'rs are like the pleaſures of the world;
' This bloody man the care on't. ----- Sure I dream;
' For ſure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
' And cook to honeſt creatures. 'Tis not ſo:
' 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
' Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
' Are ſometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith
' I tremble ſtill with fear; but if there be
' Yet left in heav'n as ſmall a drop of pity
' As a wren's eye, oh gods! a part of it!
' The dream's here ſtill; ev'n when I wake, it is
' Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſs man! ---- the garments of *Poſthumus?*
I know the ſhape of's leg, this is his hand,
His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
The arms of *Hercules*: but his jovial face ----
Murther in heav'n! ---- how! ---- 'tis gone ---- *Piſanio!* ----
All curſes madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
'Twas thou conſpiring with that devil *Cloten*,
Haſt here cut off my lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treach'rous. Damn'd *Piſanio*
Hath with his forged letters ----- damn'd *Piſanio* -----
From this the braveſt veſſel of the world
Struck the main top! oh *Poſthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? ay me, where's that?
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left his head on. How ſhould this be, *Piſanio!* ----
'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he ſaid was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to th' ſenſes? that confirms it home:

This

This is *Piſanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chance to find us. Oh, my lord! my lord!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucius, *Captains, and a ſoothſayer.*

Cap. To them, the legions garriſon'd in *Gallia*
After your will, have croſs'd the ſea, attending
You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your ſhips:
They are in readineſs.

Luc. But what from *Rome?*

Cap. The ſenate hath ſtirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of *Italy*, moſt willing ſpirits,
That promiſe noble ſervice: and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' wind.

Luc. This forwardneſs
Makes our hopes fair. Command our preſent numbers
Be muſter'd, bid the captains look to't. Now, ſir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpoſe?

Sooth. Laſt night the very gods ſhew'd me a viſion
(I faſt, and pray'd for their intelligence)
I ſaw *Jove*'s bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd
From th' ſpungy ſouth, to this part of the weſt,
There vaniſh'd in the ſun-beams; which portends
(Unleſs my ſins abuſe my divination)
Succeſs to th' *Roman* hoſt.

Luc. Dream often ſo,
And never falſe.---- Soft ho, what trunk is here

With-

Without his top? the ruin ſpeaks, that ſometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!----
Or dead, or ſleeping on him? but dead rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or ſleep upon the dead.
Let's ſee the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then inſtruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of the fortunes, for it ſeems
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody pillow? who was he
That, otherwiſe than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy intereſt
In this ſad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my maſter,
A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lyes ſlain: alas!
There are no more ſuch maſters: I may wander
From eaſt to occident, cry out for ſervice,
Try many, all good, ſerve them truly, never
Find ſuch another maſter.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
Thy maſter bleeding: ſay his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Camp. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*aſide.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou doſt approve thy ſelf the very ſame;
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd, but be ſure
No leſs belov'd. The *Roman* emperor's letters
Sent by a Conſul to me ſhould no ſooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But firſt, an't pleaſe the gods,
I'll hide my maſter from the flies as deep
As theſe poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' ſtrew'd his grave,
And on it ſaid a century of pray'rs,
(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and ſigh,
And leaving ſo his ſervice follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than maſter thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettieſt dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave; come, arm him: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he ſhall be interr'd
As ſoldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Guid. The noiſe is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleaſure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*

Muſt

Muſt or for *Britains* ſlay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural revolters
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there ſecure us.
To the King's party there's no going; newneſs
Of *Cloten*'s death (we being not known nor muſter'd
Among the bands) may drive us to confeſſion
Where we have liv'd: and ſo extort from us
That which we've done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In ſuch a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears ſo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.
Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, (you ſee,) not wore him
From my remembrance. And beſides the King
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeleſs
To have the courteſie your cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot ſummer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking ſlaves of winter.
Guid. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; your ſelf

So out of thought, and thereto ſo o'er-grown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.

Arv. By this ſun that ſhines
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man die, ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares hot goats and veniſon?
Never beſtrid a horſe ſave one, that had
A rider like my ſelf who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy ſun, to have
The benefit of his bleſt beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns I'll go;
If you will bleſs me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans*.

Arv. So ſay I, *Amen*.

Bel. No reaſon I (ſince of your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation) ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead; the time ſeems long: their blood thinks ſcorn
'Till it flie out, and ſhew them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the Britiſh *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter Poſthumus *with a bloody handkerchief.*

POSTHUMUS.

YEA bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wiſht
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murther wives much better than themſelves
For wrying but a little? oh *Piſanio!*
Every good ſervant does not all commands
No bond, but to do juſt ones.----Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; ſo had you ſaved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and ſtruck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more; you ſome permit
To ſecond ills with ills, each worſe than other,
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
But *Imogen*'s your own: do your beſt wills,
And make me bleſt t'obey! I am brought hither
Among th' *Italian* gentry, and to fight
Againſt my lady's kingdom; 'tis enough
That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy miſtreſs: Peace,
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpoſe. I'll diſrobe me

Of

Of theſe *Italian* weeds, and ſuit my ſelf
As do's a *Britain* peaſant; ſo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with; ſo I'll die
For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life
Is every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
My ſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habit's ſhow;
Gods, put the ſtrength o'th' *Leonati* in me;
To ſhame the guiſe o'th' world, I will begin,
The faſhion, leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and the* Roman *army at one door; and the* Britiſh *army at another:* Leonatus Poſthumus *following like a poor ſoldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmiſh* Iachimo, *and* Poſthumus; *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heavineſs and guilt within my boſom
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
The princeſs of this country; and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have ſubdu'd me
In my profeſſion? knighthoods, honours born,
As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn;
If that thy gentry, *Britain*, go before
This lowt, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battel continues; the Britains *fly,* Cymbeline *is taken; then enter to his reſcue,* Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand; we have th' advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but

The villany of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, ſtand and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, *and ſeconds the* Britains. *They reſcue* Cymbeline, *and exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and* Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thy ſelf;
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Poſthumus, *and a* Britiſh *lord.*

Lord. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?

Poſt. I did.
Though you it ſeems came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Poſt. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought: the king himſelf
' Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
' And but the backs of *Britains* ſeen; all flying
' Through a ſtraight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
' Lolling the tongue with ſlaught'ring, having work
' More plentiful, than tools to do't, ſtruck down
' Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
' Meerly through fear, that the ſtraight paſs was damn'd
' With dead men, hurt behind; and cowards living
' To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Poſt. Cloſe by the battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,

Which

Which gave advantage to an ancient ſoldier,
(An honeſt one I warrant, who deſerv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to)
In doing this for's country. 'Athwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, (lads more like to run
The country Baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter,
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for preſervation cas'd, or ſhame,)
Made good the paſſage, cry'd to thoſe that fled,
" Our *Britains* hearts die flying, not our men;
" To darkneſs fleet ſouls that fly backwards! ſtand,
" Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
" Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſave
" But to look back in front: ſtand, ſtand---Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many;
(For three performers are the file, when all
The reſt do nothing;) with this word ſtand, ſtand,
Accommodated by the place, (more charming
With their own nobleneſs, which could have turn'd
A diſtaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks;
Part ſhame; part ſpirit renew'd, that ſome turn'd coward
But by example (oh a ſin in war,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o'th' hunters. Then began
A ſtop i'th' chaſer, a retire; anon
A rout, confuſion thick. Forthwith they flie
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles: ſlaves,
The ſtrides the victors made; and now our cowards
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o'th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound!
Some ſlain before, ſome dying; ſome their friends

O'er-

O'er-born i'th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty;
Thoſe that would die or-ere reſiſt, are grown
The mortal bugs o'th' field.
Lord. This was ſtrange chance;
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!
Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. *
Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [*Exit.*
Poſt. This is a lord; oh noble miſery
To be i'th' field, and ask what news, of me?
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've ſav'd their carkaſſes? took heel to do't,
And yet died too. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he ſtruck. This ugly monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters than we
That draw his knives in war. Well I will find him.
For being now a favourer to the *Britain*,
No more a *Britain*, I've reſum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriеſt hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is

*——Than to work any.
Will you rhime upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
" *Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,*
" *Preſerv'd the* Britains, *was the* Romans *bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.
Poſt. Lack, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rhymes
Lord. Farewel, *&c.*

Here made by th' *Roman*; great the anſwer be,
Britains muſt take. For me, my ranſom's death,
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken.
'Tis thought the old man, and his ſons, were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A *Roman*,
Who had not now been drooping here; if ſeconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog,
A leg of *Rome* ſhall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his ſervice
As if he were of note; bring him to th' king.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and* Roman *captives. The captains preſent* Poſthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a goaler.*

SCENE III.

A Priſon.

Enter Poſthumus, *and two goalers.*

1 *Goal.* YOU ſhall not now be ſtoln, you've locks upon you;
So graze, as you find paſture.
2 *Goal.* Ay, or ſtomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*

Poſt.

Poſt. Moſt welcome bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o'th' gout, ſince he had rather
Groan ſo in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' ſure phyſician, death; who is the key
T'unbar theſe locks. My conſcience! thou art fetter'd
More than my ſhanks and wriſts; you good gods give me
The penitent inſtrument to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I'm ſorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Deſir'd, more than conſtrain'd; to ſatisfie
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No ſtricter render of me, than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogen*'s dear life, take mine, and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it;
'Tween man and man they weigh not every ſtamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake,
You rather, mine being yours: and ſo, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel thoſe old bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence. ---- [*He ſleeps.*

* * * *

SCENE

**** *Here follows a* Viſion, *a* Maſque, *and a* Prophecy, *which interrupt the Fable without the leaſt neceſſity, and unmeaſurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foiſted in afterwards for meer ſhow, and apparently not of* Shakeſpear.

† † †

Solemn muſick: *Enter as in an apparition,* Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Poſthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Poſthumus, *with muſick before them. Then after other muſick,*

SCENE IV.

Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and lords.*

Cym. STAND by my ſide, you whom the gods have made
Preſervers of my throne. Wo is my heart,
That the poor ſoldier that ſo richly fought,
(Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms, whoſe naked breaſt

Stept

ſick, follow the two young Leonati, *brothers to* Poſthumus, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* Poſthumus *round as he lyes ſleeping.*

Sici. No more thou thunder-maſter
Shew thy ſpite, on mortal flies:
With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide, that thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd,
Attending nature's law.
Whoſe father, *Jove!* (as men report,
Thou orphans father art)
Thou ſhould'ſt have been, and ſhielded him
From his earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes,
That from me my *Poſthumus* ript;
Came crying 'mongſt his foes,
A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his anceſtry,
Moulded the ſtuff ſo fair;
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o'th' world,
As great *Sicilius'* heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In *Britain* where was he
That could ſtand up his parallel,
Or rival object be,
In eye of *Imogen*, that beſt
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage therefore was he mockt
To be exil'd, and thrown
Fro m *Leonatus'* ſeat, and caſt
From her his deareſt one:
Sweet *Imogen!*

Sici.

Stept before ſhields of proof,) cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him ſo.
Bel. I never ſaw
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor looks.
Cym. No tidings of him?
Pif. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym.

Sici. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needleſs jealouſie,
And to become the geek and ſcorn
O'th' other's villany?
2 *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That ſtriking in our country's cauſe,
Fell bravely and were ſlain,
Our fealty and *Tenantius'* right,
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then *Jupiter*, thou king of gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy cryſtal window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe,
Upon a valiant race, thy harſh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſeries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion, help,
Or we poor ghoſts will cry
To th' ſhining ſynod of the reſt,
Againgſt thy deity.
2 *Breth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice flie.

Jupiter *deſcends in thunder and lightning, ſitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghoſts fall on their knees.*

Jupit. No more you petty ſpirits of region low
Offend our hearing; huſh! how dare you ghoſts

Ac-

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of *Britain*,
[*To* Bell. Guid. *and* Arvirag.
By whom, I grant, ſhe lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel.

Accuſe the thunderer, whoſe bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coaſts.
Poor ſhadows of *Elizium*, hence and reſt
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid ſon our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his tryals well are ſpent;
Our *Jovial* ſtar reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married: riſe, and fade!
He ſhall be lord of lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breaſt, wherein [Jup. *drops a tablet.*
Our pleaſure, his full fortune, doth confine,
And ſo away, no farther with your din
Expreſs impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine;
Mount eagle, to my palace cryſtalline. [*Aſcends.*
Sici. He came in thunder, his cœleſtical breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his aſcenſion is
More ſweet than our bleſt fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, *Jupiter.*
Sici. The marble pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof: away, and to be bleſt
Let us with care perform his great beheſt. [*Vaniſh.*
Poſt. Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and begot
A father to me: and thou haſt created
A mother, and two brothers. But, oh ſcorn!
Gone —— they went hence ſo ſoon as they were born;
And ſo I am awake —— Poor wretches that depend
On greatneſs favour, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I ſwerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deſerve,
And yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!

Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neither true nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we're honeſt.
Cym. Bow your knees,
Ariſe my knights o'th' battel, I create you

Com-

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our courtiers,
As good as promiſe.

[Reads.]

WHEN *as the lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall* Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff as mad-men
Tongue, and brain not: do either both, or nothing;
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for ſympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Poſt. Over-roaſted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Poſt. So if I prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir, but the comfort is, you ſhall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and ſorry that you are paid too much; purſe and brain, both empty; the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: oh the charity of a penny cord, it ſums up thouſands in a trice; you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquittance follows.

Poſt. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that ſleeps, feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Poſt. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know; or to take

Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius *and Ladies.*

There's buſineſs in theſe faces: why ſo ſadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'th' court of *Britain*.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To ſour your happineſs, I muſt report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worſe than a phyſician
Would this report become? but I conſider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the doctor too. How ended ſhe?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her ſelf,
Who being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to her ſelf. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you. Theſe her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee ſay.

take upon your ſelf that which I am ſure you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journy's-end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Poſt. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſeek the way of blindneſs: I am ſure ſuch hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a meſſenger.

Meſ. Knock off his manacles, bring your priſoner to the king.

Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good news, I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a goaler: no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt.*

Goal. Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone. Yet on my conſcience, there are verier knaves deſire to live, for all he be a *Roman:* and there be ſome of them too that die againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O there were deſolation of goalers and gallowſes; I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *&c.*

Cor.

Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſs'd ſhe never lov'd you, only
Affected greatneſs got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs
Was as a ſcorpion to her ſight, whoſe life,
But that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
Ta'en off by poiſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worſe. She did confeſs ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring
By inches waſte you. In which time ſhe purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhew: yes, and in time
When ſhe had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her ſon into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs, deſperate; open'd in deſpight
Of heav'n and men, her purpoſes: repented
The ills ſhe hatch'd were not effected: ſo
Deſpairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming. It had been vicious

To have miſtruſted her. Yet oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

SCENE V.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and other* Roman *priſoners*, Leonatus *behind*, *and* Imogen.

Thou com'ſt not, *Caius*, now for tribute; that
The *Britains* have rac'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one; whoſe kinſmen have made ſuit
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you their captives, which our ſelf have granted.
So think of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cool, have threatned
Our pris'ners with the ſword. But ſince the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſome, let it come. Sufficeth,
A *Roman* with a *Roman*'s heart can ſuffer.-----
Auguſtus lives to think on't.---- And ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat; my boy, a *Britain* born,
Let him be ranſom'd; never maſter had
A page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo nurſe-like; let his virtue join
With my requeſt, which I'll make bold your highneſs
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Britain* harm,
Though he hath ſerv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And ſpare no blood beſide.

Cym. I've ſurely ſeen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,

Thou

Thou haſt look'd thy ſelf into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore
To ſay, live boy: ne'er thank thy maſter, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a priſoner,
The nobleſt ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highneſs.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I ſee a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for it ſelf.

Luc. The boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys!
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?

Cym. What wouldſt thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's beſt to ask. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*, no more kin to me,
Than I to your highneſs, who being born your vaſſal
Am ſomething nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'ſt him ſo?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page,
I'll be thy maſter: walk with me, ſpeak freely.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv. One ſand another
Not more reſembles that ſweet roſie lad,
Who dy'd, and was *Fidele*. What think you?
Guid. The ſame dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, ſee more; he eyes us not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm ſure
He would have ſpoke t'us.
Guid. But we ſaw him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee further.
Piſ. 'Tis my miſtreſs---- [*aſide.*
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, ſtep you forth, [*To* Iach.
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or by our greatneſs and the grace of it
Which is our honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood. On, ſpeak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken, that
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I'm glad to be conſtrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus*' jewel,
Whom thou didſt baniſh: and, (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Will you hear more, my lord?

Cym.

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember---- give me leave, I faint---- [*Swoons.*

Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy ſtrength,
I'ad rather thou ſhouldſt live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive man, and ſpeak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That ſtruck the hour) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd
The manſion where) 'twas at a feaſt, (oh would
Our viands had been poiſon'd! or at leaſt
Thoſe which I heav'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus*----
What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones---- ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our loves of *Italy*
For beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; for feature, laming
The ſhrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*;
Poſtures, beyond brief nature; for condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; beſides that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the eye----

Cym. I ſtand on fire.
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou wouldſt grieve quickly. This *Poſthumus*,
(Moſt like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His miſtreſs' picture; which by his tongue made,
And then a mind put in't; either our brags

Were

Were crack'd of kitching-trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to th'purpoſe.
Iach. Your daughter's chaſtity; there it begins:
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold; whereat, I wretch
Made ſcruple of his praiſe, and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of's bed, and win this ring,
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring,
(And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of *Phœbus'* wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of's car.) Away to *Britain*
Poſt I in this deſign: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
By your chaſte daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine *Italian* brain
'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
Moſt vilely: for my vantage excellent,
And to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got it) nay ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon, that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,

Methinks I ſee him now----
Poſt. Ay, ſo thou do'ſt, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend! ay me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains paſt, in being,
To come---- oh give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer! Thou king, ſend out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th' earth amend,
By being worſe than they. I am *Poſthumus*,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie,
That caus'd a leſſer villain than my ſelf
A ſacrilegious thief to do't. The temple
Of virtue was ſhe, yea, and ſhe her ſelf----
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt myre upon me, ſet
The dogs o'th' ſtreet to bait me: every villain
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villainy leſs than 'twas. Oh *Imogen!*
My queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen!
Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear----
Poſt. Shall's have a play of this?
Thou ſcornful page, there lie thy part. [*Striking her, ſhe falls.*
Piſ. Oh gentlemen, help,
Mine and your miſtreſs---- Oh, my lord *Poſthumus!*
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now---- help, help,
Mine honour'd lady----
Cym. Does the world go round?
Poſt. How come theſe ſtaggers on me?
Piſ. Wake, my miſtreſs.
Cym. If this be ſo, the gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.
Piſ. How fares my miſtreſs?

Imo.

Imo. Oh get thee from my ſight,
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dang'rous fellow hence,
Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*
Piſ. Lady, the gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter ſtill?
Imo. It poiſon'd me.
Cor. Oh gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If *Piſanio*
Have, ſaid ſhe, giv'n his miſtreſs that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd
As I would ſerve a rat.
Cym. What's this, *Cornelius?*
Cor. The queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no eſteem; I dreading that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which being ta'en would ſeize
The preſent power of life, but in ſhort time
All offices of nature ſhould again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys, there was our error.
Guid. This is ſure *Fidele.*
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.
Poſt. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
'Till the tree die!

Cym.

Cym. How now, my fleſh? my child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?
Imo. Your bleſſing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*
Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [*To* Guid. Arvir.
Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I'm ſorry for't, my lord.
Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely; but her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pif. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe went
It was my inſtant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket, which directed her
To ſeek him on the mountains near to *Milford:*
Where in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: What became of him,
I further know not.
Guid. Let me end the ſtory;
I ſlew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: pr'ythee valiant youth
Deny't again.

Guid. I've ſpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A moſt incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
Could it ſo roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm ſorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headleſs man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our preſence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thy ſelf, and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever ſcar for. Let his arms alone,
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why old ſoldier
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By taſting of our wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he ſpake too far.

Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My ſons, I muſt,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou hadſt, great king, a ſubject, who was call'd
Bellarius.

Cym. What of him? a baniſh'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Aſſum'd this age; indeed a baniſh'd man,
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.

Bel. Not too hot:
Firſt pay me for the nurſing of thy ſons,
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nurſing of my ſons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and ſawcy; here's my knee:
Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my ſons,
Then ſpare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young gentlemen that call me father
And think they are my ſons, are none of mine,
They are the iſſue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my iſſue?

Bel. So ſure as you, your father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Bellarius* whom you ſometime baniſh'd;
Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
It ſelf, and all my treaſon: That I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle princes,
(For ſuch and ſo they are,) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up; ſuch arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breedingwas,
As your Grace knows. Their nurſe *Euriphile*,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children

Upon my baniſhment: I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treaſon. Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But Sir,
Here are your ſons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world.
The benediction of theſe covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with ſtars.

Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The ſervice that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my children----
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while----
This gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Moſt worthy prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius:*
This gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger princely ſon; he, Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his queen-mother, which for more probation
I can with eaſe produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar,
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that nat'ral ſtamp:
It was wiſe nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? ne'er mother

Re-

Rejoic'd deliverance more; bleſt may you be,
That after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now: oh *Imogen*,
Thou'aſt loſt by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord:
I've got two worlds by't. Oh my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh never ſay hereafter
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your ſiſter: I, you brother,
When ye were ſo indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Guid. And at firſt meeting lov'd,
Continu'd ſo, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whether theſe?
And your three motives to the battel? with
I know not how much more ſhould be demanded,
And all the other By-dependances
From chance to chance? but not the time nor place
Will ſerve long interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
And ſhe, like harmleſs lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her maſter; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is ſev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoak the temple with our ſacrifices.

Thou

Thou art my brother, ſo we'll hold thee ever. [*To* Bel.

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon!

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save theſe in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our comfort.

Imo. My good maſter,
I will yet do you ſervice.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn ſoldier that ſo nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Poſt. 'Tis I am, Sir,
The ſoldier that did company theſe three
In poor beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finiſh.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conſcience ſinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe: but your ring firſt,
And here your bracelet of the trueſt princeſs
That ever ſwore her faith.

Poſt. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to ſpare you:
The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a ſon-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother,

Joy'd are we, that you are.

Poſt. Your ſervant, princes. *

Cym. My peace we will begin: and *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And to the *Roman* empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were diſſuaded by our wicked Queen,
On whom heav'n's juſtice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid moſt heavy hand.

*——*Poſt.* Your ſervant, princes.
Good my lord of *Rome*
Call forth your *Soothſayer:* as I ſlept, methought
Great *Jupiter* upon his eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him ſhew
His skill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus.

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

WHEN *as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall* Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import ſo much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier:* which *Mulier* I divine
Is this moſt conſtant wife, who even now
Anſwering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender air.

Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Perſonates thee; and thy lopt branches, point
Thy two ſons forth: who by *Bellarius* ſtoll'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majeſtick cedar join'd; whoſe iſſue
Promiſes *Britain* peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin: *&c.*

Sooth.

Soothſayer. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the viſion
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold battel, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the *Roman* eagle
From ſouth to weſt on wing ſoaring aloft
Leſſen'd her ſelf, and in the beams o'th' ſun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial *Cæſar*, ſhould again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines here in the weſt.

Cym. Laud we the gods:
And let the crooked ſmoaks climb to their noſtrils
From our bleſt altars. Publiſh we this peace
To all our ſubjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman* and a *Britiſh* enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through *Lud*'s town march.
And in the temple of great *Jupiter*
Our peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feaſts.
Set on there: Never was a war did ceaſe
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

TWO Houſholds, both alike in Dignity,
In fair Verona, *(where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes,
A pair of ſtar-croſs'd lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſ-adventur'd pitious overthrows,
Do, with their death, bury their parents ſtrife.
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents rage,
Which but their childrens end nought could remove,
Is now the two hours traffick of our ſtage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.

Dramatis Perſonæ

ESCALUS, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young Nobleman in love with* Juliet, *and kinſman to the Prince.*
Mountague, Capulet, } *Two Lords of ancient families, Enemies to each other.*
Romeo, *Son to* Mountague.
Mercutio, *Kinſman to the Prince, and friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *Kinſman and friend to* Romeo.
Tibalt, *Kinſman to* Capulet.
Friar Lawrence.
Friar John.
Balthaſar, *Servant to* Romeo.
Page to Paris.
Sampſon, Gregory, } *Servants to* Capulet.
Abram, *Servant to* Mountague.
Apothecary.

Lady Mountague, *Wife to* Mountague.
Lady Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet, *in love with* Romeo.
Nurſe to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona, *ſeveral men and women relations to* Capulet, *Maskers, guards, and other attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth act, is in* Mantua; *during all the reſt of the play, in and near* Verona.

The Plot taken from an Italian *Novel of* Bandello.

ROMEO and *JULIET.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street in Verona.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory, *with ſwords and bucklers, two ſervants of the* Capulets.

SAMPSON.

REGORY on my word we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to ſtir; and to be valiant, is to ſtand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of *Mountague*'s.

Greg. That ſhews thee a weak ſlave, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakeſt veſſels, are ever thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountague*'s men from

from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be [a] cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel while I am able to ſtand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fiſh: if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been *Poor John.* Draw thy tool, here comes of the houſe of the *Mountagues.*

Enter Abram *and* Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How: turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee.

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſs by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr.

[a] *civil.*

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better?

Sam. Well, Sir.

‡ *Enter* Benvolio.

Greg. Say better: here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy ſwaſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Offic. Clubs, bills, and partiſans! ſtrike! beat them down,
Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet *in his gown, and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this? give me my long ſword, ho?

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a ſword?

Cap. A ſword, I ſay: old *Mountague* is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter

‡ *Much of this Scene is added ſince the firſt edition; but probably by* Shakeſpear, *ſince we find it in that of the year* 1599.

Enter old Mountague *and lady* Mountague.

Moun. Thou villain, *Capulet*----Hold me not, let me go.
La Moun. Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel------
Will they not hear? what ho, you men, you beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins:
On pain of torture, from theſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Verona*'s antient citizens
Caſt by their grave beſeeming ornaments; *
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away,
You, *Capulet*, ſhall go along with me;
And, *Mountague*, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*——beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred-hate;
If ever you &c.

[*Exeunt Prince and* Capulet, &c.

SCENE

SCENE II.

La Moun. Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: In the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his ſword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds.
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came.
La. Moun. O where is *Romeo!*
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd ſun
Peep'd through the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind drew me from company;
Where underneath the grove of ſycamour,
That weſtward rooteth from this city ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your ſon.
Tow'rds him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood.
I meaſuring his affections by my own,
[b] That moſt are buſied when they're moſt alone,
Purſued my humour, not purſuing his;
† And gladly ſhun'd, who gladly fled from me.
Moun. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen
With tears augmenting the freſh morning dew;

[b] *Edition* 1597. *Inſtead of which it is in the other editions thus.* — by my own,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary ſelf,
Purſued my humour, *&c.*

† *The ten lines following not in Ed.* 1597, *but in the next of* 1599.

But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering ſun
Should, in the fartheſt eaſt, begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from *Aurora*'s bed;
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night.
Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cauſe remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cauſe?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

† *Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?

Moun Both by my ſelf and many other friends;
But he, his own affection's counſellor,
Is to himſelf (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame.
Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes: ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Moun. I would thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To hear true ſhrift. Come, madam, let's away. [*Exe.*

Ben. Good morrow, couſin.

Rom. Is the day ſo young?

Ben. But new ſtruck nine.

Rom. Ah me, ſad hours ſeem long!
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?

Ben. It was: what ſadneſs lengthens *Remeo*'s hours?

Rom.

† *Theſe two ſpeeches alſo omitted in Ed, 1597. but inſerted in 1599.*

Rom. Not having that, which having, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out------
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof.
Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes ſee path-ways to his will:
Where ſhall we dine?---- O me!---- What fray was here? ----
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
Oh any thing of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is:
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.
Rom. Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate to have them preſt
With more of thine; this love that thou haſt ſhewn
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers eyes,
Being vext, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers tears;
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet:
Farewel, my cozen. [*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
And if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. But I have loſt my ſelf, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, he's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who ſhe is you love?
Rom. What, ſhall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why no; but ſadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will-----
O word, ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill-----
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man, and ſhe's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. But in that hit you miſs,---ſhe'll not be hit
With *Cupid*'s arrow; ſhe hath *Dian*'s wit:
And in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,
From love's weak childiſh bow, ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold.
O ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when ſhe dies, with beauty dies her ſtore.
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?
† *Rom.* She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte.
For beauty ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair,
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair;
She hath forſworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forgot to think of her.
Rom. O teach me how I ſhould forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties. *Rom.*

† *None of the following ſpeeches of this Scene in the firſt edition of* 1597.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquiſite) in queſtion more:
Thoſe happy masks that kiſs fair ladies brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt.
Shew me a miſtreſs that is paſſing fair;
What doth her beauty ſerve but as a note,
Where I may read who paſt that paſſing fair?
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and ſervant.*

Cap. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds ſo long:
But now, my lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?
Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe. *
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;

*——but ſhe.
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
this line not in the firſt edition.

If

If ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love, and you among the ſtore,
One more (moſt welcome!) makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night,
Earth-treading ſtars that make dark heaven light,
Such comfort as do luſty young men feel,
When well-apparell'd *April* on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female-buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come go with me. Go, ſirrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.

[*Exeunt* Cap. *and* Par.

Ser. Find them out whoſe names are written here? It is written, that the ſhooe-maker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his laſt, the fiſher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the learned-----in good time.

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's anguiſh;
Turn giddy and be help'd by backward turning,
One deſperate grief cure with another's languiſh:

Take

Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented; and--- Good-e'en, good fellow. [*To the ſer.*

Ser. God gi' good-e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

[He reads the letter.]

SIgnior Martino, *and his wife and daughters: Count* Anſelm *and his beauteous ſiſters; the lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signor* Placentino, *and his lovely neices;* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife and daughters; my fair neice* Roſaline, Livio, *ſignior* Valento, *and his couſin* Tibalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.
A fair aſſembly; whither ſhould they come?

Ser. Up.

Rom. Whither? to ſupper?

Ser. To our houſe.

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Ser. My maſter's.

Rom. Indeed I ſhould have askt you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame ancient feaſt of *Capulets*,
Sups the fair *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all th' admired beauties of *Verona*.
Go thither, and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſehood, then turn tears to fires;
And theſe who often drown'd could never die,
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! th' all-ſeeing ſun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut, you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Her ſelf pois'd with her ſelf in either eye:
But in thoſe chryſtal ſcales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love againſt ſome other maid
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe will ſhew ſcant well, that now ſhews beſt.

Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn,
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own.

SCENE IV.

Capulet's *Houſe*.

Enter Lady Capulet, *and Nurſe*.

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve years old) I bad her come; what lamb, what lady-bird, god forbid----- where's this girl? what, *Juliet?*

Enter

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurſe. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter-----Nurſe, give leave a while, we muſt talk in ſecret; nurſe come back again, I have remembred me, thou ſhalt hear my counſel: thou know'ſt my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurſe. Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, and yet to my [c] teeth be it ſpoken, I have but four, ſhe's not four-teen; how long is it now to *Lammas*-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurſe. 'Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas*-'eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen. *Suſan* and ſhe (God reſt all 'chriſtian ſouls) were of an age. Well, *Suſan* is with God, ſhe 'was too good for me. But as I ſaid, on *Lammas*-eve at night 'ſhall ſhe be fourreen, that ſhall ſhe, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years, and ſhe was wean'd, 'I never ſhall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that 'day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, ſitting in the 'ſun under the dove-houſe wall, my lord and you were then at '*Mantua*-----nay, I do bear a brain. But as I ſaid, when it 'did taſte the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it 'bitter, pretty fool, to ſee it teachy, and fall out with the dug. 'Shake, quoth the dove-houſe-----'twas no need I trow to bid 'me trudge; and ſince that time it is eleven years, for then ſhe 'could ſtand alone, nay, by th' rood ſhe could have run, and 'wadled all about; for even the day before ſhe broke her brow, 'and then my husband, (God be with his ſoul, a was a merry 'man,) took up the child; yea, quoth he, doſt thou fall upon

[c] *or*, teen, *as in the old edition.*

‘ thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit,
‘ wilt thou not, *Julé?* and by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch
‘ left crying, and ſaid, ay; To ſee now how a jeſt ſhall come
‘ about. I warrant, an I ſhould live a thouſand years, I never
‘ ſhould forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and pretty
‘ fool, it ſtinted, and ſaid, ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

† *Nurſe.* Yes, madam; yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay, ay; and yet I warrant it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's ſtone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'ſt upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comeſt to age; wilt thou not, *Julé?* it ſtinted, and ſaid, ay.

Jul. And ſtint thee too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace,
Thou waſt the prettieſt babe that e'er I nurſt.
An I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.

La. Cap. [d] And that ſame marriage is the very theam
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?

Jul. It is an [e] honour that I dream not of.

Nurſe. An honour? were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in *Verona*, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,
The valiant *Paris* ſeeks you for his love.

Nurſe. A man, young lady, lady, ſuch a man
As all the world ----- Why he's a man of wax.

† *This ſpeech and tautology is not in the firſt edition.*

[d] Marry, that marry is the very theam.

[e] hour.

La.

La. Cap. Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.
Nurſe. Nay he's a flower, in faith a very flower. ‡
La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris*' love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I ingage mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurſe curſt in the pantry, and every thing in extremity; I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſix other maskers, torch-bearers.*

Rom. What, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity.
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper.
† Nor a without-book prologue faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our enterance.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.

‡ *In the common editions here follows a ridiculous ſpeech, which is entirely added ſince the firſt.*

* ——— I beſeech you follow.
La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the county ſtays.
Nurſe. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days.

† *The two following lines are inſerted from the firſt edition.*

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing ſhoes
With nimble ſoles, I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot move. †
Mer. Give me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor; what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities,
Here are the beetle-brows ſhall bluſh for me.
Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grand-ſire phraſe;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on. *
I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well; what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. — In bed aſleep; while they do dream things true.
Mer. ' O then I ſee queen Mab hath been with you.
' She is the fairies mid-wife, and ſhe comes
' In ſhape no bigger than an agat-ſtone
' On the fore-finger of an alderman,
' Drawn with a team of little atomies,
' Athwart mens noſes as they lye aſleep:

† *Other lines follow here which are not to be found in the firſt edition.*

* ——— and look on,
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut, dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
Or, ſave your reverence, love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Up to the ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.
Mer. I mean, Sir, we delay.
We burn our lights by night, like lamps by day. [*ed.* 1.]
Take our good meaning, for our judgment fits
Five times a day, ere once in her right wits. [*ed.* 1]
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream, *&c.*

' Her

' Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners legs;
' The cover, of the wings of graſhoppers;
' The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
' The collars, of the moonſhine's watry beams;
' Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film;
' Her waggoner a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
' Not half ſo big as a round little worm,
' Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
' Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
' Made by the joyner ſquirrel or old grub,
' Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers:
' And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night,
' Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love:
' On courtiers knees, that dream on curtſies ſtrait:
' O'er lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees:
' O'er ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dream,
' Which oft the angry *Mab* with bliſters plagues,
' Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are.
' Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a [f] lawyer's noſe,
' And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
' And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tith-pig's tail,
' Tickling a parſon as he lies aſleep;
' Then dreams he of another benefice.
' Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
' And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
' Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* blades,
' Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
' Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes,
' And being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
' And ſleeps again. This is that very *Mab*
' That plats the manes of horſes in the night,
' And [g] cakes the elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
' Which once [h] untangled, much misfortune bodes.

' This

[f] *courtier's.* [g] *bakes.* [h] *intangled.*

' This is the hag, when maids lye on their backs,
' That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
' Making them women of good carriage:
' This is ſhe------

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air,
And more unconſtant than the wind; who wooes
Ev'n now the frozen boſom of the north,
And being anger'd puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from our ſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early; for my mind miſgives
Some conſequence, ſtill hanging in the ſtars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſuit! On, luſty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

They march about the ſtage, and Servants come forth with their napkins.

1 *Ser.* Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away? he ſhift a trencher! he ſcrape a trencher!

2 *Ser.* When good manners ſhall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Ser.* Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the court-cup-board, look

look to the plate: good thou, ſave me a peice of march-pane; and as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*, *Anthony*, and *Potpan*.

2 *Ser.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Ser.* You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Ser.* We cannot be here and there too; chearly boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter all the gueſts and ladies to the maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome gentlemen. Ladies that have your feet
Unplagu'd with corns, [i] we'll have a bout with you.
Ah me, my miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty
I'll ſwear hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome all gentlemen, I've ſeen the day
That I have worn a viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!
[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*
More light ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing days:
How long is't now ſince laſt your ſelf and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much;
'Tis ſince the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecoſt as quickly as it will,

Some

[i] *will walk about with you.*

Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his ſon is elder, Sir:
His ſon is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop*'s ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forſwear it, ſight;
I never ſaw true beauty 'till this night.

Tib. This by his voice ſhould be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what dares the ſlave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To ſleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

Cap. Why how now kinſman, wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

Tib. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A villain that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?

Tib. That villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,

To

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
And ill-beſeeming ſemblance of a feaſt.
Tib. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt.
I'll not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endur'd. *
Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for ſhame)
I'll make you quiet----- What? cheerly, my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall.
Rom. If I prophane with my unworthy hand [*To* Juliet.
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips two bluſhing pilgrims ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For ſaints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,
And palm to palm, is holy palmer's kiſs.
Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.

* ——— He ſhall be endur'd.
What, goodman-boy ——— I ſay he ſhall. Go to ———
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to ———
You'll not endure him! God ſhall mend my ſoul.
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts:
You will ſet cock-a-hoop? you'll be the man?
Tib. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a ſaucy boy ——— 'tis ſo indeed ———
This trick may chance to ſcathe you; I know what.
Be quiet, *&c.*

Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray, (grant thou) leſt faith turn to deſpair. *
Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother? [*To her nurſe.*
Nurſe. Marry, batchelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk withal:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chink.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. Ay, ſo I fear, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.
Is it e'en ſo? why then, I thank you all.
I thank you honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here----come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, ſirrah, by my fay it waxes late.
I'll to my reſt. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Come hither, nurſe. What is yon gentleman?
Nurſe. The ſon and heir of old *Tiberio.*
Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?
Nurſe. That as I think is young *Petruchio.*
Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?
Nurſe. I know not.

* ——— turn to deſpair.
Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers ſake.
Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purg'd. [*Kiſſing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that late they took.
Rom. Sin from my lips! O treſpaſs ſweetly urg'd:
Give me my ſin again.
Jul. You kiſs by th' book.
Nurſe. Madam, *&c.*

Jul.

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſe. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The only ſon of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed enemy.
Nurſe. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhime I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* Juliet.
Nurſe. Anon, anon ----
Come, let's away, theſt rangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

† *CHORUS.*

NOW old deſire doth on his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That Fair, for which love groan'd ſore, and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;

† *This chorus added ſince the firſt edition.*

And ſhe as much in love, her means much leſs,
To meet her new beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them power, time means to meet,
Tempting extremities with extream ſweet.

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. [*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio *with* Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my couſin *Romeo.*
Mer. He is wiſe,
And on my life hath ſtoln him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Romeo!* humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a Sigh,
Speak but one [a] Rhime, and I am ſatisfied.
Cry but *Ay me!* [b] couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my goſſip *Venus* one fair word,
One nick-name to her [c] pur-blind ſon and heir,
(Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo true,
When † king *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid-----)
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.
I conjure thee by *Roſaline*'s bright eyes,
By her high fore-head, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeaſns that there adjacent lye,

[a] *time.* [b] *couple but love and day.* [c] *pur-blind ſon and her.*
† alluding to an old ballad.

That

That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs's circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpight. My invocation is
Honeſt and fair, and in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe trees,
To be conſorted with the hum'rous night:
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar-tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars when they laugh alone-----
Romeo, good night, I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. HE jeſts at ſcars that never felt a wound-----
But ſoft, what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the eaſt, and *Juliet* is the ſun!

[Juliet *appears above at a window.*

Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,

That

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
Be not her maid ſince ſhe is envious:
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it, caſt it off-----
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it-----
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heav'n,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n,
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night:
See how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks.

Oh ſpeak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n,
Unto the white upturned wondring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the [d] lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo, Romeo*-----wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet.*

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this? [*aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
What's *Mountague?* it is not hand, nor foot, Nor

[d] *lazy-puffing.*

Nor arm, nor face----[c] nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelf.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus beſcreen'd in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to my ſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague?*

Rom. Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee [f] diſpleaſe.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,

And

[c] *Corrected thus from the 1ſt edition.* [f] *diſlike.*

And I am proof againſt their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes:
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore, waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.

Jul. Thou know'ſt the mask of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have ſpoke---- but farewel compliment:
Doſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay, ay,
And I will take thy word----- yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers perjuries
They ſay *Jove* laughs. Oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: but elſe not for the world.
In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light:
But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more [g] cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was ware,
My true love's paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which

[g] coining, *or* coying.

Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops-----
Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my true heart's love-----
Jul. Well, do not ſwear-----although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to be
Ere one can ſay, it lightens-----ſweet, good night.
This bud of love by ſummer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Good night, good night-----as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt.
Rom. O wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?
Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?
Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within; dear love adieu. [*Nurſe calls within.*

Anon, good nurſe ----- Sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed night. I am afraid
All this is but a dream I hear and ſee;
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re-enter Juliet *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam.
I come, anon ----- but if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee ----- [*Within*: Madam.] By and by I come ----
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I ſend.

Rom. So thrive my ſoul.

Jul. A thouſand times good night. [*Exit.*

Rom. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as ſchool-boys from their books,
But love from love, towards ſchool with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hiſt! *Romeo*, hiſt! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back again -----
Bondage is hoarſe and may not ſpeak aloud,
Elſe would I tear the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine
With repetition of my *Romeo.*

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,

How

How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My ſweet!
Jul. At what a clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then,----
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me ſtand here 'till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other [h] home but this.
' *Jul.* 'Tis almoſt morning. I would have thee gone,
' And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
' That lets it hop a little from her hand,
' Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves
' And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
' So loving jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night. Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good-night 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt,
Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly friar's cloſe cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

[h] *name.*

SCENE IV.

A Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *with a basket.*

* *Fri.* THE grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light,
And darkneſs flecker'd like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by *Titan*'s wheels.
Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt fill up this oſier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother, is her tomb,
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities.
For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give:
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
[i] Revolts to vice, and ſtumbles on abuſe.
Virtue it ſelf turns vice, being miſapplied,
And vice ſometime by action dignified.

* *Theſe four firſt lines are here replaced, conformably to the firſt edition; where ſuch a deſcription is much more proper than in the mouth of* Romeo *juſt before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his miſtreſs.*

i *Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.*

Within

Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
Poiſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt, with that ſenſe chears each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill
In man, as well as herbs; Grace, and rude Will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good-morrow, father.
Fri. Benedicite.
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſalutes mine ear?
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head,
So ſoon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, ſleep will never lye;
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art up-rouz'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with *Roſaline?*
Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father? no.
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good ſon: but where haſt thou been then?
Rom. I tell thee ere thou ask it me again;
I have been feaſting with mine enemy,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies;

I bear no hatred, bleſſed man, for lo
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Ridling confeſſion finds but ridling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine,
And all combin'd, ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us to-day.
Fri. Holy ſaint *Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline*, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young mens love then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jeſu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheeks for *Roſaline?*
How much ſalt water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte?
The ſun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear that is not waſh'd off yet.
If e'er thou waſt thy ſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline.*
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.
Rom. Thou chidd'ſt me oft for loving *Roſaline.*
Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide not: ſhe whom I love now
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fri. Oh ſhe knew well
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come young waverer, come go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſhold-rancour to pure love.
Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſte.
Fri. Wiſely and ſlow; they ſtumble that run faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Street.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. WHERE the devil ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's, I ſpoke with his man.
Mer. Why that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that *Roſaline*, torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.
Mer. Any man that can write, may anſwer a letter.
Ben. Nay he will anſwer the letter's maſter, [1] if he be challeng'd.
Mer. Alas poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-ſong, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben.

[1] *how he dares, being dared.*

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt?*

Mer. More than prince of cats. Oh he's the couragious captain of compliments; he fights as you ſing prick-ſongs, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom; the very butcher of a ſilk button, a duelliſt, a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe; ah the immortal paſſado, the punto reverſo, the hay -----

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick liſping affected phantaſies, theſe new [m] tuners of accents: ----- Jeſu, a very good blade, ----- a very tall man ----- a very good whore. ---- Why is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe *pardon-me's*, who ſtand ſo much on the new form that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo.*

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry ſhe had a better love to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipſie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: *Thisby* a gray eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*, there's a *French* ſalutation to your *French* ſtop. *

Rom. Good-morrow to you both.

Enter

* *Mer.* You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.
Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?
Mer. The ſlip Sir, the ſlip: can you not conceive?
Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my buſineſs was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain curteſy.
Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

[m] *turners.*

Rom.

Enter Nurſe and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly gear: a ſayle! a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmock.

Nurſe. Peter.

Pet. Anon.

Nurſe. My fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Rom. Meaning to curtſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſie.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit ——— follow me this jeſt, now, till thou haſt worn out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain after the wearing, ſoly-ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd jeſt.
Solely ſingular, for the ſingleneſs.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs,
Switch and ſpurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy wits, than I am ſure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharp ſawce.

Rom. And is it not well-ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. O here's a wit of cheverel, that ſtretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better, than groaning for love?
Now thou art ſociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Nurſe. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it good-den?

Mer. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dyal is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurſe. Out upon you; what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth it is well ſaid: for himſelf to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young *Romeo.*

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well?.
Yery well took, i'faith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If you be he, Sir,
I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will invite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho. *
Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady:
Farewel lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurſe. I pray you, Sir, what ſaucy merchant was this that was ſo full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk,

*——— So ho.
Rom. What haſt thou found?
Mer. No hare, Sir, unleſs a hare Sir, in a lenten pye; that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.
An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in *Lent.*
But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a ſcore, when it hoars ere it be ſpent.
Romeo, will you come *&c.*

and

and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurſe. An a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an a were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch jacks: and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gils; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure.

[*To her man.*

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers-----Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to my ſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you ſhould deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee-----

Nurſe. Good heart, and i'faith I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon,
And there ſhe ſhall at friar *Lawrence*' cell
Be ſhriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No, truly Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I ſay you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, Sir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel, be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains:

Nurſe. Now God in heav'n bleſs thee: hark you, Sir.

Rom. What ſayeſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? did you ne'er hear ſay,
Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, Sir, my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady; lord, lord, when 'twas a little prating thing ----- O, there is a noble man in town, one *Paris,* that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the verſal world. Doth not roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay nurſe, what of that? both with an R.

Nurſe. Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the no, I know it begins with no other letter, and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Romeo. Commend me to thy lady----- [*Exit* Romeo.

Nurſe. A thouſand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nurſe. [a] Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[a] *from the firſt edition.*

SCENE VI.

Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. THE clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe:
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance ſhe cannot meet him----That's not ſo----
Oh ſhe is lame: love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun-beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the ſun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine 'till twelve----
Ay three long honrs----and yet ſhe is not come;
Had ſhe affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me;

Enter Nurſe.

* O God, ſhe comes. What news?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate.
Jul. Now good ſweet nurſe----
O lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?
Nurſe. I am a weary, let me reſt a while;
Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?
Jul. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news:
Nay come, I pray thee ſpeak ——Good nurſe ſpeak.
Nurſe. Give me ſome *Aqua vitæ.*

Jul.

* *The verſes left out here are not in the old edition.*

Jul. Is thy news good or bad? anſwer to that,
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo!* no not he, though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs excel all mens, and for a hand and a foot, and a bo-dy, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare. He is not the flower of courtſie, but I warrant him as gentle as a lamb----- Go thy ways wench, ſerve God----- What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no----- but all this did I know before:
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurſe. Lord how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back a t'other ſide----- O my back, my back:
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith I am ſorry that thou art ſo ill.
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me what ſays my love?

Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And I warrant a virtuous----- where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why ſhe is within,
Where ſhould ſhe be? how odly thou reply'ſt!
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman:
Where is your mother?----

Nurſe. O god's lady dear,
Are you ſo hot? marry come up I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Hence-forward do your meſſages your ſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil; come, what ſays *Romeo?*

Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar *Lawrence'* cell,
There ſtays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's neſt ſoon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you ſhall bear the burthen ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune; honeſt nurſe farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. SO ſmile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen; but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
Which as they meet conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth ſo:
Too ſwift arrives, as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
' A lover may beſtride the goſſamour,
' That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
' And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.
Jul. Good-even to my ghoſtly confeſſor.
Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee daughter for us both.
Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it; then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happineſs, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up one half of my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work,
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
'Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

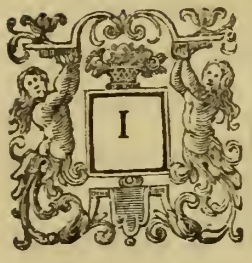
ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and ſervants.*

BENVOLIO.



Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And if we meet, we ſhall not ſcape a brawl;
For now theſe hot days is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of a ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as ſoon mov'd to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. 'Nay, an there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none 'ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou 'wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a 'hair leſs in his beard than thou haſt: thou wilt quarrel with a 'man for cracking nutts, having no other reaſon, but becauſe 'thou haſt haſel eyes; what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out 'ſuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full 'of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg 'for quarrelling: thou haſt quarrell'd with a man for coughing in

‘ the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath
‘ lain aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for
‘ wearing his new doublet before *Eaſter?* with another, for tying
‘ his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me
‘ for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heel I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them.
Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo*-----

Mer. Conſort! what, doſt thou make us minſtrels! if thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords: here's my fiddleſtick; here's that ſhall make you dance. zounds! conſort! [*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

Mer.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry go firſt to field, he'll be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.
Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this; thou art a villain.
Rom. Tybalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: villain I am none,
Therefore farewel, I ſee thou know'ſt me not.
Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turn and draw.
Rom. I do proteſt I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe;
'Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love.
And ſo good *Capulet* (which name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be ſatisfied.
Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
Alla ſtucatho carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?
Tyb. What wouldſt thou have with me?
Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.
Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.
Mer. Come, Sir, your paſſado. [Mer. *and* Tyb. *fight.*
Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*---- beat down their weapons-----
Gentlemen----- for ſhame forbear this outrage-----
Tybalt----- *Mercutio*----- the prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreets.
Hold *Tybalt*----- good *Mercutio*. [*Exit* Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt-----
A plague of both the houſes! I am ſped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry 'tis enough.
Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: ask for me to-morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave-man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houſes! What? a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, *Benvolio*,
Or I ſhall faint; a plague o'both your houſes!
They have made worms meat of me,
I have it, and ſoundly too----- your houſes. [*Exe.* Mer. Ben.

SCENE II.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tybalt*'s ſlander; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my couſin: O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valour's ſteel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio*'s dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate, on more days does depend,
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.
Rom. [a] Alive? in triumph? and *Mercutio* ſlain?
Away to heav'n reſpective lenity,
And [b] fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for *Mercutio*'s ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Or thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that. [*They fight*, Tybalt *falls.*
Ben. Romeo, away, be gone:
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* ſlain-----
Stand not amaz'd, the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay? [*Exit* Romeo.

SCENE III.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*?
Tybalt that murtherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lyes that *Tybalt.*
Cit. Up Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the prince's name obey.

Enter Prince, Mountague, Capulet, *their wives*, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben.

[a] *He gone in triumph.* [b] *fire and fury.*

Ben. O noble prince, I can diſcover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal braul:
There lies the man ſlain by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. Tybalt my couſin! O my brother's child,
Unhappy ſight! alas the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman ----- Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of *Mountague*.

Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben. Tybalt here ſlain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did ſlay:
Romeo that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold *Mercutio*'s breaſt;
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part! and ſwifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by come back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La.

La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for juſtice, which thou prince muſt give;
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe.

La. Cap. Not *Romeo*, prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend,
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your hearts proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lye a bleeding,
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes,
Nor tears nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes,
Therefore uſe none; let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe when he is found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
" Mercy but murthers, pardoning thoſe that kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Jul. GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
To *Phœbus*' manſion; ſuch a waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the weſt,

And

And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night,
That run-aways eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe arms, untalkt of and unſeen.
Lovers can ſee to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night. Come civil night,
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning match,
Plaid for a pair of ſtainleſs maidenheads.
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy balck mantle; 'till ſtrange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new ſnow on a raven's back:
Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my *Romeo*, and when he ſhall die
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,
And he will make the face of heav'n ſo fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun.
O, I have bought the manſion of a love,
But not poſſeſs'd it; and though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd; ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O here comes my nurſe!

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings news, and every tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeo*'s name, ſpeaks heav'nly eloquence;
Now nurſe, what news? what haſt thou there?

The

The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nurſe. Ay, ay, the cords.
Jul. Ay me, what news?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands?
Nurſe. Ah welladay he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone-----
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.
Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?
Nurſe. *Romeo* can,
Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo! Romeo!*
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*
Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but ay;
And that bare vowel ay, ſhall poiſon more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice. *
Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſave the mark, here on his manly breaſt.
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I ſwooned at the ſight.
Jul. O break, my heart-----poor bankrupt break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth reſign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſs one heavy bier!
Nurſe. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt*, honeſt gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead.
Jul. What ſtorm is this that blows ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My [c] dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer lord?
Then let the trumpet ſound the general doom,

* *The ſtrange lines that follow here in the common books are not in the old edition.*

[c] *deareſt.*

For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?
Nurſe. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.
Jul. O God! did *Romeo*'s hand ſhed *Tybalt*'s blood?
Nurſe. It did, it did, alas the day! it did.
Jul. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowring face,
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical! *
O nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever book containing ſuch vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!
Nurſe. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forſworn; all naught; and all diſſemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *Aqua vitæ* -----
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo!*
Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not born to ſhame,
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd,
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O what a beaſt was I to chide him ſo?
Nurſe. Will you ſpeak well of him that kill'd your couſin?
Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,

* ——— fiend angelical,
† Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,
Wolviſh-ravening lamb,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of divineſt ſhow:
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt.
A damned ſaint, an honourable villain:
O nature! *&c.*

† *Theſe lines not in the firſt edition, as well as ſome others which I have omitted.*

When I thy three hours wife have mangled it!
But wherefore villain didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my husband.
Back fooliſh tears, back to your native ſpring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives that *Tybalt* would have ſlain,
And *Tybalt* dead that would have kill'd my husband;
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was worſer than *Tybalt*'s death
That murther'd me; I would forget it fain,
But oh it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners minds;
Tybalt *is dead, and* Romeo *baniſhed!*
That *baniſhed*, that one word *baniſhed*,
Hath ſlain ten thouſand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt*'s death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or if ſow'r woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid *Tybalt*'s *dead*,
Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both?*
But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt*'s death,
Romeo is baniſhed----- to ſpeak that word,
Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All ſlain, all dead!----- *Romeo is baniſhed!*
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe?

Nurſe. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt*'s coarſe.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Waſh they his wounds with tears? mine ſhall be ſpent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s baniſhment.

Nurſe. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*

To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* cell.
Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. ROMEO come forth, come forth thou fearful man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves [d] acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſow'r company.
I bring thee tydings of the prince's doom?
Rom. What leſs than dooms-day, is the prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vaniſh'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment! be merciful, ſay death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Than death it ſelf. Do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona*'s walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell it ſelf.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world,

And

[d] *admittance.*

[c] And world-exil'd, is death. Calling death baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with an golden ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroak that murthers me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince
Taking thy part hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment.
[f] This is meer mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo:* they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips; *
[g] But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed!
O father, hadſt thou no ſtrong poiſon mixt,
No ſharp ground knife, no preſent means of death,
But baniſhment to torture me withal?
O Friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how haſt thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,

[c] *And world's exile is death. Then baniſhed*
Is death miſ-term'd, calling death baniſhed.

[f] *that is dear mercy.*

[g] *Which even in pure and veſtal modeſty*
Still bluſh, and thinking their own kiſſes ſin.
This may flies do, when I from this muſt fly,
And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo *may not, he is baniſhed.*
Hadſt thou no poiſon mixt, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, tho' ne'er ſo mean,
But baniſhed to kill me? baniſhed?
O Friar, &c.

To

To mangle me with that word, baniſhment?
Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me ſpeak.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed? hang up philoſophy:
Unleſs philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more-----
Fri. O then I ſee that mad men have no ears.
Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young [h] as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murthered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed;
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.
[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*
Fri. Ariſe, one knocks; good *Romeo* hide thy ſelf.
[*Knock within.*
Thou wilt be taken-----ſtay a while-----ſtand up; [*Knocks.*
Run to my ſtudy-----By and by-----God's will;
What wilfulneſs is this-----I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurſe. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from lady *Juliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.
Enter Nurſe.
Nurſe. O holy Friar, oh tell me holy Friar,
Where

[h] *as young as* Juliet *my love.*

Where is my lady's lord? where's *Romeo?*
Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurſe. O he is even in my miſtreſs's caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament! even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an oh! -----
Rom. Nurſe.
Nurſe. Ah Sir! ah Sir! ----- Death is the end of all.
Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old murtherer,
Now have I ſtain'd the child-hood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd lady to our [1] cancell'd love?
Nurſe. O ſhe ſays nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up,
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murther her, as that name's curſed hand
Murther'd her kinſman. Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art:
Thy tears are womaniſh, thy wild acts do note
Th' unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſlay thy ſelf?

And

[1] *conceal'd*

And ſlay thy lady too, that lives in thee? *
What, rouſe thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*; there thou'rt happy too.
The law that threatned death became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy.
A pack of bleſſings light upon thy back,
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a misbehav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou [1] pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou ſtay not 'till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſs to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy,
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurſe; commend me to thy lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurſe. O lord, I could have ſtaid here all night long,
To hear good counſel: oh, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.

Nurſe. Here, Sir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.

* *Here follows in the common books a great deal of nonſenſe, not one word of which is to be found in the firſt edition.*

[1] *Thou putteſt up thy fortune.*

Rom.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.
Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewel, good-night.
Rom. But that a joy, paſt joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

---

* SCENE VI.

Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. THINGS have faln out, Sir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearly,
And ſo did I----- Well, we were born to die-----
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night.
Par. Theſe times of woe afford no time to wooe:
Madam, good-night, commend me to your daughter.
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my child's love: I think ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.
But ſoft; what day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday? ha! ha! well, *Wedneſday* is too ſoon,
On *Thurſday* let it be: you ſhall be marry'd.
We'll keep no great a-do-----a friend or two-----
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:

* *Some few unneceſſary verſes are omitted in this ſcene according to the oldeſt editions.*

Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what ſay you to *Thurſday?*

Par. My lord, I would that *Thurſday* were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone----on *Thurſday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [*To lady* Capulet.
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.
Farewel, my lord---light to my chamber, hoa!
Good-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Garden.

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet *above at a window; a ladder of ropes ſet.*

Jul. 'WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
' It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
' That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
' Nightly ſhe ſings on yond pomgranate tree:
' Believe me love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. ' It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
' No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious ſtreaks
' Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
' Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
' Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountain tops.
' I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and dye.

Jul. ' Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
' It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
' To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
' And light thee on thy way to *Mantua;*

' Then

' [m] Then ſtay a while, thou ſhalt not go ſo ſoon.
Rom. ' Let me then ſtay, let me be ta'en and dye;
' If thou wilt have it ſo, I am content.
' I'll ſay yon gray is not the morning's eye,
' 'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow;
' I'll ſay it is the Nightingale that beats
' The vaulty heav'ns ſo high above our heads,
' And not the Lark, the meſſenger of morn.
' Come death and welcome: *Juliet* wills it ſo.
' What ſays my love? let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.
Some ſay the lark makes ſweet diviſion;
This doth not ſo: for ſhe divideth us.
† Some ſay, the lark and loathed toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voices too!
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.
Rom. Farewel my love: one kiſs, and I'll deſcend.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Madam.
Jul. Nurſe.
Nurſe. Your lady mother's coming to your cham ber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about.
Jul. Art thou gone ſo? love! lord! ah husband! friend!
I muſt hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days.

[m] *Therefore ſtay, yet thou need'ſt not to be gone.*
Rom. *Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,*
I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's *brow,*
Nor that is not the lark whoſe notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns ſo high above our heads.
I have more care to ſtay than will to go.
Come death &c.
† alluding to ſome fable, or ſome notion of the Naturaliſts.

O by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo.*

Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O think'ſt thou we ſhall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes, in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul,
Methinks I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb: [Romeo *deſcends.*
Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.

Rom. And truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Oh fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why how now, *Juliet?*

Jul. Madam, I'm not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his grave with tears? *

Jul. Yet let me weep, for ſuch a feeling loſs.

* *Several unneceſſary lines are omitted in this ſcene, which is printed more agreeably to the firſt edition.*

La.

La. Cap. Well girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That ſame villain, *Romeo.*
Jul. Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
La. Cap. Content thee girl. If I could find a man,
I ſoon would ſend to *Mantua* where he is,
And give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd dram
That he ſhould ſoon keep *Tybalt* company.
Jul. Find you the means, and I'll find ſuch a man,
For while he lives, my heart ſhall ne'er be light
'Till I behold him----- dead----- is my poor heart,
Thus for a kinſman vext?
La. Cap. Well, let that paſs.
I come to bring thee joyful tydings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time.
What are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child;
One, who to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thurſday* morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county *Paris*, at St. *Peter*'s church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.
Jul. Now by St. *Peter*'s church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that muſt be husband comes to wooe.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do,
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,

Ra-

Rather than *Paris*. Theſe are news indeed.

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelf,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and nurſe.*

Cap. How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhow'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind;
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is
Sailing in this ſalt flood: the winds thy ſighs,
Which raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body----- How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks:
I would the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt *Thurſday* next,
To go with *Paris* to ſaint *Peter*'s church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

La. Cap. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to ſpeak a word.

Cap.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to church a *Thursday*,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me,
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God had sent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding.

Nurse. God in heaven bless her:
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason ----- O god-ye-good-den -----
May not one speak?

Cap. Peace you mumbling fool,
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread, it makes me mad: [n] day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad; alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping; still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeans, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd as they say with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answer, I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me -----

[n] *Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, and play,*
Alone, in company, still my care hath been &c.

But

But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near, lay hand on heart, adviſe;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i'th' ſtreets;
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall ever do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O ſweet my mother, caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God! O nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
Alack, alack, that heav'n ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as my ſelf.

Nurſe. Faith here it is:
Romeo is baniſh'd, all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I think it beſt you married with the count.
Oh he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not ſo green, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye
As *Paris* hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt; or if it did not,

Your

Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no uſe of him.
Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?
Nurſe. And from my ſoul too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Jul. Amen.
Nurſe. What?
Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to *Lawrence*' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolved.
Nurſe. Marry I will, and this is wiſely done. [*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation! O moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? go, counſellor,
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain:
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.
If all elſe fail, my ſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Paris.

FRIAR.

ON *Thurſday*, Sir! the time is very ſhort.
Par. My father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tybalt*'s death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous
That ſhe ſhould give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which too much minded by her ſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety.
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome my love, my lady and my wife.
Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, love, on *Thurſday* next.
Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.

Par.

Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer that were to confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confeſs to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.
Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no ſlander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I ſpeak, I ſpeak it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now.
My lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion:
Juliet farewel, and keep this holy kiſs. [*Exit* Paris.
Jul. Go ſhut the door, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know your grief,
I hear thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thurſday* next be married to this Count.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wiſdom thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo*'s, thou our hands,
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel, or behold
'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
[a]Speak not, be brief; for I deſire to dye,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſp'rate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry County *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength or will to ſlay thy ſelf,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf, to 'ſcape from it:
And if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
[b]Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam;
Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;
Things that to hear them [c]nam'd, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt, To

[a] *Be not ſo long to ſpeak, I long to die.*

[b] *Or walk in thieviſh ways, or bid me lurk*
Where ſerpents are, chain me with roaring bears, 6
Or hide me nightly, &c. ——— It is thus the editions vary.

[c] *told.*

To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.
Fri. Hold *Juliet:* hye thee home, get thee to bed:
(Let not thy Nurſe lye with thee in thy chamber:)
And when thou art alone, take thou this viol,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off,
When preſently through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſie humour, which ſhall ſeize
Each vital ſpirit; for no pulſe ſhall keep
His nat'ral progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat.
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtify thou liveſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To [d] paly aſhes; the eyes windows fall
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
And in this borrowed likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be born to burial in thy kindreds grave:
Thou ſhalt be born to that ſame antient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
If no unconſtant toy nor womaniſh fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell not me of fear. [*taking the vial.*
Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve, I'll ſend a Friar with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord. *Jul.*

[d] *mealy.*

Jul. Love give me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewel, dear father----- [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *Nurſe, and two or three ſervants.*

Cap. SO many gueſts invite as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks. *
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time:
What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence?*

Nurſe. Ay forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurſe. [c]See where ſhe comes from her confeſſion.

Cap. How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you and your beheſts; and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence,* to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon: pardon I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you,

Cap. Send for the Count, go tell him of this,

* ——— twenty cunning cooks.
Ser. You ſhall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.
Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?
Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.
Cap. Go, be gone.
We ſhall be much *&c.*

[c] *See where ſhe comes from ſhrift, with merry look.*

I'll

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence'* cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of modeſty.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand up,
This is as't ſhould be, let me ſee the County:
Ay marry, go I ſay, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No not 'till *Thurſday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go nurſe, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow

[*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tuſh, I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night, let me alone:
I'll play the houſwife for this once. What ha?
They are all forth; well I will walk my ſelf
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Againſt to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward girl is ſo reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt* Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

SCENE III.

Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. Ay, thoſe attires are beſt; but gentle nurſe,
I pray thee leave me to my ſelf to-night:

For

For I have need of many oriſons
To move the heav'ns to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which well thou know'ſt is croſs and full of ſin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What are you buſie, do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you;
For I am ſure you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.

La. Cap. Good-night,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. ‘ Farewel----- God knows, when we ſhall meet again!
‘ I have a faint cold fear thrills though my veins,
‘ That almoſt freezes up the heat of [f] life.
‘ I'll call them back again to comfort me.
‘ Nurſe----- what ſhould ſhe do here?
‘ My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone:
‘ Come vial----- What if this mixture do not work at all?
‘ Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count.
‘ No, no, this ſhall forbid it; lye thou there-----
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
‘ What if it be a poiſon, which the Friar
‘ Subt'ly hath miniſtred, to have me dead,
‘ Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
‘ Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
‘ I fear it is; and yet methinks it ſhould not,
‘ For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man-----
‘ How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
‘ I wake before the time that *Romeo*
‘ Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

‘ Shall

[f] *fire.*

' Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
' To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breaths in?
' Or if I live, is it not very like
' The horrible conceit of death and night,
' Together with the terror of the place,
' (As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
' Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
' Of all my buried anceſtors are packt;
' Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
' Lies feſtring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
' At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort------)
' Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
' So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
' And ſhrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
' That living mortals hearing them run mad-----
' Or if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
' (Invironed with all theſe hideous fears,)
' And madly play with my fore-fathers joints,
' And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhroud?
' And in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone
' As with a club, daſh out my deſp'rate brains?
' O look! methinks I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
' Seeking out *Romeo*----Stay, *Tybalt*, ſtay!
' *Romeo*, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE IV.

A HALL.

Enter Lady Capulet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. HOld, take theſe keys and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curphew bell hath rung, 'tis three a-clock:
Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica.*
Spare not for coſt.

Nurſe. Go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed; faith you'll be ſick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere now
All night for a leſs cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you, from ſuch watching, now.

[*Ex. Lady* Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood-----
Now, fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with ſpits, and logs, and baskets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haſte, make haſte, ſirrah, 'fetch drier logs,
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Maſs and well ſaid, a merry horſon, ha!
Thou ſhalt be logger-head-----good faith, 'tis day. [*Play muſick.*
The County will be here with muſick ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would. I hear him near.
Nurſe, wife, what ho? what, nurſe, I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris:* hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, I ſay.

[*Exit* Capulet.

SCENE

SCENE V.

SCENE *draws and discovers* Juliet *on a bed.*

Nurse. Mistress, what mistress! *Juliet*---Fast I warrant her,
Why lamb---why lady---Fie you slug-a-bed---
Why love, I say---Madam, sweet-heart---why bride---
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little---God forgive me---
Marry and amen---How sound is she asleep?
I must needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed---
He'll fright you up i'faith. Will it not be?
What dress't, and in your cloaths---and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady---
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born?
Some *Aqua vitæ*, ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look,---oh heavy day!
La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceast, she's dead: alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me ſee her---- Out alas, ſhe's cold,
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff,
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
' Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
' Upon the ſweeteſt flower of the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O ſon, the night before the wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife: ſee, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflower'd now by him:
Death is my ſon in-law. ----

Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?

La. Cap. Accurſt, unhappy, wretched, hateful day,
Moſt miſerable hour, that Time e'er ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage.
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catcht it from my ſight.

Nurſe. Oh woe! oh woful, woful, woful day! †
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold,
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
Oh woful day! oh woful day!

Fri. Oh peace for ſhame -----
Your daughter lives in peace and happineſs,
And it is vain to wiſh it otherwiſe.
Heav'n and your ſelf had part in this fair maid,
Now heav'n hath all----- Come

† *This ſpeech of exclamations is not in the edition above cited. Several other parts, unneceſſary or tautology, are not to be found in the ſaid edition; which occaſions the variation in this from the common books.*

Come ſtick your roſemary on this fair corpſe,
And as the cuſtom of our country is,
In all her beſt and ſumptuous ornaments
Convey her where her anceſtors lie tomb'd.
Cap. All things that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our inſtruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding chear, to a ſad burial feaſt;
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen dirges change;
And bridal flow'rs ſerve for a buried coarſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Manent Muſicians.

Muſ. Faith we may put up our pipes and be gone.
Nurſe. Honeſt good fellows: ah, put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitiful caſe.
Muſ. Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſicians, oh muſicians, *heart's eaſe*, *heart's eaſe:* oh, an you will have me live, play *heart's eaſe.*
Muſ. Why *heart's eaſe?*
Pet. O muſicians, becauſe my heart it ſelf plays, *my heart is full of woe.* O play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me!
Muſ. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Muſ. No.
Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.
Muſ. What will you give us?
Pet. No mony on my faith, I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?
Muſ. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Muſ.*

2 *Muſ.* Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit, anſwer me like men:

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
Then muſick with her ſilver ſound-----

Why *ſilver ſound?* why muſick with her ſilver ſound?
What ſay you, *Simon Catling?*

Muſ. Marry, Sir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. [g] Pretty! what ſay you, *Hugh Rebeck?*

2 *Muſ.* I ſay ſilver ſound, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. [h] Pretty too! what ſay you *Samuel Sound-board?*

3 *Muſ.* Faith I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the *ſinger*, I will *ſay* for you. It is muſick with her ſilver ſound, becauſe ſuch fellows as you have no gold for ſounding. [*Exit.*

Muſ. What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2 *Muſ.* Hang him, *Jack*, come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

[g] *prateſt.*

[h] *prateſt too.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

MANTUA.

Enter Romeo.

IF I may truſt the [a] flattery of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's lord ſits lightly on his throne,
[b] And all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love it ſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter Romeo's *Man.*

News from *Verona* ----- How now *Balthazar?*
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? is my father well?
How doth my *Juliet?* that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well,

Man. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body ſleeps in *Capulet*'s monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I ſaw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill news.

Rom.

a *flattring truth of ſleep.*

b *and all this winged, unaccuſtom'd.*

Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, ſtars!
Thou know'ſt my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes. I will hence to-night.
Man. Pardon me Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.
Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the Friar?
Man. No, good my lord.
Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes, I'll be with thee ſtraight. [*Exit Man.*
Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to-night;
Let's ſee for means-----O miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thought of deſperate men!
'I do remember an Apothecary,
'And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
'In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
'Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks,
'Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:
'And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
'An alligator ſtuft, and other skins
'Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes, and about his ſhelves
'A beggarly account of empty boxes;
'Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
'Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes
'Were thinly ſcattered, to make up a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelf I ſaid,
And if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.

As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe.
Being holy-day, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.
What ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?

Rom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats, let me have
A dram of poiſon, ſuch ſoon ſpreading geer,
As will diſperſe it ſelf thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua*'s law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. ‘ Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſs,
‘ And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
‘ Need and oppreſſion ſtare within thine eyes,
‘ Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:
‘ The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
‘ The world affords no law to make thee rich,
‘ Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, conſents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men it would diſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worſe poiſon to mens ſouls,
Doing more murther in this loathſom world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewel, buy food, and get[c] thee into fleſh.

[c] *thy ſelf in fleſh.*

Come cordial, and not poiſon, go with me
To *Juliet*'s grave, for there muſt I uſe thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Monaſtery at Verona.

Enter Friar John *to Friar* Lawrence.

John. HOLY *Franciſcan* Friar! brother! ho!

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Friar *John.*

Welcome from *Mantua*; what ſays *Romeo?*
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick;
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo?*

John. I could not ſend it; here it is again,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Law.

Law. Now muſt I to the monument alone:
Within theſe three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beſhrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living coarſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris *and his Page, with a light.*

Par. GIVE me thy torch, boy; hence, and ſtand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen:
Under yond[d] yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.
Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*
Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew;
[*Strewing flowers.*
[c] Fair *Juliet*, that with angels doſt remain,
Accept this lateſt favour at my hand,
That living honour'd thee, and being dead
With fun'ral obſequies adorn thy tomb. [*The Boy whiſtles.*
---- The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach,----
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,

[d] *young trees.* [c] *Theſe four lines from the old edition.*

To croſs my obſequies, and true love's rites?
What with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

SCENE IV.

Enter Romeo *and* Peter *with a light.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I muſt uſe
In dear employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
The time and my intents are ſavage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring ſea.

Pet. I will be gone Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So ſhalt thou win my favour. Take thou that,
Live and be proſp'rous, and farewel good fellow.

Pet. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit.*

Rom. Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth;
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the monument.*

And

And in deſpight I'll cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſht haughty *Mountague*
That murther'd my love's couſin; (with which grief
It is ſuppoſed the fair creature dy'd,)
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Mountague:*
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither-----
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſp'rate man,
Fly hence and leave me: think upon thoſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee, youth,
Pull not another ſin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!
By heav'n I love thee better than my ſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt my ſelf. *
Par. I do defie thy commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee boy.
[*They Fight,* Paris *falls.*
Page. Oh lord they fight! I will go call the watch.
Par. Oh I am ſlain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet.*
Rom. In faith I will: let me peruſe this face-----
Mercutio's kinſman! Noble County *Paris!*
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me *Paris* ſhould have married *Juliet.*
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet;*

* *Some lines are left out here and afterwards, which are unworthy of* Shakeſpear, *and no hint of them to be found in the old edition.*

To

To think it was ſo? Oh give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour misfortunes's book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
For here lyes *Juliet*----- Oh my love, my wife
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
Oh what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, couſin. ----- Ah dear *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? I will believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour:
For fear of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: come lye thou in my arms,
Here's to thy health.----- Oh true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-weary'd fleſh. Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!
Come bitter conduct, come unſavoury guide,
Thou deſp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks[f] my ſea-ſick weary bark:

Here's

[f] *thy.*

Here's to my love! oh true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiſs I die.

Enter Friar Lawrence *with lanthorn, crow, and ſpade.*

Fri. St. *Francis* be my ſpeed, how oft to-night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves? who's there?
Pet. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Bliſs be upon you. Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I diſcern,
It burneth in the *Capulets* monument.
Pet. It doth ſo, holy Sir,
And there's my maſter, one you dearly love.
Fri. Who is it?
Pet. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Pet. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Pet. I dare not, Sir.
My maſter knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay, then I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.
Pet. As I did ſleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.
Fri. Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulchre?
What mean theſe maſterleſs and goary ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! oh pale! who elſe? what *Paris* too?

And

And ſteep'd in blood? ah what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The lady ſtirs.

Jul. [*awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where's my lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be;
And there I am; but where is *Romeo?*

Fri. I hear ſome noiſe! Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy husband in thy boſom there lyes dead,
And *Paris* too ----- Come, I'll diſpoſe of thee,
Among a ſiſterhood of holy Nuns:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is coming. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon I ſee hath been his timeleſs end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiſs thy lips,
Haply ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them;
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead boy, which way?

Jul. Yea, noiſe?
Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! [*Finding a dagger.*
[g] This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die. [*Kills herſelf.*

Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard,
Go ſome of you, whom e'er you find attach.
Pitiful ſight! here lies the County ſlain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two days buried.

Go

g *'Tis in thy ſheath.*

Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe up the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch-----

Enter ſome of the watch with Romeo's *man.*

2 *Watch.* Here's *Romeo*'s man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter Friar and a third Watchman.

3 *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, ſighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this ſpade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard ſide.

1 *Watch.* A great ſuſpicion: ſtay the Friar too.

SCENE V.

Enter the Prince and attendants.

Prince. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morning's reſt?

Enter Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the ſtreet cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and ſome *Paris*; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which ſtartles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know how this foul murther comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and ſlaughter'd *Romeo*'s man,
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead mens tombs.

Cap. Oh heav'n! oh wife, look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath miſta'en, for loe[f] the ſheath
Lies empty on the back of *Mountague*,
The point miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom.
La. Cap. Oh me, this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a ſepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prince. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſon and heir now early[g] fallen.
Moun. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night,
Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtop'd her breath:
What further wo conſpires againſt my age?
Prince. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.
Moun. Oh thou untaught, what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a grave?
Prince. Seal up the mouth of out-rage for a while,
'Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to death. Mean time forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.
Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murther;
And here I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelf condemned, and my ſelf excus'd.
Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.
Fri. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*;
And ſhe there dead, that *Romeo*'s faithful wife:

[f] —— *loe his houſe*
Is empty on the back of Mountague,
And is mis-ſheathed ——

[g] *down.*

I married them; and their ſtoln marriage day
Was *Tybalt*'s dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
You, to remove that ſiege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage,
Or in my cell there would ſhe kill her ſelf.
Then gave I her (ſo tutor'd by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I write to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Friar *John*,
Was ſtaid by accident, and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindreds vault;
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came (ſome minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreat her to come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb,
And ſhe too deſp'rate would not go with me,
But, as it ſeems, did violence on her ſelf.
All this I know, and to the marriage

Her nurſe is privy: but if ought in this
Miſcarried by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before its time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prince. We ſtill have known thee for an holy man.
Where's *Romeo*'s man? what can he ſay to this?

Peter. I brought my maſter news of *Juliet*'s death,
And then in poſt he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatned me with death, going to the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's grave,
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my maſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch?

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lye with *Juliet.*
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet! Mountague!*
See what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen: all are puniſh'd!

Cap. Oh brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Moun.

Moun. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her ſtatue in pure gold,
That while *Verona* by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet.*

Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his lady lye,
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,
The ſun for ſorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo.* [*Exeunt omnes.*

HAMLET,

PRINCE of *DENMARK*.

Dramatis Perſonæ

CLAUDIUS, *King of* Denmark.
Fortinbras, *Prince of* Norway.
Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the preſent King.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *Friend to* Hamlet.
Laertes, *Son to* Polonius.
Voltimand, Cornelius, Roſencraus, Guildenſtern, } *Courtiers.*
Oſrick, *a Fop.*
Marcellus, *an Officer.*
Bernardo, Francisco, } *two Soldiers.*
Reynoldo, *Servant to* Polonius.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *Father.*

Gertrude, *Queen of* Denmark, *and Mother to* Hamlet.
Ophelia, *Daughter to* Polonius, *belov'd by* Hamlet.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other attendants.

SCENE *ELSINOOR.*

This Story was not invented by our Author; tho' from whence he took it, I know not.

HAMLET, *Prince of* Denmark.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place before the palace.

Enter Bernardo *and* Franciſco, *two centinels.*

BERNARDO.

HO's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer me: ſtand and unfold your ſelf.

Ber. Long live the King.

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve, get thee to bed, *Franciſco.*

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.
If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand; who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane.*
Fran. Give you good-night.
Mar. Oh farewel, honeſt ſoldier; who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place: give you good-night.
[*Exit* Franciſco.
Mar. Holla, *Bernardo.*
Ber. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſays, 'tis but our phantaſie,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, 'twice ſeen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeen.
Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* ſpeak of this.
Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame ſtar, that's weſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my ſelf,
The bell then beating one-----
Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter

Enter the Ghoſt.

Look where it comes again.

Ber. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, *Horatio.*

Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, *Horatio.*

Hor. Moſt like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be ſpoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majeſty of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometime march? by Heav'n I charge thee ſpeak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it ſtalks away.

Hor. Stay; ſpeak; I charge thee, ſpeak. [*Ex. Ghoſt.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio?* you tremble and look pale:
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſie?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy ſelf.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
He ſmote the ſleaded [a] *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange-----

Mer. Thus twice before, and juſt at this [b] dead hour,
With martial ſtalk, hath he gone by our watch.

[a] Pole-axe *in the common editions*; *he ſpeaks of a prince of* Poland *whom he ſlew in battle. He uſes the word* Polack *again, act.* 2. *ſcene* 4. [b] *ſame.*

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the groſs and ſcope of my opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.

Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch
So nightly toils the ſubjects of the land?
And why ſuch daily caſt of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhipwrights, whoſe ſore task
Does not divide the ſunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I,
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight. In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras:* who by ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquiſher, as by that cov'nant
And carriage of the articles deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet.* Now young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes,

For

For food and dyet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't: which is no other,
And it doth well appear unto our ſtate,
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand
And terms compulſative, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even ſo:
Well may it ſort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King,
That was and is the queſtion of theſe wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the moſt high and † palmy ſtate of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The graves ſtood tenantleſs, the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the *Roman* ſtreets,
Stars ſhon with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
Diſaſters veil'd the ſun, and the moiſt ſtar
Upon whoſe influence *Neptune*'s empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to doom's-day with eclipſe.
And even the like precurſe of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heav'n and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghoſt again.

But ſoft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay, illuſion!
[*Spreading his arms.*

If

† palmy *for* victorious; *in the other editions* flouriſhing.

If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me;
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
Oh ſpeak!------
Or, if thou haſt uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth, [*Cock crows.*
For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak------Stop it, *Marcellus*------
Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Ber. 'Tis here------
Hor. 'Tis here------
Mer. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to ſpeak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard,
The cock that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
Th'extravagant and erring ſpirit hyes
To his confine. And of the truth herein,
This preſent object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, The

The bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no ſpirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholſome, then no planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill;
Break we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have ſeen to-night
Unto young *Hamlet.* For upon my life,
This ſpirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter Claudius *King of* Denmark, Gertrude *the Queen,* Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, *lords and attendants.*

King. THOUGH yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our Queen,
Th' imperial jointreſs of this warlike ſtate,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,

With

With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along, (for all, our thanks.)
Now follows, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our ſtate to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage;
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, by all bands of law
To our moſt valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for our ſelf, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the buſineſs is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe, to ſuppreſs
His further gate herein; In that the levies,
The liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubjects: and we here diſpatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
Of treaty with the King, more than the ſcope
Which theſe dilated articles allow.
Farewel, and let your haſte commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt in nothing, heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the news with you?

You

You told us of ſome ſuit. What is't, *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the *Dane*,
And loſe your voice. What would'ſt thou beg, *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy father.
What wouldſt thou have, *Laertes?*

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To ſhew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again tow'rd *France:*
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what ſays *Polonius?*

Pol. He hath, my lord, by labourſome petition,
Wrung from me my ſlow leave; and at the laſt
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I do beſeech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces; ſpend it at thy will.
But now, my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſon -----

Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo my lord, I am too much i'th' ſun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy [b] nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark.*
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt 'tis common, all that live muſt die,
Paſſing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

[b] *nightly.*

Queen. If it be;
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam? nay, it is; I know not *ſeems:*
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe may ſeem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhow:
Theſe, but the trappings, and the ſuits of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But you muſt know, your father loſt a father,
That father his, and the ſurviver bound
In filial obligation, for ſome term
To do obſequious ſorrow. But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubborneſs, unmanly grief.
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd:
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the muſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theam
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt coarſe, 'till he that died to-day,
"This muſt be ſo." We pray you throw to earth

This

This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our throne,
And with no leſs nobility of love,
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
In going back to ſchool to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

Queen. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, *Hamlet:*
I pr'ythee ſtay with us, go not to *Wittenberg.*

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, madam.

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a fair reply,
Be as our ſelf in *Denmark.* Madam, come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof
No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the King's rowſe the heav'n ſhall bruit again
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too-too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve it ſelf into a dew;
Or that the Everlaſting had not fixt
His cannon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter. Oh God! oh God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world?
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden

That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature
Poſſeſs it meerly. that it ſhould come thus.
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two,-----
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember?----- why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet within a month?-----
Let me not think----- Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month!----- or e'er thoſe ſhooes were old
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears---- Why ſhe, ev'n ſhe,-----
Oh heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would have mourn'd longer----- married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; no more like my father,
Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!-----
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes,
She married. Oh moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

SCENE IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordſhip.
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well,
Horatio? or I do forget my ſelf?
Hor. The ſame, my lord, and your poor ſervant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you:

And

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio?*
Marcellus!-----
Mar. My good lord-----
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg?*
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not [c] hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt your ſelf. I know you are no truant;
But what is your affair in *Elſinoor?*
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.
Ham. I pr'ythee do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio:* the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, *Horatio.*
My father-----methinks I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw! who?---
Hor. My lord, the King your father.
Ham. The King my father!
Hor. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you. *Ham.*

[c] *have*

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two-nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waſte and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-a-pe*,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſt and fear-ſurprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they (diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with the act of fear)
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
It ſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.

Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold

Hold you the watch to-night?
Both. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. Oh yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A count'nance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like; ſtaid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.
All. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was griſly?
Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable-ſilver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant you it will,
Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, tho' hell it ſelf ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight;
Let it be[d] treble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoever ſhall befall to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: ſo, fare ye well.

Upon

[d] *tenable.*

Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewel.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come;
'Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to mens eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Polonius's *house.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. MY necessaries are imbark'd, farewel;
And sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant; do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' sweet, not lasting,
[e] The perfume, and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature crescent does not grow alone,
In † thews and bulk; but as his temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no [f] soil nor cautel doth besmerch
The virtue of his [g] will: but you must fear

His

[e] *The suppliance of a minute.* † *thews*, or *qualities.* [f] *foil.* [g] *fear.*

His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himſelf is ſubject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends
The ſanctity and health of the whole ſtate.
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he's head. Then if he ſays he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar [h] act and place
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs,
Or loſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter,
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue it ſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes,
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to it ſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart. But good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n;
Whilſt like a puft and careleſs libertine,

[h] *fect and force.*

Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
† And recks not his own reed.
Laer. Oh, fear me not.

SCENE VI.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; ---but here my father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* get aboard for ſhame,
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,
And you are ſtaid for there. My bleſſing with you;
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. ‘ Give thy thoughts no tongue,
‘ Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
‘ Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
‘ The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
‘ Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:
‘ But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
‘ Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
‘ Of Entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
‘ Bear't that th' oppoſed may beware of thee.
‘ Give ev'ry man thine ear; but few thy voice.
‘ Take each man's cenſure; but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſes both it ſelf and friend:
A borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This

† recks not his own reed, *that is*, heeds not his own leſſons.

This above all; to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewel; my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee!
Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time invites you, go, your ſervants tend.
Laer. Farewel *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid.
Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
And you your ſelf ſhall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* Laer.
Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he ſaid to you?
Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the lord *Hamlet*
Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your ſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand your ſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection! puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I ſhould think.
Pol. Marry I'll teach you; think your ſelf a baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender your ſelf more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,)
Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.

Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call't: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his ſpeech, my lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promiſe as it is a making,
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your maiden preſence,
Set your intreatments at a highter rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord *Hamlet*,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger † tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
[i]Not of that die which their inveſtments ſhew,
But meer implorers of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the lord *Hamlet*.
Look to't, I charge you; come your way.

Oph. I ſhall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

† Tider, *or* tether, teder, *a ſtring to tye horſes.*

[i] *Not of the eye which their inveſtments ſhew.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Platform before the palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. THE Air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is ſtruck.

Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the ſeaſon
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noiſe of warlike muſick within.*

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rowſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring upſtart reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a cuſtom?

Ham. Ay marry is't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance. *

Enter

* *Theſe* 21 *lines following are in the firſt edition, but ſince left out, perhaps as being thought too verboſe.*

This heavy-headed revell, eaſt and weſt;
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations,
They clip us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,

As

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy [k] intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane:* oh! anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath ope'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead coarſe again in compleat ſteel
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous? and we fools of nature,
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls.
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?

[*Ghoſt beckons* Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,

As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſtar)
His virtues elſe, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault. ——
Enter Ghoſt. &c.

[k] *events.*

As

As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means. [*holding* Hamlet.
Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And for my ſoul, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as it ſelf.
It waves me forth again.-----I'll follow it-----
Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my lord?
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea;
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſov'reignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it.
* The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks ſo many fadoms to the ſea;
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me ſtill: go on, I'll follow thee-----
Mar. You ſhall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve:
Still am I call'd? unhand me, gentlemen-----
[*Breaking from them.*
By heav'n I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me-----

I

* *The 4 following lines added from the firſt edition.*

I ſay away ----- go on ---- I'll follow thee ---- [*Ex. Ghoſt and* Ham.

Hor. He waxes deſp'rate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after. To what iſſue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of *Denmark.*

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Re-Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; I'll go no further.

Ghoſt. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up my ſelf.

Ham. Alas poor Ghoſt!

Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghoſt. I am thy Father's ſpirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires;
'Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,

And

And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood; liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love------
Ham. Oh heav'n!
Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haſte me to know, that I with wings as ſwift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat weed
That rots it ſelf in eaſe on *Lethe*'s wharf,
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
'Tis given out, that ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. The whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. Oh my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?
Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(Oh wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline

Upon a wretch, whoſe nat'ral gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate it ſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage-----
But ſoft, methinks I ſcent the morning air-----
Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always in the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a viol,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quick-ſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter[1] bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of Queen at once diſpatcht;
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
† Unhouzzled, † unanointed, † unanel'd;
No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible! oh horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;

† unhouzzled, *without the ſacrament being taken.*
† unanointed, *without extream unction.*
† unanel'd, *no knell rung.*

[1] *bak'd.*

Let

Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother ought; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you hoſt of heav'n! oh earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? oh hold my heart-----
And you my ſinews, grow not inſtant old;
But bear me ſtiffly up; remember thee-----
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe; remember thee-----
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixt with baſer matter. Yes, by heav'n:
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, ſmiling damned villain!
My tables,----- meet it is I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt I'm ſure it may be ſo in *Denmark.* [*Writing.*
So uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:
I've ſworn it-----

SCENE IX.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. My lord, my lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*
Hor. Heav'n ſecure him.
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come boy, come.
Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. Oh wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heav'n.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be ſecret?-----
Both. Ay, by heav'n, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he is an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghoſt, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why right, you are i' th' right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part;
You as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you,
(For every man has buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is) and for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and hurling words, my lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes heartily.

Hor.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by St. *Patrick*, but there is, my lord,
And much offence too. Touching this viſion here-----
It is an honeſt ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.

Hor. What is't, my lord?

Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to-night.

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my ſword.

Mar. We've ſworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt. Swear. [*Ghoſt cries under the ſtage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo; art thou there truepenny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the celleridge.
Conſent to ſwear.

Hor. Propoſe the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. Hic & ubique? then we'll ſhift our ground.
Come hither gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my ſword.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. Well ſaid, old mole, can'ſt work i'th' ground ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor.

Hor. Oh day and night! but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy. But come,
Here as before, never ſo help you mercy,
(How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear my ſelf,
As I perchance hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on)
That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall
With arms encumbred thus, or this head ſhake;
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe;
As well ---- we know ---- or, we could, and if we would ----
Or, if we liſt to ſpeak ---- or, there be and if there might ----
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out to note,
That you know ought of me; this do ye ſwear.
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you.
Swear.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit. So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a man as *Hamlet* is,
May do t' expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack; let us go in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips I pray.
The time is out of joint; oh curſed ſpight,
That ever I was born to ſet it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Polonius's *houſe.*

Enter Polonius, *and* Reynoldo.

POLONIUS.

GIVE him this mony, and theſe notes, *Reynoldo*.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good *Reynoldo*,
Before you viſit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well ſaid, very well ſaid. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me firſt what *Danskers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence? and finding
By this encompaſsment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon; come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you, as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus ---- I know his father and his friends,
And in part him ---- Do you mark this, *Reynoldo?*

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And in part him ---- but you may ſay ---- not well;
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo ---- and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe; marry, none ſo rank,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;

But

But, Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord----
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing---- You may go ſo far.
Rey. My lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind,
A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed blood
Of general aſſault.
Rey. But, my good lord----
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit.
You laying theſe ſlight ſallies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working,
Mark you your party in converſe; him you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you ſpeak of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
Good Sir, or ſo, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phraſe or the addition,
Of man and country.)
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, Sir, does he this?
He do's---- what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay [a] ſomething? where did I leave?----

Rey.

[a] *nothing.*

Rey. At cloſes in the conſequence.

Pol. At cloſes in the conſequence---- Ay marry,
He cloſes thus. I know the gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t'other day,
Or then, with ſuch and ſuch, and as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowſe,
There falling out at tennis; or perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlicet, a brothel, or ſo forth---- See you now;
Your bait of falſhood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of byas,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my ſon; you have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God b'w' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord----

Pol. Obſerve his inclination in your ſelf.

Rey. I ſhall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his muſick.

Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Oph. Alas my lord, I have been ſo affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?

Oph. My lord, as I was ſowing in my cloſet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ſtockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,

Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know:
But truly I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it, Long time ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of my arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo piteous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being. Then he lets me go,
And with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out-a-doors he went without their help,
And to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King.
This is the very ecſtaſie of love,
Whoſe violent property foredoes it ſelf,
And leads the will to deſp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heav'n,
That do's afflict our natures. I am ſorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.

I'm

I'm ſorry that with better[b] heed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he trifl'd
And meant to wrack thee; but beſhrew my jealouſie;
It ſeems it is as proper to our age,
To caſt beyond our ſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come, go we to the King.
This muſt be known, which being kept cloſe, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Roſincroſſe, Guildenſtern, *lords and other attendants.*

King. WELCOME dear *Roſincroſſe* and *Guildenſtern*,
Moreover, that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we have to uſe you did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlet*'s transformation; ſo I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That being of ſo young days brought up with him,
And ſince ſo neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our court
Some little time, ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from occaſions you may glean,
If ought, to us unkown, afflicts him thus,

[b] *ſpeed.*

That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with us a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks
As fits a King's remembrance.

Roſ. Both your Majeſties
Might by the ſovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our ſelves in the full bent,
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Roſincroſſe* and gentle *Guildenſtern.*

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenſtern* and gentle *Roſincroſſe*;
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too-much changed ſon. Go ſome of ye,
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambaſſadors from *Norway*, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? aſſure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think (or elſe this brain of mine

Hunts

Hunts not the trail of policy, ſo ſure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s lunacy.
King. Oh ſpeak of that, that I do long to hear.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to th' ambaſſadors.
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.
King. Thy ſelf do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Ex.* Pol.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſcource of all your ſon's diſtemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

SCENE IV.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. Welcome, my good friends!
Say *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway?*
Volt. Moſt fair return of greetings, and deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Polack:*
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againſt your highneſs. Whereat griev'd,
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence
Was falſely born in hand, ſends out arreſts
On *Fortinbras;* which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from *Norway;* and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' aſſay of arms againſt your Majeſty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thouſand crowns in annual fee,
And his commiſſion to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before, againſt the *Polack:*

With

With an entreaty herein further ſhewn,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
Through your dominions for this enterprize
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more conſider'd time we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time we thank you, for your well-took[c] labour.
Go to your reſt, at night we'll feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home. [*Exit Ambaſ.*

Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
My liege and madam, to expoſtulate
What Majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
Therefore, ſince brevity's the ſoul of wit,
And tediouſneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,
I will be brief; your noble ſon is mad.
Mad call I it; for to define true madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad.
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with leſs art.

Pol. Madam, I ſwear I uſe no art at all:
That he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity, it is true; a fooliſh figure,
But farewel it; for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cauſe;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus ---- Perpend ----
I have a daughter; have, whilſt ſhe is mine,

Who

[c] *well-look'd.*

Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath giv'n me this; now gather, and ſurmiſe.
[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]
To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beautified Ophelia.
That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe; but you ſhall hear ----- *Theſe to her excellent white boſom, theſe* ---
Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
Pol. Good madam ſtay a while, I will be faithful.
Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the ſun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.
Oh dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt beſt, believe it.* Adieu.
Thine evermore, moſt dear lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet
This in obedience hath my daughter ſhewn me:
And more above, hath his ſollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think?
When I had ſeen his hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear Majeſty your Queen here, think?
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight,
What might you think? no, I went round to work,

And

And my young miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a prince out of thy ſphere,
This muſt not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock her ſelf from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice,
And he repulſed, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell to a ſadneſs, then into a faſt,
Thence to a watching, thence into a weakneſs,
Thence to a lightneſs, and by this declenſion
Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have poſitively ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe,
If circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know ſometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an arras then,
Mark the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon faln thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,
And keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Hamlet *reading.*

Queen. But look where, ſadly, the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away.
I'll board him preſently. [*Exe. King and Queen.*
Oh give me leave. How does my good lord *Hamlet?*
Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well; y' are a fiſhmonger?
Pol. Not I, my lord.
Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.
Pol. Honeſt, my lord?
Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honeſt as this world goes, is to be one pick'd out of ten thouſand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord.
Ham. For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a good kiſſing carrion -----
Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have, my lord.
Ham. Let her not walk i'th' ſun; conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.
Pol. How ſay you by that? ſtill harping on my daughter ------
Yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid I was a fiſhmonger.
He is far gone; and truly in my youth, [*aſide.*
I ſuffered much extremity for love;
Very near this. I'll ſpeak to him again.
What do you read, my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter, my lord?
Ham. Between whom?
Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the ſatyrical ſlave ſays here, that old men have gray beards? that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with moſt weak hams. All which, Sir, though I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down: for your ſelf, Sir, ſhall be as old as-I-am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in't:
Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' air:
How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?
A happineſs that often madneſs hits on,
Which ſanity and reaſon could not be
So proſp'rouſly deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.
My honourable lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools.

Pol. You go to ſeek lord *Hamlet*; there he is. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. God ſave you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd lord!

Roſ. My moſt dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! how doſt thou *Guildenſtern*? Oh, *Roſincroſſe*, good lads! how do ye both?

Roſ.

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoals of her ſhooe?

Roſ. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? oh, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Roſ. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. ‡ Let me queſtion more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a priſon.

Roſ. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worſt.

Roſ. We think not ſo, my lord.

Ham. Why then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Roſ. Why then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-ſhell, and count my ſelf a King of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious, is meerly the ſhadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream it ſelf is but a ſhadow.

Roſ. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

‡ *From this mark, ſeveral ſpeeches are not in the old edition.*

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and out-ſtretch'd heroes, the beggars ſhadows; Shall we to th' court? for by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants: for to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at *Elſinoor?*

Roſ. To viſit you, my lord; no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half-penny. Were you not ſent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, deal juſtly with me; come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay, my lord?

Ham. Any thing but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear, a better propoſer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no?

Roſ. What ſay you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtom of exerciſe; and indeed, it goes

ſo

ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how expreſs and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me; nor woman neither, tho' by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My lord there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, man delights not me?

Roſ. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the Players ſhall receive from you; we accoſted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He that plays the King ſhall be welcome; his majeſty ſhall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight ſhall uſe his foyle and target; the lover ſhall not ſigh *gratis*; the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace; and the lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't. What players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Roſ. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the city? are they ſo follow'd?

Roſ. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow ruſty?

Roſ. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there

there is, Sir, an † Airy of Children, little yaſes, that cry out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't; theſe are now the faſhion, and ſo be-rattle the common ſtages (ſo they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of gooſe quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they Children? who maintains 'em? how are they eſcoted? will they purſue the Quality no longer than they can ſing? will they not ſay afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players? as it is moſt like, if their means are no better: their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion.

Roſ. Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them to controverſie. There was for a while no money bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guil. Oh there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange; for mine uncle is King of *Denmark*, and thoſe that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducates a-peice, for his picture in little. There is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out. [*Flouriſh for the players.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*; your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garbe, leſt my extent to the players (which I tell you muſt ſhew fairly outward) ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham.

† *Relating to the playhouſes then contending, the* Bankſide, *the* Fortune, *&c.* —— *play'd by the Children of his majeſty's chappel.*

Ham. I am but mad north, north-weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly, I know a hawk from a handſaw.

SCENE VII.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great baby you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathling clouts.

Roſ. Haply he's the ſecond time come to them; for they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will propheſie, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it, you ſay right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas ſo indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you,
When *Roſcius* was an actor in *Rome*------

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzze, b zze.

Pol. Upon mine honour------

Ham. Then came each actor on his aſs------

Pol. The beſt actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral, ſcene undividable, or poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of wit, and the liberty. Theſe are the only men.

Ham. Oh Jephta, judge of Iſrael, what a treaſure hadſt thou!

Pol. What a treaſure had he, my lord?

Ham. *Why one fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephta?*

Pol.

Pol. If you call me *Jephta*, my lord, I have a daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why as *by lot, God wot*----and then you know, *it came to paſs, as moſt like it was*; the firſt row of *the* † *rubrick* will ſhew you more. For look where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five players.

Y'are welcome maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; welcome good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is [b] valanc'd ſince I ſaw thee laſt: com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmark?* What my young lady and miſtreſs? berlady your ladyſhip is nearer heaven then whan I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a † chioppine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.---- Maſters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like [c] friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we ſee; we'll have a ſpeech ſtraight. Come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1 *Play.* What ſpeech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once, but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Caviar* to the general; but it was, (as I receiv'd it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters, cryed in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember one ſaid, there was no [d] ſalts in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the author of affection; but call'd it, an honeſt method. One ſpeech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas *Æneas'* tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priam*'s ſlaughter. If it live in

† Rubrick. *It is* Pons chanſons *in the firſt folio edition. The old ballads ſung on bridges, and from thence call'd* Pons chanſons. Hamlet *is here repeating ends of old ſongs.*

[b] *valiant.* † Chioppine, *a high-heel'd ſhoe, or a ſlipper.* [c] *french.* [d] *ſallets.*

your

your memory, begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee----- The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th' *Hyrcanian* beaſt. It is not ſo---- it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whoſe ſable arms
Black as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horſe;
Hath now his dread and black complection ſmear'd
With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot
Now is he total geules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons,
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching [e] fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murthers vile. Roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-ciſed with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old granſire *Priam* ſeeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking, too ſhort, at *Greeks*. His antique ſword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell ſword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his baſe, and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus*' ear. For lo, his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th' air to ſtick:
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

[e] *ſtreets.*

But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heav'ns, the rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
As huſh as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region. So after *Pyrrhus'* pauſe,
A rowſed vengeance ſets him new a-work,
And never did the *Cyclops* hammers fall
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With leſs remorſe than *Pyrrhus'* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam.*----
Out, out, thou ſtrumpet-fortune! all you gods,
In general ſynod take away her power:
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee ſay on; he's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba.*

1 *Play.* But who, oh who, had ſeen the [f] mobled Queen?

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the flames
With biſſon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem ſtood, and for a robe
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up.
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her husband's limbs;
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
(Un-

[f] *In the firſt folio edition, it is th'* enobled Queen.

(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made [5] melt the burning eyes of heav'n,
And paſſion in the gods.

Pol. Look if he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon. Good my lord, will you ſee the players well beſtow'd. Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, then their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Gods bodikins man, much better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall ſcape whipping? uſe them after your own honour and dignity. The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago?*

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*.

Roſ. Good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay ſo, God b' w' ye: now I am alone.

[5] *milch.*

Oh what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I?
Is it not monſtrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd:
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting
With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
For *Hecuba?*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba,*
That he ſhould weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ign'rant, and amaze indeed
The very faculty of eyes and ears.----
[h] Yet I ſay nothing; no, not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' noſe, gives me the lye i'th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
[i] Yet I ſhould take it---for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, letcherous, kindleſs villain!

[h] *Yet I,*
A dull and muddy metled raſcal peak
Like John-a-dreams, *unpregnant of my cauſe*
And can ſay nothing——

[i] *Ha! why ſhould I take it?*

Why

Why what an aſs am I? this is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab-----
A [k] ſtallion!------fye upon't! foh! about my brain-----
I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murther, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll obſerve his looks,
Play ſomething like the murther of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll obſerve his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I have ſeen
May be the devil, and the devil hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits)
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the King. [*Exit.*

[k] *ſcullion.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincroſſe, Guildenſtern, *and Lords.*

KING.

AND can you by no drift of [a] conference
Get from him why he puts on this [b] confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Roſ. He does confeſs he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But with a crafty madneſs keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.

Queen. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain players
We o'er-took on the way; of theſe we told him;
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol.

[a] *circumſtance.* [b] *confeſſion.*

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to entreat your majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall, my lord. [*Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too,
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*. Her father, and my ſelf,
Will ſo beſtow our ſelves, that ſeeing unſeen
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.
Queen. I ſhall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlet*'s wildneſs. So I hope your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may.
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, ſo pleaſe ye,
We will beſtow our ſelves: read on this book;
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's viſage,
And pious action we do ſuger o'er
The devil himſelf.
King. Oh 'tis too true.
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience! [*aſide.*

The

The harlot's cheek beautied with plaſtring art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word.
Oh heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming, let's withdraw my lord.

[*Exeunt all but* Ophelia.

SCENE II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be? that is the queſtion----
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outragious fortune;
Or to take arms againſt a † ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them?---To die,-----to ſleep-----
No more; and by a ſleep to ſay we end
The heart-ache and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die-----to ſleep-----
To ſleep? perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub-----
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe. There's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life.
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the [c] proud man's contumely,
The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,

† *Perhaps* ſiege, *which continues the metaphor of* ſlings, arrows, taking arms; *and repreſents the being encompaſs'd on all ſides with troubles.* [c] *poor.*

To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn [d] awry
And loſe the name of action.----Soft you now, [*Seeing* Oph.
The fair *Ophelia?* nymph, in thy oraiſons
Be all my ſins remembred.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well,-----

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed much to re-deliver.
I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: that perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph. My lord-----

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

[d] *away.*

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

Ham. Ay truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is, to a bawd; than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into its likeneſs. This was ſometimes a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me. For virtue cannot ſo [e] innoculate our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it. [f] I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am my ſelf indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in. What ſhould ſuch fellows as I do crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us------Go thy ways to a nunnery------Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you ſweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny-----Get thee to a nunnery,-----farewel---- Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them------To a nunnery go------and quickly too: farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers! reſtore him.

Ham. I have heard of your [g] painting too, well enough: God has given you one [h] face, and you make your ſelf another. You jig, you

[e] evacuate *in the firſt edition.* [f] *I did love you once.* [g] *pratling.* [h] *pace.*

you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance. Go, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live, the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. Oh what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtiers, ſoldiers, ſcholars, eye, tongue, ſword!
Th' expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the hony of his muſick vows:
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune, and harſh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtaſie. Oh woe is me!
T'have ſeen what I have ſeen; ſee what I ſee.

SCENE III.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. Something's in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus ſet it down. He ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the ſeas and countries different,
With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething ſettled matter in his heart;

Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?
Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia?*
You need not tell us what lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all. My lord, do as you pleaſe;
But if you hold it fit after the play,
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him; or confine him where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.
King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in great ones muſt not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Hamlet, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. SPEAK the ſpeech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had ſpoke my lines. And do not ſaw the air too much with your hand thus, but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirl-wind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. Oh, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtous periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe: I could have ſuch a fellow whipt for o'er-doing termagant; it out-*herods Herod.* Pray you avoid it.

Play.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor. Sute the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'er-ſtep not the modeſty of nature; for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and preſſure. Now this over-done, or come tardy off, tho' it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the cenſure of which one, muſt in your allowance o'er-ſway a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe and that highly, (not to ſpeak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of chriſtian, or the gate of chriſtian, pagan, [i] or man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh reform it altogether. And let thoſe that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: For there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too, though in the mean time ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: That's villanous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. Go make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Roſincroſſe, *and* Guildenſtern.

How now, my lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. [*Exit* Polonius.

Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[i] *or* Norman.

SCENE V.

Enter Horatio *to* Hamlet.

Ham. What ho, *Horatio?*
Hor. Here, ſweet lord, at your ſervice.
Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a man
As e'er my converſation coap'd withal.
Hor. Oh my dear lord ----
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelf. For thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all that ſuffers nothing.
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that man
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core: ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. ----- Something too much of this. -----
There is a play to-night before the King,
One ſcene of it comes near the circumſtance
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſeeſt that act a-foot,
Ev'n with the very comment of thy ſoul

Ob-

Obſerve mine uncle: if his occult guilt
Do not it ſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that we have ſeen:
And my imaginations are as foul
As *Vulcan*'s † ſtithy. Give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.
If he ſteal ought the whilſt this play is playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincroſſe, Guildenſtern, *and other lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches.* Daniſh *march. Sound a flouriſh.*

Ham. They're coming to the play; I muſt be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our couſin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent i'faith, of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, *Hamlet*, theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now, my lord. You plaid once i'th' univerſity, you ſay? [*To* Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th' capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill ſo capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Roſ.

† Stithy, *a ſmith's anvil.*

Roſ. Ay, my lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your lap?

[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lye between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Oh God, your only jig-maker; what ſhould a man do, but be merry? For look you how chearfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within theſe two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? nay then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of ſables. Oh heav'ns! dye two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: but by'r-lady he muſt build churches then; or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe; whoſe epitaph is *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*

SCENE VII.

Hautboys play. The dumb ſhew enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her

her neck. Lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and Exit. *The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poysoner, with some two or three mutes come in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts, she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.* [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry this is miching *Malicho,* that means mischief.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the argument of the play?

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the Players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him. Be not you ashamed to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter King and Queen, Players.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus'* car gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and *Tellus'* orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite commutual, in most sacred bands.

Queen. So many journeys may the ſun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my lord, it nothing muſt:
And womens fear and love hold quantity,
'Tis either none, or in extremity;
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is fix'd, my fear is ſo.

King. Faith I muſt leave thee, love, and ſhortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband ſhalt thou ----

Queen. Oh confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kill'd the firſt.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood!

Queen. The inſtances that ſecond marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love.
A ſecond time I kill my husband dead,
When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.

King. I do believe you think what now you ſpeak;
But what we do determine, oft we break:
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, ſticks on the tree,
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis that we forget,
To pay our ſelves what to our ſelves is debt:

What

What to our ſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themſelves deſtroy:
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye, and 'tis not ſtrange
That ev'n our loves ſhould with our fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love fortune lead, or fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his fav'rite flies;
The poor, advanc'd, makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no ſecond husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt lord is dead.

Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day and night;
Each oppoſite that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy,
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife!
If once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now-----

King. 'Tis deeply ſworn; ſweet, leave me here a while,
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come miſchance beetween us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady proteſts too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt, no offence i'th' world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The *Mouſe-trap.* Marry how? topically. This play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the duke's name, his wife *Baptiſta*; you ſhall ſee anon, 'tis a knaviſh piece of work; but what o' that? your majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the King.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love; if I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still worſe and worſe.

Ham. So you muſt take your husbands.
Begin murtherer. Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.
Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing:
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe no creature ſeeing:
Thou mixture rank, of midnight-weeds collected,
With *Hecate*'s bane, thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thou natural magick, and dire property,
On wholſome life uſurp immediately. [*Pours the poiſon in his ears.*

Ham.

Ham. He poyſons him i'th' garden for's eſtate; his name's *Gonzago*; the ſtory is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago*'s wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me ſome light. Away.

All. Lights, lights, lights! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Manent Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, whilſt ſome muſt ſleep;
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a foreſt of feathers, (if the reſt of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) with two provincial roſes on my [m] rayed ſhooes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou doſt know, oh *Damon* dear,
This realm diſmantled was
Of *Jove* himſelf, and now reigns here
A very very [n] peacock.

Hor. You might have rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'll take the ghoſt's word for a thouſand pounds. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter

[m] *rack'd, rac'd.* [n] *pajock. This alludes to a Fable of the Birds chuſing a King; inſtead of the Eagle, a Peacock.*

Enter Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come ſome muſick. Come the recorders.
For if the King like not the comedy;
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, ſome muſick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Guil. The King, Sir-----

Ham. Ay Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd-----

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew it ſelf more rich to ſignifie this to his doctor: for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſom anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſom anſwer: my wit's diſeas'd. But, Sir, ſuch anſwers as I can make, you ſhall command; or rather you ſay, my mother------therefore no more but to the matter------my mother, you ſay------

Roſ.

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays; your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother. But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother-admiration?

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Roſ. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do ſurely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelf, for your ſucceſſion in *Denmark?*

Ham. Ay, but while the graſs grows---- the proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

Oh the recorders, let me ſee one. To withdraw with you----- why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying; govern theſe ventiges with your fin-

fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery, you would ſound me from my loweſt note, to the top of my compaſs; and there is much muſick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak. Why do you think that I am eaſier to be plaid on than a pipe? call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bleſs you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a *Camel?*

Pol. By the maſs, and it's like a *Camel* indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like an † *Ouzle.*

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle.*

Ham. Or like a *Whale?*

Pol. Very like a *Whale.*

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by; they fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by. Leave me friends. I will ſay ſo. By and by is eaſily ſaid. [*Exeunt.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell it ſelf breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſs as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother----
Oh heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever

The

† *An* Ouzle *or* Blackbird: *it has been printed by miſtake a* Weeſel, *which is not black.*

The ſoul of *Nero* enter this firm boſom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.
My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter King, Roſincroſſe, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us
To let his madneſs rage. Therefore prepare you;
I your commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you.
The terms of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guild. We will provide our ſelves;
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,
To keep thoſe many bodies ſafe, that live
And feed upon your majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep it ſelf from noyance; but much more,
That ſpirit, on whoſe [o] weal depends and reſts
The lives of many. The deceaſe of majeſty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a maſſy wheel
Fixt on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpoaks ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſtrous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King ſigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;

[o] *ſpirit*

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet;
Behind the arras I'll convey my ſelf
To hear the proceſs. I'll warrant ſhe'll tax him home.
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet that ſome more audience than a mother,
(Since nature makes them partial,) ſhould o'er-hear
The ſpeech of vantage. Fare you well my liege,
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
'Oh my offence is rank, it ſmells to heav'n,
'It hath the primal eldeſt curſe upon't;
'A brother's murther. Pray I cannot,
'Though inclination be as ſharp as will:
'My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent,
'And like a man to double buſineſs bound,
'I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
'And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
'Were thicker than it ſelf with brother's blood?
'Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heav'ns
'To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves mercy,
'But to confront the viſage of offence?
'And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
'To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
'Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up.
'My fault is paſt. But oh what form of prayer
'Can ſerve my turn; Forgive me my foul murther!
'That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt

'Of

'Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther,
'My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
'May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
'In the corrupted currents of this world,
'Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
'And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize it ſelf
'Buys out the law; but 'tis not ſo above:
'There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
'In his true nature, we our ſelves compell'd
'Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
'To give in evidence.' What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! oh boſom, black as death!
Oh limed ſoul, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! help angels, make aſſay!
Bow ſtubborn knees, and heart with ſtrings of ſteel
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*The King kneels.*

SCENE X.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't----and ſo he goes to heav'n,
And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd,-----
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heav'n----O this is [p]hire and ſallery, not revenge.
He took my father groſly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as [q]fluſh as *May*;
And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heav'n?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,

[p] *baſe and ſilly. Ed. prim.* [q] *freſh*

'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
Up ſword, and know thou a more horrid [r]time:
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n,
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays;
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

The Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen *and* Polonius.

Pol. HE will come ſtraight; look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'en here;
Pray you be round.

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius *hides himſelf behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.

Ham.

[r] *bent*

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with [1]a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why how now, *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo;
You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
And (would it were not ſo) you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not budge:
You go not 'till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, ho.
Pol. What ho, help. [*Behind the Arras.*
Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducate, dead.
Pol. Oh I am ſlain. [Ham. *kills* Polonius.
Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not: is it the King?
Queen. Oh, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed, almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a King?
Ham. Ay lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel, [*To* Polonius.
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune;
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſie, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff;
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.

Queen.

[1] *an idle*

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers oaths. O ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſoul, and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow
O'er this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage as againſt the doom.
'Tis thought-ſick at the act.
Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers:
See what a grace was ſeated on this brow,
Hyperion's curles, the front of *Jove* himſelf,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command,
A ſtation like the herald *Mercury*
New-lighted on a heav'n-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.
This *was* your husband.---- Look you now what follows,
Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And

And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? what devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge,
Since froſt it ſelf as actively doth burn,
And reaſon [t] pardons will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul,
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the naſty ſty.

Queen. Oh ſpeak no more,
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, ſweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain!
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord. A vice of Kings,
A cutpurſe of the empire and the rule,
That from a ſhelf the precious diadem ſtole
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghoſt.

A King of ſhreds and patches-----
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings [*Starting up.*
You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,

That

[t] or, *panders.*

That laps'd in time and paſſion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command? O ſay.----
Ghoſt. Do not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But look! amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul:
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her *Hamlet.*
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And as the ſleeping ſoldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up, and ſtand an end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him!----look you how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Leſt with this pitious action you convert
My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.
Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?
Ham. Do you ſee nothing there? [*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but our ſelves.
Ham. Why look you there? look how it ſteals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!
Look where he goes ev'n now out at the portal. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,

This

This bodileſs creation Ecſtaſie
Is very cunning in.
Ham. What ecſtaſie?
My pulſe, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſick. 'Tis not madneſs
That I have utter'd; bring me to the teſt
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs ſpeaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilſt rank corruption [t]running all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs your ſelf to heav'n,
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come,
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive this my virtue,
For in the fatneſs of theſe purſie times,
Virtue it ſelf of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea, curb, and wooe, for leave to do it good.
Queen. Oh *Hamlet!* thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed.
Aſſume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat,
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of actions fair and good,
He likewiſe gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence; the next more eaſie;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of nature,
And maſter ev'n the devil, or throw him out

[t] *mining, edit. prim.*

With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'll bleſſing beg of you. For this ſame lord, [*Pointing to* Pol.
I do repent: but heav'n hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him; ſo again, good night.
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.

Queen. What ſhall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do.
†Let the fond King tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouſe,
And let him for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe and ſecrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the houſe's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape
To try concluſions; in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis ſo concluded on.

Ham.

†*In the old edition it is*, Let the blote King——*the word ſignifies* fond, *or* puff'd up, *or* full-blooded, *rubore ſuffuſus*, Skinner.

† *Ham.* There's letters ſeal'd, and my two ſchool-fellows,
(Whom I will truſt as I will adders fang'd,)
They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way
And marſhal me to knavery: let it work----
For 'tis the ſport to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petar: an't ſhall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O 'tis moſt ſweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man ſhall ſet me packing;
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother, good night. Indeed this counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother. [*Exit* Hamlet, *tugging in* Polonius.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen.

KING.

THere's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate, 'tis fit we underſtand them.
Where is your ſon? [night?

Queen. Ah, my good lord, what have I ſeen to

King. What, *Gertrude?* how does *Hamlet?*

Queen. Mad as the ſeas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawleſs fit,

† *The ten following verſes are added out of the old edition.*

Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.
King. Oh heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, lets it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews it ſelf pure. He weeps for what is done.
King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence; and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our majeſty and skill,
Both countenance, and excuſe. Ho! *Guildenſtern!*

Enter Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath *Polonius* ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you haſte in this. [*Ex.* Roſ. *and* Guil.
Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends,

And

And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My ſoul is full of diſcord and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed----
Gentlemen within. Hamlet! lord *Hamlet!*
Ham. What noiſe? who calls on *Hamlet?*
Oh here they come.

Enter Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis kin.
Roſ. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chappel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Roſ. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a King?
Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge, my lord?
Ham. Ay, Sir, that ſokes up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities; but ſuch officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end; he keeps them like an [a] apple in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be laſt ſwallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.
Roſ. I underſtand you not, my lord.
Ham. I am glad of it; a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.
Roſ. My lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King. *Ham.*

[a] *ape*

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing----

Guild. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter King.

King. I've ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body;
How dang'rous is it that this man goes looſe!
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him;
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th' offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth,
This ſudden ſending him away, muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe: diſeaſes deſp'rate grown,
By deſperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſincroſſe.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without, my lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, *Guildenſtern!* bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet *and* Guildenſtern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King.

King. At ſupper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain convocation of politique worms are at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat our ſelves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. † A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a King, and eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heav'n, ſend thither to ſee. If your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i'th' other place your ſelf. But indeed, if you find him not this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobbey.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay 'till ye come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done) muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs; then prepare thy ſelf,
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England?*

King. Ay, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherub that ſees them; but come, for *England!* farewel, dear mother.

King.

†*added from the old edit.*

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh, and ſo my mother. Come, for *England.* [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot, tempt him with ſpeed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away, for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on th' affair; pray you make haſte.
And *England!* if my love thou hold'ſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Daniſh* ſword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to' us; thou may'ſt not coldly ſet
Our ſovereign proceſs, which imports at full
By letters [b] congruing to that effect,
The preſent death of *Hamlet.* Do it *England*:
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Camp.

Enter Fortinbras *with an army.*

For. GO, captain, from me, greet the *Daniſh* King,
Tell him that by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his realm. You know the rendevouz.
If that his majeſty would ought with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Capt.

[b] *conjuring*

Capt. I will do't, my lord.
For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras.

Enter Hamlet, Roſincroſſe, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whoſe powers are theſe?
Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.
Ham. How [c] purpos'd Sir, I pray you?
Capt. Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.
Ham. Who commands them, Sir?
Capt. The nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.
Ham. Goes it againſt the main of *Poland*, Sir,
Or for ſome frontier?
Capt. Truly to ſpeak it, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five I would not farm it,
Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranker rate, ſhould it be [d] ſold in fee.
Ham. Why then the *Polacke* never will defend it.
Capt. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.
Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th' impoſthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Cap. God b'w'ye, Sir.
Roſ. Will't pleaſe you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you, go a little before. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge? what is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time

[c] *propos'd* [d] *ſo*

Be but to ſleep and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To ruſt in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
(A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever three parts coward:) I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do,
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
To do't. Examples groſs as earth exhort me;
Witneſs this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whoſe ſpirit with divine ambition puft
Makes mouths at the inviſible event,
Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Ev'n for an egg-ſhell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
(Excitements of my reaſon and my blood)
And let all ſleep, while to my ſhame I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a fantaſie and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a ſpot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the ſlain? O then from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A Palace.

Enter Queen, Horatio, *and a Gentleman.*

Queen. I Will not ſpeak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed diſtract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would ſhe have?

Gent. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays ſhe hears
There's tricks i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws, ſpeaks things in doubt
That carry but half ſenſe: her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought;
Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrow
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in-----

Queen. To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs,
So full of artleſs jealouſie is guilt,
It ſpills it ſelf in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia *diſtracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous majeſty of *Denmark?*

Queen. How now, *Ophelia?*

Oph. *How ſhould I your true love know from another one?*
By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and his ſandal ſhoon. [Singing.

Queen. Alas, ſweet lady; what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you mark.

He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſs-green turf, at his heels a ſtone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia.*----

Oph. Pray you mark.

White his ſhrowd as the mountain ſnow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded with ſweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love ſhowers.

King. How do ye, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd you. They ſay the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, ſay you this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's *day, all in the morn betime,*
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he roſe, and don'd his cloaths, and dupt the chamber-door;
Let in a maid, that out a maid never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia!*

Oph. Indeed? without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity;
Alack, and fie for ſhame,
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock they are to blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:

So

So would I ha' done, by yonder ſun,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We muſt be patient, but I cannot chuſe but weep, to think they ſhould lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come, my coach; good-night, ladies; good-night, ſweet ladies; good-night, good-night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe, give her good watch, I pray you;
This is the poiſon of deep grief, it ſprings
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude*, *Gertrude!*
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions. Firſt, her father ſlain,
Next your ſon gone, and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholſome in their thoughts and whiſpers,
For good *Polonius'* death. We've done but greenly,
In private to inter him; poor *Ophelia*
Divided from her ſelf, and her fair judgment,
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beaſts:)
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his father's death;
Wherein neceſſity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering piece in many places,
Gives me ſuperfluous death! [*A Noiſe within.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers?* let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

Meſ. Save your ſelf, my lord.
The ocean over-peering of his liſt
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word;
They cry, chuſe we *Laertes* for our King.
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds.
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Queen. How chearfully on the falſe trail they cry,
Oh this is counter, you falſe *Daniſh* dogs. [*Noiſe within.*

Enter Laertes.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is the King? Sirs! ſtand you all without.

All. No let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you; keep the door.
O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me baſtard,
Crys cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here between the chaſte and unſmich'd brow
Of my true mother.

King.

King. What is the cauſe, *Laertes*,
That thy rebellion looks ſo giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why are you thus incenſt? Let him go, *Gertrude*.
Speak man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the black devil!
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit;
I dare damnation; to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's.
And for my means, I'll husband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, in your revenge,
(That ſweep-ſtake,) you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rendring pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.

King.

King. Why now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſibly in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A Noiſe within.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Ophelia *fantaſtically dreſt with ſtraws and flowers.*

Laer. Let her come in. How now? what noiſe is that?
O heat dry up my brains, tears ſeven times ſalt
Burn on the ſenſe and vertue of mine eye.
By heav'n, thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
'Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of *May!*
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia!*
O heav'ns, is't poſſible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
[c] Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of it ſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,*
And on his grave rains many a tear,
Fare you well, my dove.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſwade revenge, it could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, down a-down, and you call him a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it? it is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer.

[c] Or, perhaps,
Nature is fire in love, and where 'tis fire
It ſends ſome precious incenſe of it ſelf
After the thing it loves.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's roſemary, that's for remembrance; pray love remember; and there's pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it herb of grace a *Sundays:* you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daſie; I would give you ſome violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin *is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and affliction, paſſion, hell it ſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
Gramercy on his ſoul.

And of all chriſtian ſouls! God b'w'ye. [*Exit* Ophelia.

Laer. Do you ſee this, you Gods?

King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,

And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul,
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be ſo.
His means of death, his obſcure funeral;
No trophy ſword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation;
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I muſt call in queſtion.
King. So you ſhall:
And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Horatio, *with an attendant.*

Hor. WHAT are they that would ſpeak with me?
Ser. Sailors, Sir, they ſay they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bleſs you, Sir.
Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.
Sail. He ſhall, Sir, an't pleaſe him. There's a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' ambaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. reads the letter.

HORATIO, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment*

ment gave us chace. Finding our ſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant they got clear of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou wouldeſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thy ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter. Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am. Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern *hold their courſe for* England. *Of them I have much to tell thee, farewel.*

[*He that thou knoweſt thine,* Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for theſe your letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him, from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. NOW muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father ſlain,
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in nature,
As by your ſafety, wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up?

King. Two ſpecial reaſons,
Which may to you, perhaps, ſeem much unſinew'd,
And yet to me are ſtrong. The Queen, his mother,

Lives almoſt by his looks; and for my ſelf,
My virtue or my plague, be't either which,
She's ſo conjunctive to my life and ſoul;
That as the ſtar moves not but in his ſphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So my arrows
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo have I a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driven into deſperate terms,
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections---- But revenge will come.

King. Break not your ſleeps for that, you muſt not think
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,
And think it paſtime. You ſhall ſoon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love your ſelf,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine-----

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Theſe to your Majeſty: this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet?* who brought them?

Meſ. Sailors, my lord, they ſay, I ſaw them not:
They were giv'n me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes*, you ſhall hear them: leave us, all--- [*Exit Meſ.*

High and mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your kingdom. To-morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your kingly eyes. When I ſhall, firſt asking you pardon thereunto, recount th' occaſion of my ſudden return. Hamlet. What

What ſhould this mean? are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe---and no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s character;
Naked, and (in a poſtſcript here, he ſays)
Alone: can you adviſe me?
Laer. I'm loſt in it, my lord; but let him come,
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.
King. If it be ſo, *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo?---how otherwiſe?---
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I, ſo you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my deviſe,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But ev'n his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.
Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deviſe it ſo
That I might be the inſtrument.
King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of ſince your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet*'s hearing, for a quality
Wherein they ſay you ſhine; your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.
Laer. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very feather in the cap of youth, Yet

Yet needful too, for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveneſs. Two months ſince
Here was a gentleman of *Normandy*;
I've ſeen my ſelf and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-back; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo far he paſt my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and tricks,
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman* was't?

King. A *Norman.*

Laer. Upon my life, *Lamond.*

King. The very ſame.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence;
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a fight indeed,
If one could match you. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this-----

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King.

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I ſee in paſſages of proof,
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or ſnuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
For goodneſs growing to a pleuriſie,
Dies in his own too much; What we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpend-thrift's ſigh
That hurts by eaſing; but to th' quick o' th' ulcer -----
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To ſhew your ſelf your father's ſon indeed,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' church.

King. No place indeed ſhould murther ſanctuariſe;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this, keep cloſe within your chamber?
Hamlet return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiſs,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A ſword unbated, and in a paſs of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpoſe I'll anoint my ſword:

I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that have virtue
Under the moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, if I gall him ſlightly
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our ſhape. If this ſhould fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proof. Soft----- let me ſee-----
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your cunnings,
I ha't----- when in your motion you are hot,
And make your bouts more violent to th' end,
And that he calls for drink; I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there. How now, ſweet Queen?

SCENE X.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So faſt they follow: your ſiſter's drown'd, *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aſlant a brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſie ſtream:
There with fantaſtick garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flow'rs, nettles, daiſies, and long purples

That

That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and her ſelf
Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths ſpread wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a creature native, and indewed
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick, nature her cuſtom holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out: adieu, my lord,
I have a ſpeech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Follow, *Gertrude:*
How much I had to do to calm his rage?
Now fear I, this will give it ſtart again,
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter two clowns, with ſpades and mattocks.

1 CLOWN.

IS ſhe to be buried in chriſtian burial, that willfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, ſhe is; therefore make her grave ſtraight, the crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned her ſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why 'tis found ſo.

1 *Clown.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*, it cannot be elſe. For here lyes the point; if I drown my ſelf wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches. It is an act to do, and to perform; *argal*, ſhe drown'd her ſelf wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver*.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lyes the water, good: here ſtands the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himſelf; it is will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him; he drowns not himſelf. *Argal*, he that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay marry is't, crowner's queſt law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.*

1 *Clown.* Why there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than other chriſtians. Come, my ſpade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the firſt that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the ſcripture? the ſcripture ſays, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thy ſelf-----

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhip-wright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker, for that frame out-lives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill to ſay the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter?-----

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this queſtion next, ſay a grave-maker. The houſes he makes,

laſt 'till dooms-day: go, get thee to *Youghan*, fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs and ſings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very ſweet;
To contract oh the time for a my behove,
Oh methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it in him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo; the hand of little imployment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clown ſings.

But age with his ſtealing ſteps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I ne'er had been ſuch.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were *Cain*'s jaw-bone, that did the firſt murther! this might be the pate of a politician which this aſs o'er-offices; one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham Or of a courtier, which could ſay, good-morrow ſweet lord; how doſt thou, good lord? this might be my lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my lord ſuch a ones horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why e'en ſo: and now my lady *Worm*'s, chopleſs, and knockt about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade. Here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more

more the breeding, but to play at loggers with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown ſings.

A pick-axe and a ſpade, a ſpade,
For and, a ſhrowding ſheet!
O, a pit of clay, for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets? his caſes? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-skins?

Hor. Ay my lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow: Whoſe grave's this, ſirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir ----

O, a pit of clay for to be made,
For ſuch a ghoſt is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed: for thou lieſt in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't, and ſay 'tis thine; 'tis for the

the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'ſt.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One that was a woman, Sir; but reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is? we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equivocation will follow us. By the lord, *Horatio*, theſe three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and ſent into *England.*

Ham. Ay marry, why was he ſent into *England?*

Clown. Why, becauſe he was mad; he ſhall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be ſeen in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. Faith e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in *Denmark.* I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarſes now-a-days, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year; a tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whorſon mad fellow's it was; whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flagon of rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, was *Yorick*'s ſcull, the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas poor *Yorick!* I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath born me on his back a thouſand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment that were wont to ſet the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that------Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think *Alexander* look'd o' this faſhion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo, puh? [*Smelling to the Scull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, *Horatio!* why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, 'till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæſar* dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw!
But ſoft! but ſoft a while------here comes the King,

SCENE II.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *and a coffin, with Lords and Prieſts attendant.*

The Queen, the courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rights? this doth betoken,
The coarſe they follow did with deſperate hand
Fore-do its own life; 'twas of ſome eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a moſt noble youth: mark-----

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Prieſt. Her obſequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o'er-ſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd

'Till

'Till the laſt trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Muſt no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done:
We ſhould prophane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring! I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſtring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia!*

Queen. Sweets to the ſweet, farewel!
I hop'd thou would'ſt have been my *Hamlet*'s wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe
Fall tentimes treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms,
[Laertes *leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blue *Olympus.*

Ham. [*diſcovering himſelf.*] What is he, whoſe griefs
Bear ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,.

[Hamlet *leaps into the grave.*

Hamlet the *Dane.*

Laer. The devil take thy ſoul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.

I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat-----

For though I am not ſplenative and raſh,

Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,

Which let thy wiſdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder-----

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet-----

Hor. Good my lord be quiet. [*The attendants part them.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,

Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my ſon! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand brothers

Could not with all their quantity of love

Make up my ſum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O he is mad, *Laertes.*

Queen. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come ſhew me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faſt? woo't tear thy ſelf?

Woo't drink up *Eſill*, eat a crocodile?

I'll do't. Do'ſt thou come hither but to whine;

To out-face me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her; and ſo will I;

And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground

Sindging his pate againſt the burning zone,

Make *Oſſa* like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

King. This is mere madneſs;

And thus a while the fit will work on him:

Anon

Anon as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden cuplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Hear you Sir----
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter-----
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray you good *Horatio,* wait upon him. [*Exit* Hor.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech. [*To* Laertes.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrude* ſet ſome watch over your ſon.
This grave ſhall have a living monument.
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A HALL.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. SO much for this, now ſhall you ſee the other.
You do remember all the circumſtance.
Hor. Remember it, my lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep; methought I lay
Worſe than the mutineers in bilboes; raſhneſs
(And prais'd be raſhneſs for it) lets us know
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moſt certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My ſea-gown ſcarft about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making ſo bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unſeal
Their grand commiſſion, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact command,
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmark*'s health, and *England*'s too,
(With ho! ſuch buggs and goblings in my life,)
That on the ſupervize, no leiſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the ax,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.

Hor. Is't poſſible?

Ham. Here's the commiſſion, read it at more leiſure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play. I ſate me down,
Devis'd a new commiſſion, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it as our ſtatiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flouriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,

And

And ſtand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many ſuch like *As's* of great charge;
That on the view and knowing theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
No ſhriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why ev'n in that was heaven ordinate;
I had my father's ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeal:
I folded the writ up in form of th' other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The change was never known: now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent,
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So, *Guildenſtern* and *Roſincroſſe* go to't.

Ham. They are not near my conſcience; their defeat
Doth by their own inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when baſer nature comes
Between the paſs, and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, think'ſt thou, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from *England*,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.

Ham. It will be ſhort.

The *Interim*'s mine, and a man's life's no more
Than to ſay, one.
But I am very ſorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelf;
For by the image of my cauſe I ſee
The pourtraiture of his; I'll court his favours:
But ſure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Your lordſhip is right welcome back to *Denmark.*

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Doſt know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much land, and fertile; let a beaſt be lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the King's meſſe; 'tis a chough; but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet lord, if your [a] lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of ſpirit; put your bonnet to his right uſe, 'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thank your lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very ſultry, and hot for my complexion.

Oſr. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very ſultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how:---My lord, his majeſty bid me ſignifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter---

Ham. I beſeech you remember-----

Oſr. Nay in good faith, for mine eaſe in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham.

[a] *frendſhip.*

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Oſr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt the which he impon'd, as I take it, ſix *French* rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers, or ſo: three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Oſr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our ſides; I would it might be hangers 'till then. But on; ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt ſix *French* ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages, that's the *French* bett againſt the *Daniſh*; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Oſr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen paſſes between you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer no?

Oſr. I mean, my lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it pleaſe his majeſty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Oſr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himſelf, there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did ſo with his dug before he ſuck'd it: thus has he (and many more of the ſame breed that I know the droſſy age

dotes

dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majeſty commended him to you by young *Oſrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall; he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the King's pleaſure; if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready, now or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen deſires you to uſe ſome gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me.

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo; ſince he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds. But thou wouldſt not think how ill all's here about my heart---but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of game-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it. I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come: the readineſs is all. Since no man has ought of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes *and lords, with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flagons of wine on it.*

King. Come, *Hamlet,* come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir, I've done you wrong,
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This preſence knows, and you muſt needs have heard
How I am puniſhed with ſore diſtraction.
What I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneſs:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* never *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himſelf be ta'en away,
And when he's not himſelf, do's wrong *Laertes;*
Then *Hamlet* do's it not; *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madneſs. If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd,
His madneſs is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot mine arrow o'er the houſe,
And hurt my [b] brother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in nature,
Whoſe motive, in this caſe, ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I ſtand aloof, and will no reconcilement;
'Till by ſome elder maſters of known honour
I have a voice, and preſident of peace
To keep my name ungor'd. But 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

[b] *mother.*

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils:
Laer. Come one for me.
Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your skill ſhall like a ſtar i'th' darkeſt night
Stick fiery off, indeed.
Laer. You mock me, Sir.
Ham. No, by this hand.
King. Give them the foils, young *Oſrick.*
Hamlet, you know the wager.
Ham. Well, my lord,
Your grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker ſide.
King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both:
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.
Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well; theſe foils have all a length?
[*Prepares to play.*
Oſr. Ay, my good lord.
King. Set me the ſtoops of wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* give the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath,
And in the cup an[c] Onyx ſhall he throw,
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark*'s crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the canoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth.
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet.* Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer.

[c] *union.*

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One-----

Laer. No-----

Ham. Judgment.

Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well---- again----

King. Stay, give me drink. *Hamlet*, this pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpet ſound, Shot goes off.*

Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while. [*They play.*
Come---- another hit---- what ſay you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.

King. Our ſon ſhall win.

Queen. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows,
The Queen carouſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good madam-----

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poiſon'd cup, it is too late. [*aſide.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam, by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience. [*aſide.*

Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*, you but dally,
I pray you paſs with your beſt violence,
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you ſo? come on. [*Play.*

Oſr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet, *then in ſcuffling they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again----
Oſr. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't, my lord?
Oſr. How is't *Laertes?*
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſprindge, *Oſrick*,
I'm juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink----
Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,----
I am poiſon'd----- [*Queen dies.*
Ham. Oh villany! hoe! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out----
Laer. It is here. *Hamlet*, thou art ſlain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd it ſelf on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to riſe again; thy mother's poiſon'd;
I can no more----the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too?
Then venom to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here thou inceſtuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane*,
Drink off this potion: is [d] the onyx here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is juſtly ſerv'd.
It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble *Hamlet*;

Mine

[d] *the union.*

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I'm dead, *Horatio*; wretched Queen, adieu!
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell ſerjeant death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt) oh I could tell you----
But let it be---- *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'ſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*;
Here's yet ſome liquor left.

Ham. As th' art a man,
Give me the cup; let go, by heav'n I'll have't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me?
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and ſhout within.*
What warlike noiſe is this?

SCENE VI.

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbraſs*, with conqueſt come from *Poland*,
To the ambaſſadors of *England* gives
This warlike volley,

Ham. O, I die, *Horatio:*
The potent poiſon quite o'er-grows my ſpirit,
I cannot live to hear the news from *England.*

But I do propheſie th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th' occurrents more or leſs,
Which have ſolicited.---- The reſt is ſilence, [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart; good-night, ſweet prince;
And flights of angels ſing thee to thy reſt!
Why do's the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras *and* Engliſh *Ambaſſador, with drum, colours, and attendants.*

Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. This quarry cries on havock. Oh proud death!
What feaſt is tow'rd in thine eternal cell,
That thou ſo many princes at a ſhot
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?
Amb. The ſight is diſmal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs that ſhould give us hearing;
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Roſincroſſe* and *Guildenſtern* are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But ſince ſo full upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the *Polack* wars, and you from *England*,
Are here arriv'd; give order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak to th' yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,

Of

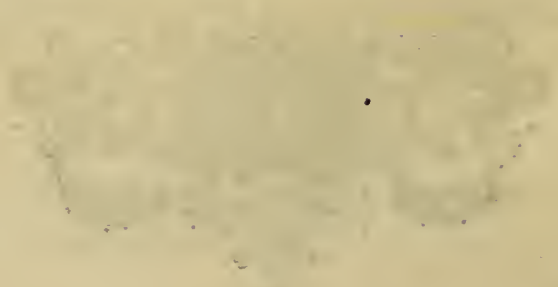
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe,
And in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook,
Fall'n on th' inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow, I embrace my fortune,
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw no more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Ev'n while men minds are wild, leſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a ſoldier off the ſtage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally. And for his paſſage,
The ſoldiers muſick, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him-----
Take up the body: ſuch a ſight as this,
Becomes the field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot.

[*Exeunt marching: after which, a peal of ordnance are ſhot off.*



OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR of *VENICE*.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.
Brabantio, *a noble* Venetian.
Gratiano, *Brother to* Brabantio.
Lodovico, *Kinſman to* Brabantio *and* Gratiano.
Othello, *the Moor, General for the* Venetians *in* Cyprus.
Caſſio, *his Lieutenant-General.*
Jago, *Standard-bearer to* Othello.
Rodorigo, *a fooliſh Gentleman, in love with* Deſdemona.
Montano, *the Moor's Predeceſſor in the Government of* Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to the Moor.
Herald.

Deſdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello.
Æmilia, *Wife to* Jago.
Bianca, *Curtezan, Miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, and Attendants.

SCENE *for the Firſt Act in* Venice; *during the reſt of the Play in* Cyprus.

The Story is taken from Cynthio's *Novels.*

OTHELLO, *the Moor of* VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

VENICE.

Enter Rodorigo *and* Jago.

RODORIGO.

NEVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,[a]
That thou, *Jago*, who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhouldſt know of this.

Jago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.

Jago. Deſpiſe me
If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft' capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I'm worth no worſe a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſes,
Evades them with a bumbaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with epithets of war;
And in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my mediators; Certes ſays he,

[a] *Tuſh, never tell me, I take it much unkindly*—ed. prim.

I have already choſe my officer.
And what was he?
Forſooth a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*, a *Florentine*,
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife;
That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battel knows
More than a ſpinſter; but the bookiſh theorick,
Wherein the tongued conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,
Is all his ſoldierſhip ----- he had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
Chriſtian and heathen, muſt be led and calm'd
By *Debitor*, and *Creditor*, this *Counter-caſter*.
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I, God bleſs the mark! his Moor-ſhip's Ancient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Jago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to th' firſt. Now, Sir, be judge your ſelf,
If I in any juſt term am aſſign'd
To love the Moor?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Jago. O Sir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
For nought but provender, and when he's old, caſheir'd;

Whip

Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves ----- Others there are
Who trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themſelves homage. Theſe folks have ſome ſoul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs my ſelf.
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Jago:*
In following him, I follow but my ſelf.
Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I[b] ſeem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus?

Jago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him, make after him, poiſon his delight.
Proclaim him in the ſtreets, incenſe her kinſmen.
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch[c] changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe, I'll call aloud.

Jago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio!* ho!

Jago. Awake! what ho! *Brabantio!* ho! thieves, thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

SCENE

[b] *am* [c] *chances.*

SCENE II.

Enter Brabantio *above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Jago. Are all doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Jago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd: for ſhame put on your gown,
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the devil will make a grandſire of you.
Ariſe I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; what are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*
Bra. The worſe welcome;
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper and diſtemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir-----
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit and my Place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good Sir.
Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice:*
My houſe is not a grange. *Rod.*

Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoul, I come to you.

Jago. Sir, you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians; you'll have your daughter cover'd with a barbary horſe, you'll have your nephews neigh to you, you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Jago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Jago. You are a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
‡ If't be your pleaſure and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o'th' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a *Gundalier*,
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſawcy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That from the ſenſe of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger,
Of here and every where; ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelf.
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,

Let

‡ *The* 17 *following lines are added ſince the firſt edition, where after the words,* I beſeech you, *immediately follows* —— If ſhe be in her chamber, *&c.*

Let looſe on me the juſtice of the ſtate
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper ---- call up all my people, ----
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light!
Jago. Farewel; for I muſt leave you.
It ſeems not meet, nor wholſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I ſtay, I ſhall)
Againſt the Moor. For I do know, the ſtate,
However this may gall him with ſome check,
Cannot with ſafety caſt him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus* wars,
Which ev'n now ſtand in act, that for their ſouls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their buſineſs. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag and ſign of love,
(Which is indeed but ſign.) That you may ſurely find him,
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raiſed ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So farewel. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Brabantio *in his night-gown, and ſervants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is,
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is nought but bitterneſs. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, ſaiſt thou! who would be a father?
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? oh ſhe deceives me

Paſt

Paſt thought---- What ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers----
Raiſe all my kindred---- are they married, think you?
Rod. Truly I think they are.
Bra. Oh heaven! how gat ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters minds
By what you ſee them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?
Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my brothers; oh would you had had her!
Some one way, ſome another---- Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor?
Rod. I think I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you lead on. At every houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt; get weapons, hoa!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of[d] might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Othello, Jago, *and Attendants with torches.*

Jago. THO' in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o'th' conſcience
To do no contriv'd murther: I[e] lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me ſervice.---- Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. It's better as it is.

[d] *night.* ed prim. [e] *take.*

Jago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour,
That with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you faſt married? for be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what reſtraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t' enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his ſpight:
My ſervices, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate) I fetch life and being
From men of royal ſiege; and my demerits
May ſpeak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Jago*,
But that I love the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my unhouſed free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine,
For the ſeas worth. But look! what lights come yonder?

SCENE V.

Enter Caſſio *with torches.*

Jago. Thoſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.

Oth. Not I: I muſt be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect ſoul
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?

Jago. By *Janus*, I think no.

Oth. The ſervants of the duke, and my lieutenant:
The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends,
What is the news?

Caſ. The duke does greet you, General,
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte appearance,
Even on the inſtant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Caſ. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine:
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat. The gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night, at one anothers heels:
And many of the conſuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The ſenate ſent above three ſeveral queſts,
To ſearch you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit* Othello.

Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

Jago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrac;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caſ. I do not underſtand.

Jago. He's married.

Caſ. To whom?

Jago. Marry to----- Come, captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

SCENE VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with officers and torches.*

Jago. It is *Brabantio*; General be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Holla! ſtand there.
Rod Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief. [*They draw on both ſides.*
Jago. You *Rodorigo!* come, Sir, I am for you----
Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt 'em.
Good ſignior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief! where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid, ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
‡ Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth, with drugs or minerals,
That weaken motion: I'll have't diſputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuſer of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth.

‡ *The five following lines are not in the firſt edition.*

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To anſwer this your charge?

Bra. To priſon, 'till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct ſeſſion
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I obey?
How may the duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the ſtate,
To bring me to him.

Offi. True, moſt worthy ſignior,
The duke's in council, and your noble ſelf
I'm ſure is ſent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cauſe. The duke himſelf,
Or any of my brothers of the ſtate,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves and pagans ſhall our ſtateſmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Senate houſe.

Duke and Senators, ſet at a table with lights and attendants.

Duke. THERE is no compoſition in theſe news,
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they're diſproportion'd;

My

My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven gallies.
Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred;
But though they jump not on a juſt account,
(As in theſe caſes where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence,) yet they all confirm
A *Turkiſh* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus.*
Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment;
I do not ſo ſecure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve,
In fearful ſenſe.
Saylor within.] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Saylor.

Offi. A meſſenger from the gallies.
Duke. Now! ---- what's the buſineſs?
Sail. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes,*
So was I bid report here to the ſtate.
Duke. How ſay you by this change?
1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no aſſay of reaſon. 'Tis a pageant
To keep us in falſe gaze; when we conſider,
Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk,*
And let our ſelves again but underſtand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes,*
So may he with more fertile queſtion bear it,
‡ For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muſt not think the *Turk* is ſo unskilful,
To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt,
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitleſs.

Duke.

‡ *The 7 following lines are added ſince the firſt edition.*

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes.*
Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due courſe toward the iſle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet----
1 *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought; how many, as you gueſs?
Meſ. Of thirty ſail; and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward *Cyprus.* Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſervitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*:
Marcus Luccicos, is he not in town?
1 *Sen.* He's now in *Florence.*
Duke. Write from us, to him.
Poſt-haſte, diſpatch.
1 *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant Moor.

SCENE VIII.

To them, enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Jago, Rodorigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior,
We lackt your counſel, and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours; good your grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me. For my particular grief

Is

Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And yet is ſtill it ſelf.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh my daughter!----

Sen. Dead.

Bra. To me,
She is abus'd, ſtollen from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans witchcraft could not -----

Duke. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of her ſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall your ſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; though our proper ſon
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace,
Here is the man; this Moor, whom now it ſeems
Your ſpecial mandate, for the ſtate affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We're very ſorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you ſay to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave and reverend ſigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years pith,

'Till

'Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battel;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at it ſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on----
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs perfection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature, and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without [e] more certain and more overt teſt,
Than theſe thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern ſeeming do prefer againſt him.

1 *Sen.* But, *Othello*, ſpeak,
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

[e] *more wider and more over teſt.*

Oth. I beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
And let her ſpeak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The truſt, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you beſt know the place.
[*Exit* Jago.

And 'till ſhe come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello.*

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battels, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth ſcapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's hiſtory: ‡
Wherein of † antrées vaſt, and [f] deſarts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whoſe heads touch heav'n,

It

‡ *This line is reſtored from the old edition. It is in the reſt* — And portance in my travels hiſtory. Rymer *in his criticiſm on this play has chang'd it to* Portents, *inſtead of* Portance. † Antrées. *Fr.* Grottoes.

[f] *Deſarts* idle, *in the former editions; doubtleſs a corruption from* wilde.

It was my hint to ſpeak. * All theſe to hear,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively: I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of † ſighs:
She ſwore in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful----
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it,---- yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heav'n had made her ſuch a man----- ſhe thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

* It was my hint to ſpeak; ſuch was the proceſs;
And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi*; and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. Theſe to hear,
Would *Deſdemona &c.*

† *It was* kiſſes *in the later editions. But this is evidenly the true reading: the lady had been forward indeed, to give him a world of* kiſſes *upon the bare recital of his ſtory, nor does it agree with the following lines.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Deſdemona, Jago, *and attendants.*

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too----
Good *Brabantio*,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt.
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither, gentle miſtreſs,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you moſt owe obedience?

Deſ. Noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you. You're the lord of duty,
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband,
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Pleaſe it your grace, on to the ſtate affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with my heart
I would keep from thee. For your ſake, jewel,
I'm glad at ſoul I have no other child,

For

For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeak like your ſelf; and lay a ſentence,
Which, like a griſe, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour----
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We loſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile;
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he hears both the ſentence, and the ſorrow,
That to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruiz'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beſeech you proceed to th' affairs of ſtate.

Duke. The *Turk* with a moſt mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus: Othello*, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you. And though we have there a ſubſtitute of muſt allowed ſufficiency; yet opinion, a more ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you; you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the [g] gloſs of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition,

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel [h] couch of war

My

[g] *groſs.* [h] *coach.*

My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reverence of place and exhibition,
With ſuch accommodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a[i] charter in your voice
T'aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.

Duke. What would you, *Deſdemona?*

Def. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords; beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not.

To

[i] *character*.

To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat the young affects,
In my defunct and proper ſatisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good ſouls, that you think
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant
When ſhe is with me----- No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid*, [k] foil with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and offic'd inſtruments,
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs;
Let houſewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Or for her ſtay or going; th' affair cries haſte;
And ſpeed muſt anſwer. You muſt hence to-night.

Deſ. ‡ To-night, my lord, to-night?

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect
As doth import you.

Oth. Pleaſe your grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honeſty and truſt,)
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo;
Good-night to every one. And noble Signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, uſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra.

[k] *feel.* ‡ *added from the firſt edition.*

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou haſt eyes to ſee;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee. [*Exit*

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honeſt *Jago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the beſt advantage.
Come, *Deſdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter, and direction
To ſpeak with thee. We muſt obey the time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Manent Rodorigo *and* Jago.

Rod. Jago.

Jago. What ſayeſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkeſt thou?

Jago. Why, go to bed and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my ſelf.

Jago. If thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after. Why, thou ſilly gentleman!

Rod. It is ſillineſs to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a preſcription to dye, when death is our phyſician.

Jago. O villanous! I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown my ſelf for the love of a *Guinney*-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Jago. Virtue? a fig, 'tis in our ſelves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardiners. So that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettice; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs,

or

or diſtract it with many; either have it ſteril with idleneſs, or manured with induſtry; why the power and corrigible authority of this lyes in our will. If the ballance of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But we have reaſon, to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts; whereof I take this that you call love, to be a ſect, or ſyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Jago. It is meerly a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy ſelf? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profeſt me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving, with cables of perdurable toughneſs. I could never better ſteed thee than now. Put mony in thy purſe; follow thou theſe wars, † defeat thy favour with an uſurped beard; I ſay, put mony in thy purſe. It cannot be that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her love to the Moor----put mony in thy purſe----nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration,----but put mony in thy purſe.----Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills;---- fill thy purſe with mony. The food that to him now is as luſcious as locuſts, ſhall ſhortly be as bitter as coloquintida. She muſt change for youth; when ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the errors of her choice----Therefore put mony in thy purſe----If thou wilt needs damn thy ſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the mony thou canſt. If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and a ſuperſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make mony. A pox of drowning thy ſelf, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

† i e. *diſgrace thy features and make thy fair countenance grim with a falſe beard.*

Jago. Thou art ſure of me.---Go, make mony.---I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him. If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelf a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy mony. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'th' morning?

Jago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Jago. Go to, farewel. Do you hear, *Rodorigo!*

Rod. I'll ſell all my land. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Manet Jago.

Jago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,
If I ſhould time expend with ſuch a ſwain,
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office. I know not if't be true-----
But I, for meer ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well-----
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him;
Caſſio's a proper man: let me ſee now,
To get this place, and to plume up my will
A double knavery-----How? how?-----let's ſee-----
After ſome time, t'abuſe *Othello*'s ears,
That he is too familiar with his wife-----
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.

The

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt that but ſeem to be ſo,
And will as tenderly be led by th' noſe
As aſſes are:
I have't ----- it is ingendred ----- Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Capital City of Cyprus.

Enter Montano *Governor of* Cyprus, *and Gentlemen.*

MONTANO.

WHAT from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the [a] heavens and the main
Deſcry a ſail. [land;

Mont. Methinks the wind hath ſpoke aloud at
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,
What ribs of oak, when [b] the huge mountains melt,
Can hold the morties? what ſhall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A ſegregation of the *Turkiſh* fleet;
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,
The chiding billows ſeem to pelt the clouds,
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever [c] fired pole;

[a] haven, *ed prim.* [b] *mountains melt on them.* [c] *fixed.*

I never did like moleſtation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkiſh* fleet
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd:
It is impoſſible to bear it out.

SCENE II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, [d] lords, our wars are done:
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the *Turks*,
That their deſignment halts. Another ſhip of *Venice*
Hath ſeen a grievous wrack and ſufferance
On moſt part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ſhip is here put in;
A *Veroneſſo*, *Michael Caſſio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on ſhore; the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſs, yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.

Mont. Pray heav'ns he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea-ſide,
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even 'till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indiſtinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do ſo;

For

[d] *lads.*

For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

SCENE III.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſ. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor: oh let the heav'ns
Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea.
Mont. Is he well ſhipp'd?
Caſ. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
Within.] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!
Caſ. What noiſe?
Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'th' ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry a ſail.
Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the governor.
Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſie:
Our friends at leaſt.
Caſ. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*
Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' eſſential veſture of creation
Do's bear all excellency-----

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Jago*, Ancient to the general.

Caſ. H'as had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed;
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,
(Traitors † enſteep'd to clog the guiltleſs keel,)
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting ſafe go by
The divine *Deſdemona*.

Mont. What is ſhe?

Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great captain's captain:
Left in the conduct of the bold *Jago*,
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſennight's ſpeed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard,
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in *Deſdemona*'s arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguiſh'd ſpirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort -----

SCENE V.

Enter Deſdemona, Jago, Rodorigo, *and* Æmilia.

O behold!
The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.

Deſ.

† *qu. if* enur'd.

Def. I thank you, valiant *Caſſio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.
Def. O but I fear-----how loſt you company?
Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and skies
Parted our fellowſhip. But hark, a ſail!
Within.] A ſail, a ſail!
Gent. They give this greeting to the cittadel:
This likewiſe is a friend.
Caſ. See for the news:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, miſtreſs.
[*To* Æmilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good *Jago*,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſie.
Jago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.
Def. Alas! ſhe has no ſpeech.
Jago. In faith, too much;
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep;
Marry before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Jago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your huſwifery, and houſwives in your beds.
Def. Oh fie upon thee, ſlanderer.
Jago. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turk*;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.
Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe. *Jago.*

Jago. No, let me not.

Deſ. What wouldſt thou write of me, if thou ſhouldſt praiſe me?

Jago. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Deſ. Come, one aſſay. There's one gone to the harbour----

Jago. Ay, madam.

Deſ. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe;
Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?

Jago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks out brains and all. But my muſe labours, and thus ſhe is delivered.

If ſhe be fair and wiſe, fairneſs and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

Deſ. Well prais'd; how if ſhe be black and witty?

Jago. *If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,*
She'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit.

Deſ. Worſe and worſe.

Æmil. How if fair and fooliſh?

Jago. *She never yet was fooliſh that was fair,*
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.

Deſ. Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'th' alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Jago. *There's none ſo foul and fooliſh thereunto,*
But does foul pranks, which fair and wiſe ones do.

Deſ. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice it ſelf? Jago.

Jago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
See ſuitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever ſuch wight were)

Deſ. To do what?

Jago. *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*

Deſ. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion! do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy husband. How ſay you, *Caſſio*, is he not a moſt profane and liberal counſellor?

Caſ. He ſpeaks home, madam, you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier, than in the ſcholar.

Jago. [*Aſide.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well ſaid------ whiſper----- With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a fly as *Caſſio*. Ay, ſmile upon her, do----I will † gyve thee in thine own courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo indeed---If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had nor kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the Sir in. Very good----well kiſs'd and excellent curteſie----'tis ſo indeed----Yet again----your fingers to your lips? would they were cliſter-pipes for your ſake.

[*Trumpet.*

The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Caſ. 'Tis truly ſo.

Deſ. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caſ. Lo, where he comes!

† or *catch, ſhackle.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!
Def. My dear *Othello.*
Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. My ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n. If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy; for I fear
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Def. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould increaſe,
Ev'n as our days do grow.
Oth. Amen to that, ſweet powers!
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this and this the greateſt diſcords be [*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our hearts ſhall make.
Jago. Oh you are well-tun'd now; but I'll let down the pegs that make this muſick, as honeſt as I am. [*Aſide.*
Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle?
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongſt them. Oh my ſweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote

In

In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Jago*,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers:
Bring thou the maſter to the cittadel,
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect. Come, *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*. [*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

SCENE VII.

Manent Jago *and* Rodorigo.

Jago. Do you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt valiant; as they ſay, baſe men being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them---liſt me; the lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee this: *Deſdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not poſſible.

Jago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies. And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating? let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be a game to inflame it, and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite; lovelineſs in favour, ſympathy in years, manners, and beauties: all which the Moor is defective in. Now for want of theſe requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find it ſelf abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor; very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Caſſio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conſcionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and hu-

man ſeeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affection? a ſlippery and ſubtile knave, a finder of occaſions, that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never preſent it ſelf. A deviliſh knave! beſides, the knave is handſom, young, and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A peſtilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Jago. Bleſs'd figs end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moor: bleſs'd pudding! didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſie.

Jago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue to the hiſtory of luſt, and foul thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, *Rodorigo!* when theſe [d] mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter, and main exerciſe th' incorporate concluſion: piſh---But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Jago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden in choler: and happily may ſtrike at you. Provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cauſe thoſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by diſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them: And the impediments moſt profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our proſperity. *Rod.*

[d] *mutabilities.*

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Jago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the cittadel. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Manet Jago.

Jago. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe:
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to *Deſdemona*
A moſt dear husband. Now I love her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, (though peradventure
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect the luſty Moor
Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thought whereof
Doth, like a poiſonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, or ſhall content my ſoul
'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife:
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At leaſt into a jealouſie ſo ſtrong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor traſh of *Venice*, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on;
I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moor in the [c] right garb,
(For I fear *Caſſio* with my night-cap too,)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs,
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,

Even

[c] *rank*. ed. prim.

Even to madneſs. 'Tis here---- but yet confus'd,
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen, 'till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

The STREET.

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. IT is *Othello*'s pleaſure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkiſh* fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph: Some to dance, ſome to make bonefires, each man to what ſport and revels his mind leads him. For beſides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feaſting, from this preſent hour of five, 'till the bell have toll'd eleven.
Bleſs the iſle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello*. [*Exit.*

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good *Michael*, look you to the guard to-night.
Let's teach our ſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.
Caſ. Jago hath direction what to do:
But notwithſtanding with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.
Oth. Jago is moſt honeſt:
Michael, good night. To-morrow with your earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchace made, the fruits are to enſue,
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night. [*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Enter

Enter Jago.

Caſ. Welcome, *Jago*; we muſt to the watch.

Jago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock. Our General caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona:* whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made the wanton night with her: and ſhe is ſport for *Jove.*

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite lady.

Jago. And I'll warrant her full of game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Jago. What an eye ſhe has? methinks it ſounds a parley to provocation.

Caſ. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modeſt.

Jago. And when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Jago. Well, happineſs to their ſheets: come, lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of black *Othello.*

Caſ. Not to-night, good *Jago:* I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wiſh courteſie would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Jago. Oh, they our are friends: but one cup, I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakneſs with any more.

Jago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Jago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

Caſ. I'll do't, but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Jago. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,

With

With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young miſtreſs's dog. ----
Now, my ſick fool, *Rodorigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,
That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very elements of this warlike iſle,
Have I to-night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
[f] And they watch too. Now 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Caſſio* in ſome action
That may offend the iſle. But here they come.
If conſequence do but approve my dream,
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

SCENE X.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, *and Gentlemen.*

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouſe already.

Mont. Good faith a little one: not paſt a pint, as I am a ſoldier.

Jago. Some wine ho! [Jago *ſings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A ſoldier's a man; oh man's life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent ſong.

Jago. I learn'd it in *England:* where indeed they are moſt potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your ſwag-belly'd *Hol-*

[f] *and the watch too.* ed. prim.

Hollander, --- drink ho ---- are nothing to your *Engliſh*.

Caſ. Is your *Engliſhman* ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Jago. Why he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He [5] ſweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant: and I'll do you juſtice.

Jago. Oh ſweet *England*.

King Stephen *was and-a worthy peer,*
His breeches coſt him but a crown,
He held them ſix pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown:

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
And take thy old cloak about thee.

Some wine ho.

Caſ. Why this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Jago. Will you hear't again?

Caſ. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things. Well ---- Heaven's above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Jago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, (no offence to the General, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be ſaved.

Jago. And ſo do I too, lieutenant.

Caſ. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive our ſins ------ gentlemen let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my Ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am

[5] *ſwears not.*

not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Manent Jago *and* Montano.

Mont. To the platform, maſters, come, let's ſee the watch.

Jago. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give direction. And do but ſee his vice,
'Tis to his virtues a juſt equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear the truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Jago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Jago. How now, *Rodorigo!*
I pray you after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit* Rod.

Mont. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a place as his own ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;

It

It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo
Unto the Moor,

Jago. Not I, for this fair iſland;
I do love *Caſſio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noiſe?

Re-enter Caſſio *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!----

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Caſ. A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me-----

Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue?

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant? [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Caſ. Let me go, Sir, or I'll [h] knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Caſ. Drunk?--- [*They fight.*

Jago. Away I ſay, go out and cry a mutiny. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Nay, good lieutenant---- Alas, gentlemen----
Help ho!----Lieutenant---- Sir, *Montano*----
Help maſters! here's a goodly watch indeed----
Who's that who rings the bell---- diablo, ho! [*Bell rings.*
The town will riſe. Fie, fie, lieutenant!
You will be ſham'd for ever.

SCENE XII.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Oth. Hold for your lives.

Jago. Hold ho! lieutenant---Sir---*Montano*---Gentlemen---

[h] *know.*

Have you forgot all place of ſenſe and duty?
The General ſpeaks to you---hold, hold, for ſhame---
Oth. Why how now ho? from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks?* and to our ſelves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites?*
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter?
Honeſt *Jago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak: who began this? on thy love I charge thee.
Jago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Diveſting them for bed; and then, but now----
As if ſome planet had unwitted men,
Sword out, and tilting one at other's breaſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I can't ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds,
And would in action glorious I had loſt
Thoſe legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.
Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil:
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.
Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, *Jago*, can inform you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,

Of

Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night,
Unleſs ſelf-charity be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend our ſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.
Oth. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule,
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment choler'd,
Aſſays to lead the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began? who ſet it on?
And he that is approv'd in his offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me both at a birth,
Shall loſe me. What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domeſtick quarrel?
In night, and on the court and guard of ſafety?
'Tis monſtrous. Say *Jago*, who began't?
Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.
Jago. Touch me not ſo near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould do offence to *Michael Caſſio.*
Yet I perſwade my ſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and my ſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Caſſio* following with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Caſſio*, and intreats his pauſe;
My ſelf the crying fellow did purſue;

Leſt

Left by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe: I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath; which 'till to-night
I ne'er might ſay before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them cloſe together
At blow and thruſt, even as again they were
When you your ſelf did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget;
Tho' *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet ſurely *Caſſio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.
Oth. I know, *Jago*,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*. *Caſſio* I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Deſdemona *attended.*

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.
Deſ. What's the matter?
Oth. All is well, ſweeting; come, away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, my ſelf will be your ſurgeon.
Lead him off:
Jago, look with care about the town,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.
Come, *Deſdemona*, 'tis the ſoldier's life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Manent Jago *and* Caſſio.

Jago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Caſ. Paſt all ſurgery.

Jago. Marry, heav'n forbid.

Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part of my ſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My reputation, *Jago*, my reputation ----

Jago. As I am an honeſt man, I had thought you had received ſome bodily wound; there is more[i] ſenſe in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute your ſelf ſuch a loſer. What man----there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice, even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk? and ſpeak, parrot? and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with ones own ſhadow? oh thou inviſible ſpirit of wine! if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Jago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? what had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Jago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel and applauſe, transform our ſelves into beaſts. *Jago.*

i *offence* ed. prim.

Jago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Caſ. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelf.

Jago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befaln: but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will ask him for my place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard? had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt. Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Jago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more againſt it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Jago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do: our General's wife is now the General. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and devotement of her parts and graces. Confeſs your ſelf freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken joint between you and her husband, intreat her to ſplinter. And my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Jago. I proteſt in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely: and betimes in the morning I will beſeech the virtuous *Deſdemona* to undertake for me: I am deſperate

ſperate of my fortunes, if they check me.

Jago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good night, honeſt *Jago.* [*Exit* Caſſio.

SCENE XIV.

Manet Jago.

Jago. And what's he then, that ſays I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Likely to thinking, and indeed the courſe
To win the Moor again. For 'tis moſt eaſie
Th' inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt ſuit: ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the God
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To counſel *Caſſio* to this parallel courſe,
Directly to his good? 'Tis hell's divinity:
When devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heav'nly ſhews,
As I do now. For while this honeſt fool
Plies *Deſdemona* to repair his fortune,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this peſtilence into his ear,
That ſhe repeals him for her body's luſt:
And by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,

And out of her own goodneſs make the net
That ſhall † enmeſh them all. How now, *Rod'rigo!*

SCENE XV.

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My mony is almoſt ſpent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the iſſue will be, I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains; and ſo with no mony at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice.*

Jago. How poor are they that have not patience?
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that ſmall hurt haſt caſhier'd *Caſſio.*
Tho' other things grow fair againſt the ſun,
Yet fruits that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe:
Content thy ſelf a while. In troth 'tis morning;
Pleaſure and action make the hours ſeem ſhort.
Retire thee; go where thou art billetted:
Away, I ſay, thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done;
My wife muſt move for *Caſſio* to her miſtreſs:
I'll ſet her on to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Caſſio* find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:
Dull not device, by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT

† en-meſh. *a metaphor from taking birds in* meſhes.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Othello's *Palace.*

Enter Caſſio, *Muſicians, and Clown.*

CASSIO.

MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains, Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow, General.

Clown. Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been in *Naples*, that they ſpeak i'th' noſe thus?

Muſ. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are theſe, I pray you, wind inſtruments?

Muſ. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind inſtrument that I know. But, maſters, here's mony for you: and the General ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you for loves ſake to make no noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again. But, as they ſay, to hear muſick, the General does not greatly care.

Muſ. We have none ſuch, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go, vaniſh into air, away. [*Exit* Muſ.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear me, mine honeſt friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets, there's a poor peice of gold for

thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the General's wife be ſtirring, tell her there's one *Caſſio* entreats of her a little favour of ſpeech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is ſtirring, Sir, if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notifie unto her. [*Exit* Clown.

Caſ. Do my good friend.

To him enter Jago.

In happy time, *Jago.*

Jago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caſ. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted.
I have made bold to ſend in to your wife;
My ſuit is, that ſhe will to *Deſdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Jago. I'll ſend her preſently:
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

To him enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will ſure be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it:
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly. The Moor replies;
That he you hurt is of great fame is *Cyprus,*
And great affinity; and that in wiſdom
He might not but refuſe you. But he proteſts he loves you,
And needs no other ſuitor but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Caſ. Yet, I beſeech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,

Give

Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With *Deſdemona* alone.
Æmil. Pray you come in,
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your boſom freely.
Caſ. I'm much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Othello, Jago, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe letters give, *Jago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the ſenate;
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.
Jago. My good lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, ſhall we ſee't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment.

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd, good *Caſſio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Æmil. Good madam, do: I know it grieves my husband
As if the cauſe were his.
Deſ. Oh that's an honeſt fellow; doubt not, *Caſſio*,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Caſ. Moſt bounteous madam,
Whatever ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio*,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.
Deſ. I know't, I thank you; you do love my lord,

You've

You've known him long, and be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politick diſtance.
Caſ. Ay, but lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed it ſelf ſo out of circumſtances,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My General will forget my love and ſervice.
Deſ. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article. My lord ſhall never reſt,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Caſſio*'s ſuit: therefore be merry, *Caſſio*,
For thy ſollicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

SCENE IV.

Enter Othello *and* Jago.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Deſ. Why ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at eaſe.
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Deſ. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.
Jago. Hah? I like not that.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Jago. Nothing, my lord; or if----I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſſio* parted from my wife?

Jago.

Jago. Caſſio, my lord? no ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I believe 'twas he.
Def. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Def. Why your lieutenant *Caſſio.* Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face.
I pr'ythee call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Def. In ſooth, ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To ſuffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, ſweet *Deſdemona,* ſome other time.
Def. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. Sooner, ſweet, for you.
Def. Shall't be to-night, at ſupper?
Oth. Not to-night.
Def. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Def. Why then to-morrow night, or *Tueſday* morn,
Or *Tueſday* noon, or night, or *Wedneſday* morn.
I pr'ythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith he's penitent:
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that they ſay the wars muſt make example,

Out

Out of their beſt,) is not almoſt a fault
T'incurr a private check. When ſhall he come?
Tell me, *Othello.* I wonder in my ſoul
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo [a] mutt'ring on? what? *Michael Caſſio!* ----
That came a wooing with you, and many a time
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? truſt me, I could do much ----

Oth. Pr'ythee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Deſ. Why, this is not a boon:
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing meats, or keep you warm;
Or ſue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my ſelf.

Deſ. Shall I deny you? no: farewel, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Deſdemona*, I'll come ſtraight.

Deſ. *Æmilia*, come; be as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be. I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

* SCENE V.

Manent Othello *and* Jago.

Oth. Excellent wretch! perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Jago.

[a] *mamm'ring.*

Jago. My noble lord.

Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Jago?*

Jago. Did *Michael Caſſio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did from firſt to laſt; why doſt thou ask?

Jago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Jago?*

Jago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh yes, and went between us very oft.

Jago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou ought of that?
Is he not honeſt?

Jago. Honeſt, my lord?

Oth. Honeſt? ay, honeſt.

Jago. My lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What doſt thou think?

Jago. Think, my lord!----

Oth. Think, my lord! why by heav'n, thou eccho'ſt me;
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, thou lik'dſt not that,----
When *Caſſio* left my wife. What did'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing; thou cry'dſt, *indeed?*
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou doſt love me
Shew me thy thought.

Jago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou doſt:
And for I know thou'rt full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,

Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but in a man that's juſt,
They're [b] cloſe denotements working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.

Jago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.

Oth. I think ſo too.

Jago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeem none.

Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.

Jago. Why, then I think *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this,
I pray thee ſpeak to me as to [c] thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate, and give thy worſt of thoughts,
The worſt of words.

Jago. Good, my lord, pardon me.
[d] Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that, all ſlaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts! --- Why ſay they're vile and falſe?
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets and law-days, and in ſeſſions ſit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, *Jago*,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Jago. I do beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueſs,
(As I confeſs it is my nature's plague
To ſpie into abuſe, and oft my jealouſie
Shapes faults that are not,) I intreat you then

From

[b] *cold dilations.* [c] *my* [d] *I am not bound*

From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Your wiſdom would not build your ſelf a trouble
Out of [e] my ſcattering and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty and wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Jago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.
' Who ſteals my purſe ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething, nothing;
' 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
' But he that filches from me my good name,
' Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
' And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts----

Jago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Jago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealouſie,
It is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. Oh miſery!

Jago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.
Good heaven! the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſie.

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou I'd make a life of jealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon,

[e] *his.*

With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exufflicate and blown ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits, will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt,
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, *Jago*,
I'll ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealouſie.

Jago. I'm glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*,
Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor ſecure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhew their husbands; their beſt conſcience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Jago. She did deceive her father, marrying you,
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Jago. Go to then;
She that ſo young could give out ſuch a ſeeming

To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak----
He thought 'twas witchcraft----but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.
Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.
Jago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Jago. Truſt me, I fear it has:
I hope you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But I do ſee you're mov'd----
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.
Oth. I will not.
Jago. Should you do ſo, my lord,
My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Caſſio*'s my worthy friend.
My lord, I ſee you're mov'd ---
Oth. No, not much mov'd----
I do not think but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Jago. Long live ſhe ſo; and long live you to think ſo.
Oth. And yet how nature erring from it ſelf----
Jago. Ay, there's the point;----as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her, tho' I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And haply ſo repent.

Oth.

Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t'obſerve. Leave me, *Jago.*
Jago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?
This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.
Jago. My lord, I would I might intreat your honour
To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his place,
For ſure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet if you pleaſe to put him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunity,
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have to fear I am,)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Jago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learn'd ſpirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
†Tho' that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers have; or for I am declin'd

Into

† *A metaphor taken from falconry.* Jeſſes *are the ſtrings they hold a hawk by.*

Into the vale of years, yet that's not much ----
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loath her. Oh the curſe of marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others uſe. Yet 'tis the plague of great-ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe;
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable like death.
Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. *Deſdemona* comes!

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, oh then heav'n mocks it ſelf?
I'll not believe't.

Def. How now, my dear *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous iſlanders,
By you invited, do attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Def. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little; [*She drops her handkerchief.*
Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Def. I am very ſorry that you are not well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Manet Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it. But ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't *Jago*; what he'll do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſie.

Enter Jago.

Jago. How now? what do you here alone?
Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Jago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing----
Æmil. Ha?
Jago. To have a fooliſh wife.
Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?
Jago. What handkerchief?
Æmil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor firſt gave to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.
Jago. Haſt ſtollen it from her?
Æmil. No; but ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to th' advantage, I being here, took't up:
Look, here 'tis.
Jago. A good wench, give it me.

Æmil.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been ſo earneſt to have me filch it?

Jago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Æmil. If't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.

Jago. Be not you known on't:
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me ----- [*Exit* Æmilia.
I will in *Caſſio*'s lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong,
As proofs of holy writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my poiſons:
‡ Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poiſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur. ---I did ſay ſo.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowſie ſyrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep,
Which thou hadſt yeſterday.

Oth. Ha! falſe to me!

Jago. Why, how now, General; no more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone; thou'ſt ſet me on the rack:
I ſwear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Jago. How, my lord?

Oth. What ſenſe had I, in her ſtol'n hours of luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;

‡ *This line, reſtored from the firſt edition, compleats the ſenſe.*

I ſlept the next night well; was free and merry;
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Jago. I am ſorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh farewel!
Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And oh you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello*'s occupation's gone!

Jago. Is't poſſible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be ſure thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it: give me the ocular proof, [*Catching hold on him.*
Or by the worth of [f] mine eternal ſoul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Jago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee't, or at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

Jago. My noble lord----

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorſe;
On horrors head, horrors acccumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;

For

[f] man's, *in the firſt edition.*

For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Jago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you are a man? have you a ſoul? or ſenſe?
God be wi' you: take mine o ffice. Wretched fool,
That [g] liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!
Oh monſtrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay ſtay---- thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt----

Jago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes what it works for.

‡ *Oth.* By the world,
I think my wife is honeſt, and think ſhe is not;
I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof. [h] Her name, that was as freſh
As *Dian*'s viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſteams,
I'll not endure't. Would I were ſatisfied!

Jago. I ſee Sir, you are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Jago. And may; but how? how ſatisfied, my lord?
Would you [i] be ſuperviſor, groſly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Jago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do ſee them bolſter
More than their own. What then? how then?

[g] *loveſt.* ‡ *this ſpeech not in the firſt edit.* [h] *my name* [i] *the ſuper-viſion.*

What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you ſatisfaction, you might have't.
Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.
Jago. I do not like the office;
But ſith I'm entred in this cauſe ſo far,
Prick'd to't by fooliſh honeſty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep-----
There are a kind of men, ſo looſe of ſoul
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Caſſio:*
In ſleep I heard him ſay, Sweet *Deſdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry---- oh ſweet creature! and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluckt up kiſſes by the roots
And grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh and kiſs, and then
Cry, curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor.
Oth. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous!
Jago. This was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion,
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.
Jago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to peices.

Jago.

Iago. Nay but be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.
Iago. I know not that; but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I'm ſure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that------
Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.
Oth. Oh that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I ſee 'tis true. ---- Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone; -----
Ariſe black vengeance from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! ſwell boſom with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aſpicks tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood------
Iago. Patience I ſay; your mind may change.
Oth. Never, *Iago.* ‡ Like the *Pontick* ſea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Helleſpont:*
Even ſo my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up---- Now by yond marble heav'n;
In the due rev'rence of a ſacred vow; [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words ------ *Iago.*

‡ *This ſimile is omitted in the firſt edition: I think it ſhould be ſo, as an unnatural excurſion in this place.*

Jago. Do not riſe yet: [Jago *kneels.*
Witneſs you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witneſs, that here *Jago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s ſervice. Let him command,
[k] Not to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody buſineſs ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.

Jago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your requeſt. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh damn her, damn her!
Come go with me apart, I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Jago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Clown.*

Deſ. DO you know, ſirrah, where lieutenant *Caſſio* lyes?

Clown. I dare not ſay he lies any where.

Deſ. Why man?

Clown. He's a ſoldier, and for me to ſay a ſoldier lies, 'tis ſtabbing.

Deſ. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay he lyes here, or he lyes there, were to lie in mine own throat. *Deſ.*

[k] *and to obey.*

Def. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him, that is make queſtions, and by them anſwer.

Def. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compaſs of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it. [*Exit Clown.*

Def. Where ſhould I loſe the handkerchief, *Æmilia?*

Æmil. I know not, madam.

Def. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Def. Who he? I think the Sun where he was born
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Def. I will not leave him now, 'till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

SCENE X.

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh hardneſs to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona*?

Def. Well, my lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moiſt, my lady.

Def. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moiſt----this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout,

For

For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.
Def. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Def. I cannot ſpeak of this; come, now your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe, chuck?
Def. I've ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeak with you.
Oth. I have a ſalt and ſorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Def. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Def. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?----
Def. No indeed, my lord.
Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, ſubdue my father
Intirely to her love; but if ſhe loſt it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his ſpirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did ſo, and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To looſe't or give't away, were ſuch perdition
As nothing elſe could match.
Def. Is't poſſible?
Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it;

A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world
The ſun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſow'd the work:
The worms were hallowed, that did breed the ſilk,
And it was dy'd in mummey, which the skilful
Conſerv'd of maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed! is't true!

Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well.

Def. Then would to heav'n, that I had never ſeen't.

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?

Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out o'th' way?

Def. Bleſs us!-----

Oth. Say you?

Def. It is not loſt; but what and if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Def. I ſay it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.

Def. Why ſo I can, Sir, but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my ſuit,
Pray you let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief---my mind miſgives----

Def. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more ſufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief-----

Def. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief-----

Def. Inſooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away. [*Exit* Othello.

SCENE XI.

Manent Desdemona *and* Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:
They are but stomachs, and we all but food,
They eat us hungerly, and when they're full
They belch us. Look you! *Cassio*, and my husband.

Enter Jago, *and* Cassio.

Jago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't;
And lo, the happiness! go and importune her.
Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again;
But to know so, must be my benefit;
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other course,
To fortune's arms.
Des. Alas! thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;

My

My lord is not my lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure
For my free ſpeech. You muſt a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for my ſelf I dare. Let that ſuffice you.

Jago. Is my lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And certainly in ſtrange unquietneſs.

Jago. Can he be angry? I have ſeen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the devil from his very arm
Puft his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Manent Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and* Caſſio.

Def. I pr'ythee do ſo. Something ſure of ſtate,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonſtrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath pudled his clear ſpirit; and in ſuch caſes,
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n ſo.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a ſenſe
Of pain. Nay, we muſt think men are not Gods,
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance always,
As fits the bridal. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was, unhandſome warrior as I am,

Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.
Æmil. Pray heav'n it be
State-matter, as you think, and no conception
Nor jealous toy concerning you.
Deſ. Alas-the-day, I never give him cauſe.
Æmil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for a cauſe,
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monſter
Begot upon it ſelf, born on it ſelf.
Deſ. Heav'n keep that monſter from *Othello*'s mind!
Æmil. Lady, amen.
Deſ. I will go ſeek him. *Caſſio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek t' effect it to my uttermoſt.
Caſ. I humbly thank your ladyſhip. [*Ex.* Deſdem. *and* Æmil.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you, friend *Caſſio*.
Caſ. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair *Bianca?*
Indeed, ſweet love, I was coming to your houſe.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Caſſio*.
' What? keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
' Eightſcore eight hours? and lover's abſent hours,
' More tedious than the dial, eightſcore times?
' Oh weary reck'ning!
Caſ. Pardon me, *Bianca:*
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſt,
But I ſhall in a more[a] convenient time

Strike

[a] *continuate.*

Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca*,
[*Giving her* Deſdemona's *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt abſence, now I feel a cauſe:
Is't come to this? well, well.

Caſ. Go to, woman;
Throw your vile gueſſes in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance?
No, in good troth, *Bianca.*

Bian. Why, whoſe is it?

Caſ. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Caſ. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh
To have him ſee me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Caſ. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me;
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night?

Caſ. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll ſee you ſoon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I muſt be circumſtanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Rome of State.

Enter Othello, *and* Jago.

JAGO.

ILL you think ſo?

Oth. Think ſo, *Jago?*

Jago. What, to kiſs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſs?

Jago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Jago*, and not mean harm?
' It is hypocriſie againſt the devil:
' They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
' The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.

Jago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief------

Oth. What then?

Jago. Why then, 'tis her's, my lord, and being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.

Oth She is protectreſs of her honour too;
May ſhe give that?

Jago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the handkerchief----

Oth. By heav'n I would moſt gladly have forgot it;
Thou ſaidſt,---- oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected houſe,

Boading

Boading to all,----he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not ſo good now.

Iago. What if I ſaid, I'ad ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay, as knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
Convinced or ſupplied them, cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. Why, that he did-----I know not what he did-----

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lye------

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? on her----what you will----

Oth. Lye with her! lye on her! lye with her! that's fulſom: handkerchief----Confeſſions------Handkerchief------ * I tremble at it------Nature would not inveſt her ſelf in ſuch ſhadowing without ſome inſtruction. It is not wtords that ſhake me thus----piſh----Noſes, ears, and lips-----is't poſſible!----confeſs!-----handkerchief!----Oh devil------ [*Falls in a Trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine works! thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſt dames even thus
All guiltleſs meet reproach. What hoa! my lord!
My lord, I ſay, *Othello.*

* Handkerchief——to confeſs, and be hang'd for his labour——Firſt, to be hang'd, and then to confeſs—— *No hint of this traſh in the 1ſt edit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Caſſio.

How now, *Caſſio?*

Caſ. What's the matter?

Jago. My lord is faln into an epilepſie,
This is the ſecond fit; he had one yeſterday.

Caſ. Rub him about the temples.

Jago. No, forbear,
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs:---- look, he ſtirs.
Do you withdraw your ſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you. [*Exit* Caſſio.
How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doſt thou mock me?

Jago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortune like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monſter and a beaſt.

Jago. There's many a beaſt then in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.

Oth. Did he confeſs it?

Jago. Good Sir, be a man:
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lye in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar. Your caſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure couch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſt. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.

Jago.

Jago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelf but in a patient liſt.
Whilſt you were here, o'er-whelmed with your grief
(A paſſion moſt [a] unfitting ſuch a man)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſes on your ecſtaſie;
Bad him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your ſelf,
And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I ſay, but mark his geſture. Marry patience,
Or I ſhall ſay you're all in all in ſpleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doſt thou hear, *Jago*,
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But, doſt thou hear, moſt bloody.

Jago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[Othello *withdraws.*

Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A huſwife, that by ſelling her deſires,
Buys her ſelf bread and cloth. It is a creature
That dotes on *Caſſio*, as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter. Here he comes.

[a] *reſulting.*

SCENE III.

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh jealouſie muſt conſtrue
Poor *Caſſio*'s ſmiles, geſtures and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?
Caſ. The worſer, that you gave me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.
Jago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this ſute lay in *Bianca*'s [b] power, [*Speaking lower.*
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?
Caſ. Alas, poor caitiff.
Oth. Look how he laughs already.
Jago. I never knew a woman love man ſo.
Caſ. Alas, poor rogue, I think indeed ſhe loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.
Jago. Do you hear, *Caſſio?*
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to, well ſaid, well ſaid.
Jago. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her.
Do you intend it?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Do ye triumph, *Roman?* do you triumph?
Caſ. I marry!----What? a cuſtomer? pr'ythee bear ſome charity to my wit, do not think it ſo unwholſome. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. So, ſo: they laugh that win.
Jago. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.
Caſ. Pr'ythee ſay true.
Jago. I am a very villain elſe.
Oth. Have you ſcoar'd me? well.

Caſ.

[b] *dower.*

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſwaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Jago beckons me: now he begins the ſtory.

Caſ. She was here even now; ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the ſea bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck--

Oth. Crying, oh dear *Caſſio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, ſo ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha-----

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to.

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Jago. Before me; look where ſhe comes.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another † fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one: What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his damn haunt you; what did you mean by that ſame handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I muſt take out the work? a likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome minxe's token, and I muſt take out the work? there, give it your hobbey-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet *Bianca?* how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief.

Bian. If you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Jago. After her, after her.

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreets elſe.

† *Fitchew*, a pole-cat.

Jago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Jago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee come, will you?

Jago. Go to, ſay no more. [*Exit* Caſſio.

SCENE V.

Manent Othello *and* Jago.

Oth. How ſhall I murther him, *Jago?*

Jago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Jago!*-----

Jago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Jago. Yours, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife-----She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:
A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!----

Jago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to-night, for ſhe ſhall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter creature----She might lye by an emperor's ſide, and command him tasks.

Jago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is----ſo delicate with her needle----An admirable muſician. Oh, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear: of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!

Jago. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times:
And then of ſo gentle condition!-----

Jago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain. But

But yet the pity of it, *Iago*---- Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*--

Iago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon, *Iago*, this night. I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poiſon, ſtrangle her in her bed,
Even in the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.

Iago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his undertaker:
You ſhall hear more by midnight.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good---- what trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. I warrant ſomething from *Venice*.
'Tis *Lodovico*; this comes from the Duke.
See, your wife's with him.

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and the ſenators of *Venice* greet you.
[*Gives him a Letter.*

Oth. I kiſs the inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the news, good couſin *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to ſee you, ſignior.
Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Caſſio*?

Iago.

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Def. Couſin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that?

Def. My lord.

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will----

Lod. He did not call; he's buſie in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt my lord and *Caſſio?*

Def. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
T'atone them, for the love I bear to *Caſſio.*

Oth. Fire and brimſtone!

Def. My lord!

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Def. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him.
For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his government.

Def. Truſt me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Def. My lord!

Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.

Def. Why, ſweet *Othello?*

Oth. Devil!

Def. I have not deſerv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice,*
Though I ſhould ſwear I ſaw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop ſhe falls would prove a crocodile:
Out of my ſight----

Def. I will not ſtay t' offend you. [*Going.*

Lod. Truly an obedient lady:

I do beſeech your lordſhip call her back.

Oth. Miſtreſs.

Def. My lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my lord?

Oth. I! you did wiſh that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And ſhe can weep, Sir, weep;
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay obedient,
Very obedient----proceed you in your tears----
Concerning this, Sir,----oh well painted paſſion!---
I am commanded home----get you away,
I'll ſend for you anon----Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice*---Hence, avant!---- [*Exit* Deſd.
Caſſio ſhall have my place. And, Sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*----
Goats and Monkies! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Lodovico, *and* Jago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full ſenate
Call all-in-all ſufficient? this the nature
Which paſſion could not ſhake? whoſe ſolid virtue
The ſhot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Jago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not of light brain?

Jago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my cenſure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heav'n he were.

Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!

Jago.

Iago. 'Faith that was not ſo well; yet would I knew
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I'm ſorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

An Apartment.

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Oth. YOU have ſeen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and her together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What? did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o' th' way?
Æmil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Æmil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange!
Æmil. I durſt, my lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuſe your boſom.

If

If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the ſerpent's curſe;
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſt and true,
There's no man happy, the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit* Æmilia.
She ſays enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet-lock and key of villanous ſecrets;
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray; I've ſeen her do't.

SCENE IX.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Def. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Def. What is your pleaſure?

Oth. Let me ſee your eyes; look in my face.

Def. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs,
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door,
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.
Your myſtery, your myſtery; nay diſpatch. [*Exit* Æmilia.

Def. Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
‡ But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Def. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come ſwear it; damn thy ſelf; leſt being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themſelves ſhould fear to ſeize thee.
Therefore be double damn'd; ſwear thou art honeſt.

Def. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,

‡ *This line is added out of the firſt edition.*

That thou art falſe as hell.
Deſ. To whom, my lord?
With whom? how am I falſe?
Oth. Ah, *Deſdemon*, away, away, away----
Deſ. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of theſe tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do ſuſpect
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you've loſt him,
Why I have loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of ſcorn
To point his ſlow and moving finger at----
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence;
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in. Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd cherubin;
I here look grim as hell.
Deſ. I hope my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.
Oth. Oh ay, as ſummer-flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe akes at thee-----
Would thou had'ſt ne'er been born!

Deſ.

Def. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What, committed?
Committed? Oh, thou publick commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cynders burn up modeſty,
Did but I ſpeak thy deeds. What, committed?
Heav'n ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear't. What, committed?----
Def. By heav'n, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Def. No, as I am a chriſtian.
If to preſerve this veſſel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Def. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.
Oth. Is't poſſible?
Def. Oh heav'n forgive us.
Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*----

SCENE X.

Enter Æmilia.

You miſtreſs,
That have the office oppoſite to Saint *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay you!
We have done our courſe, there's mony for your pains;
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counſel. [*Exit. Æmil.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Def. Faith, half aſleep.
Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Def. With whom?
Æmil. Why, with my lord, madam?
Def. Who is thy lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, ſweet lady.
Def. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weep; nor anſwer have I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Pray to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets, remember
And call thy husband hither.
Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*
Def. 'Tis meet I ſhould be us'd ſo, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion of my leaſt miſuſe?

SCENE XI.

Enter Jago *and* Æmilia.

Jago. What is your pleaſure, madam? how is't with you?
Def. I cannot tell; thoſe that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſie tasks;
He might have chid me ſo: for in good faith
I am a child to chiding.
Jago. What's the matter, lady?
Æmil. Alas, *Jago*, my lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpight and heavy terms upon her
That true hearts cannot bear it.
Def. Am I that name, *Jago?*
Jago. What name, fair lady?
Def. Such as ſhe ſaid my lord did ſay I was.

Æmil.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callet.
Jago. Why did he ſo?
Deſ. I do not know; I'm ſure I am none ſuch.
Jago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the day!
Æmil. Hath ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Deſ. It is my wretched fortune.
Jago. Beſhrew him for't; how comes this trick upon him?
Deſ. Nay, heav'n doth know.
Æmil. I will be hang'd if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſie and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Has not devis'd this ſlander: I'll be hang'd elſe.
Jago. Fie, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.
Deſ. If any ſuch there be, heav'n pardon him.
Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones.
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likely-hood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the eaſt to th' weſt!
Jago. Speak within door.
Æmil. Oh fie upon them! Some ſuch 'ſquire he was
That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.
Jago. You are a fool; go to.
Deſ. Alas, *Jago.*
What ſhall I do to win my lord again?

Good

Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Or in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much,
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't ſay whore,
It do's abhor me now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

Jago. I pray you be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the ſtate do's him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Deſ. If 'twere no other----

Jago. It is but ſo, I warrant.
Hark how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper! [*Trumpets.*
The meſſenger of *Venice* ſtays the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.

[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

SCENE XII.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Jago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doſt'ſt me with ſome deviſe *Jago*, and rather, as it ſeems to me now, keep'ſt from me all conveniency, than

than ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſwaded to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

Jago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Jago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have waſted my ſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to *Deſdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votariſt. You have told me ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Jago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think it is ſcurvy; and begin to find my ſelf fob'd in it.

Jago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my ſelf known to *Deſdemona*: If ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſolicitation: if not, aſſure your ſelf I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Jago. You have ſaid now.

Rod. Ay, and ſaid nothing but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Jago. Why, now I ſee there's mettle in thee; and even from this inſtant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but I proteſt I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Jago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou haſt that in thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now

than

than ever (I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour) this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reaſon and compaſs?

Jago. Sir, there is eſpecial commiſſion come from *Venice* to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello*'s place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Jago. Oh no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Deſdemona*, unleſs his abode be lingred here by ſome accident. Wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Jago. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello*'s place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Jago. Ay, if you dare do your ſelf a profit, and a right. He ſups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think your ſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time; and the night grows to waſte. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Jago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, Sir, trouble your ſelf no further.
Oth. Oh pardon; 'twill do me good to walk.
Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyſhip.
Deſ. Your honour is moſt welcome.
Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh *Deſdemona!*----
Deſ. My lord.
Oth. Get you to bed on th' inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith; diſmiſs your attendant there; look't be done. [*Exit.*
Deſ. I will, my lord.
Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.
Deſ. He ſays he will return incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſs you.
Æmil. Diſmiſs me?
Deſ. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia,*
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.
Æmil. I would you had never ſeen him.
Deſ. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubborneſs, his checks, his frowns,
(Pr'ythee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.
Æmil. I have laid thoſe ſheets you bad me on the bed.
Deſ. All's one: good father! how fooliſh are our minds?
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee ſhroud me
In one of theſe ſame ſheets.
Æmil. Come, come; you talk.
Deſ. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara,*
She was in love, and he ſhe lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forſake her She had a ſong of willow,

An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That ſong to-night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one ſide,
And ſing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee diſpatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Deſ. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handſom man.

Deſ. He ſpeaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in *Venice* would have walk'd bare-foot to *Paleſtine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Deſ. *The poor ſoul ſat ſinging by a ſycamore tree,* [ſinging.
Sing all a green willow:
Her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The freſh ſtreams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoftned the ſtones;
Sing willow, &c.
Willow, willow. (Pr'ythee hye thee, he'll come anon)
Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.
Let no body blame him, his ſcorn I approve.
Nay that's not next---- Hark who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Deſ. *I call'd my love falſe love; but what ſaid he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.
So get thee gone, good-night; mine eyes do itch,
Doth that boad weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Deſ. I have heard it ſaid ſo; oh theſe men, theſe men!
Doſt thou in conſcience think, tell me *Æmilia*,

That

That there be women do abuſe their husbands
In ſuch groſs kind?

Æmil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

Def. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heav'nly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither by this heav'nly light,
I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Def. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing;
It is a great price, for a ſmall vice.

Def. In troth I think thou would'ſt not.

Æmil. In troth I think I ſhould, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint ring, nor for meaſures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world; why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for't.

Def. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not think there is any ſuch woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as would ſtore the world they plaid for.
But I do think it is their husbands faults,
If wives do fall: ſay, that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treaſures into foreign laps;
Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint on us; or ſay they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having in deſpight;
Why we have galls; and though we have ſome grace,

Yet have we ſome revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them; they ſee and ſmell,
And have their palats both for ſweet and ſower,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? is it ſport?
I think it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is't fraily that thus errs?
It is ſo too. And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty as men have?
Then let them uſe us well; elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.

Deſ. Good-night; good-night; heav'n me ſuch uſes ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Jago *and* Rodorigo.

JAGO.

HERE, ſtand behind this bulk. Straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miſcarry in't.

Jago. Here, at thy hand; [a] be bold and take thy ſword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath giv'n me ſatisfying reaſons;

'Tis

[a] *behold, and take thy ſtand.*

'Tis but a man gone. Forth my ſword; he dies.
Jago. I've rub'd this young gnat almoſt to the ſenſe
And he grows angry. Now whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*.
It muſt not be. If *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and beſides the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in peril;
No, he muſt die. Be it ſo, I hear him coming. [*Exit* Jago.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain thou dyeſt.
[*He runs at* Caſſio, *and wounds him.*
Caſ. That thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'ſt:
I will make proof of thine.
Rod. Oh, I am ſlain. [*Fight, and both fall.*
Caſ. I'm maim'd for ever; help hoa! murther, murther!

SCENE II.

Enter Othello *above at a Window.*

Oth. The voice of *Caſſio*, *Jago* keeps his word.
Rod. Oh villain that I am!
Oth. It is even ſo.
Caſ. Oh help ho! light! a ſurgeon!----
Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Jago*, honeſt and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong,
Thou teacheſt me---- Minion, your dear lies dead,

And

And your fate hyes apace. Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, thoſe charms thine eyes, are blotted.
Thy bed luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted. [*Ex.* Oth.

SCENE III.

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano.

Caſ. What ho! no watch? no paſſage? murther, murther!
Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance, the voice is very direful.
Caſ. Oh help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. Oh wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits: let's think't unſafe
To come into the cry, without more help.
Rod. No body come: then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Jago, *in his ſhirt.*

Lod. Hark.
Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with light and weapons.
Jago. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this that cries out murther?
Lod. We do not know.
Jago. Do not you hear a cry?
Caſ. Here, here: for heav'n ſake help me.
Jago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The ſame indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Jago. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?
Caſ. Jago? oh I'm ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.
Jago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Caſ. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Jago.

Jago. Oh treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in and give ſome help.
Rod. Oh help me there.
Caſ. That's one of them.
Jago. Oh murd'rous ſlave! oh villain! [Jago *ſtabs him.*
Rod. Oh damn'd *Jago!* oh inhuman dog!
Jago. Kill men i'th' dark? where be theſe bloody thieves!
How ſilent is this town? ho, murther! murther!
What may you be! are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.
Jago. Signior *Lodovico.*
Lod. He, Sir.
Jago. I cry you mercy! here's *Caſſio* hurt by villains.
Gra. Caſſio?
Jago. How is't, brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Jago. Marry heav'n forbid:
Light gentlemen, I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? who is't that cry'd?
Jago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear *Caſſio,*
My ſweet *Caſſio,* oh *Caſſio, Caſſio, Caſſio.*
Jago. Oh notable ſtrumpet. *Caſſio,* may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus:
I have been to ſeek you,
Jago. Lend me a garter. So---- Oh for a chair,
To bear him eaſily hence.

Bian.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio!*

Jago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this traſh
To be a party in this injury.
Patience a while, good *Caſſio*, come, come:
Lend me a light: know we this face, or no?
Alas, my friend, and my dear country-man
Rodorigo? no: Yes ſure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo.*

Gra. What, of *Venice?*

Jago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ah!

Jago. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to ſee you.

Jago. How do you, *Caſſio?* oh a chair, a chair.

Gra. Rodorigo?

Jago. He, he, 'tis he: oh that's well ſaid, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the General's ſurgeon. For you, miſtreſs,
Save you your labour. He that lyes ſlain here, *Caſſio*,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Caſ. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Jago. What, look you pale? oh bear him out o'th' air.
Stay you good gentlemen. Look you pale, miſtreſs?
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs of her eye? [*To* Bianca.
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall hear more anon.
Behold her well, I pray you look upon her,
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay, guiltineſs
Will ſpeak, though tongues were out of uſe.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?
Jago. Caſſio hath here been ſet on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are 'ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlain, and *Rodorigo* dead.
Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Caſſio!*
Jago. This is the fruit of whoring. Pray *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to-night.
What, do you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Jago. Oh did he ſo? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, ſtrumpet.
Bian. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? fie upon thee.
Jago. Kind gentlemen, let's ſee poor *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come miſtreſs, you muſt tell's another tale.
Æmilia, run to the cittadel,
And tell my lord and lady, what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Bed-chamber: Deſdemona *is diſcovered aſleep in her bed.*

Enter Othello, *with a light, and a ſword.*

Oth. IT is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtars,

It is the cauſe. Yet I'll not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter skin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alablaſter:
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out *the* light;
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat
That can thy light re-lumine.
When I have pluck'd thy roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs muſt wither ---- I'll ſmell thee on the tree; [*Kiſſing her.*
Oh balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſwade
Juſtice to break her ſword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after ---- One more, that's the laſt,
So ſweet, was ne'er ſo fatal! I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: this ſorrow's heav'nly,
It ſtrikes, where it doth love ---- She wakes -----

Def. Who's there, *Othello?*

Oth. Ay, *Deſdemona.*

Def. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Deſdemona?*

Def. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink your ſelf of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight.

Def. Alack, my lord,
What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit,

No,

No, heav'ns fore-fend, I would not kill thy ſoul.
Def. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Def. Then heav'n have mercy on me.
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl ſo.
Why I ſhould fear I know not,
Since guilt I know not: yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy ſins.
Def. They're loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ſt.
Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether-lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame;
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Def. I will ſo: what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ſt *Caſſio.*
Def. No by my life and ſoul: ſend for the man,
And ask him.
Oth. Sweet ſoul, take heed, take heed of perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Preſently.
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak the ſtrong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Def. Oh heav'n have mercy on me.

Oth. I ſay, amen.

Def. And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Caſſio*,
But with ſuch general warantry of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heav'n I ſaw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart,
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a ſacrifice.
I ſaw the handkerchief.

Def. He found it then;
I never gave it him; ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſs a truth.

Oth. He hath confeſt.

Def. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath---us'd thee-----

Def. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Def. He will not ſay ſo.

Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt *Jago* hath ta'en order for't.

Def. Oh, my fear interprets. What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.

Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out ſtrumpet! weep'ſt thou for him to my face?

Def. Oh baniſh me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, ſtrumpet.

Def. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive.

Def.

Def. But half an hour*---- but while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*Attempts to ſmother her.*

SCENE VII.

Æmilia *at the door.*

Æmil. My lord, my lord! what hoa! my lord, my lord!
Oth. What noiſe is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo.
Æmil. within.] What hoa! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Æmil. Oh, my good lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.
Oth. Yes 'tis *Æmilia*---- by and by ---- ſhe's dead.
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio*'s death;
The noiſe was high. Ha, no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall ſhe come in? were't good?
I think ſhe ſtirs again---- No---- what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh inſupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
Of ſun and moon, and that th' afrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration-----
Æmil. I beſeech you
That I may ſpeak with you. Oh, good my lord! -----
Oth. I had forgot thee; oh come in, *Æmilia.*
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murthers done.

* *Def.* But half an hour——
Oth. Being done, there is no pauſe.
Def. But while I ſay one prayer.

Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon,
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. *Cassio*, my lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.
Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd.
Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd?
Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? then murther's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. Oh falsely, falsely murder'd.
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Æmil. Out and alas, that was my lady's voice.
Help! help hoa! help! oh lady speak again,
Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet mistress, speak.
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Des. No body, I my self, farewel;
Commend me to my kind lord; oh farewel. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Æmil. Alas! who knows?
Oth. You heard her say her self, it was not I.
Æmil. She said so, I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh the more angel she, and you the blacker devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heav'nly true.

Oth.

Oth. Caſſio did top her; ask thy husband elſe.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Æmil. My husband!
Oth. Thy husband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with *Caſſio:* had ſhe been true,
If heav'n would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My husband?
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt;
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this [b] iteration woman?
I ſay thy husband.
‡ *Æmil.* Oh miſtreſs! villany has made mocks with love.
My husband ſay ſhe was falſe?
Oth. He, woman;
I ſay thy husband; do'ſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honeſt, honeſt *Jago.*
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a-day; he lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.
Oth. Hah?
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!

As

[b] *iterance.* ‡ *This ſpeech and the following are not in the firſt edition.*

As ignorant as dirt; thou'ſt done a deed-----
I care not for thy ſword, I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives-----Help! help hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my miſtreſs. Murther, murther!

SCENE VIII.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Jago, *and others.*

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Jago?* you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murthers on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man;
He ſays thou toldſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know thou didſt not, thou'rt not ſuch a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Jago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?

Jago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie; an odious damned lie:
Upon my ſoul a lie; a wicked lie.
She falſe with *Caſſio?* did you ſay with *Caſſio?*

Jago. With *Caſſio*, miſtreſs; go to, charm your tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to ſpeak,
My miſtreſs lies here murther'd in her bed. *

*——— murder'd in her bed.
All. Oh heav'ns forefend!
Æmil. And your reports have ſet the murther on.
Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters, it is true indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.
Mon. Oh monſtrous act!
Æmil. Villany! villany! villany!
I think upon't——— I think——— I ſmell't———Oh villany!
I thought ſo then; I'll kill my ſelf for grief,
Oh villany, villany!
Jago. What, are you mad? *&c.*

Jago.

Jago. What, are you mad? I charge you get you home.
Æmil. Good gentle men, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Jago*, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello *falls on the bed.*
Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. Oh ſhe was foul!
I ſcarce did know you, uncle; there lyes your neice,
Whoſe breath indeed theſe hands have newly ſtop'd;
I know this act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor *Deſdemona!* I'm glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſp'rate turn;
Yea, curſe his better angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation,
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Jago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* hath the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it,
And ſhe did gratifie his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!
Jago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out ---- I peace!
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the [c] air,
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.

[c] *north.*

Jago. Be wiſe and get you home.
Æmil. I will not. [Jago *offers to ſtab his wife.*
Gra. Fie, your ſword upon a woman?
Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou ſpeak'ſt of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than indeed belong'd to ſuch a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.
Jago. Villanous whore!
Æmil. She give it *Caſſio?* alas I found it,
And I did give't my husband.
Jago. Filth, thou lieſt.
Æmil. By heav'n I do not, I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?
[Jago *breaks through and wounds his wife, then runs out.*
Oth. Are there no ſtones in heav'n,
But what ſerve for the thunder? precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; ſure he hath kill'd his wife.
Æmil. Ay, ay; oh lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I recover'd have here from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [*Exeunt* Montano *and* Gratiano.

SCENE IX.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword.
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.

Æmil.

Æmil. What did thy ſong boad, lady?
Hark, canſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick; *Willow, Willow, Willow*-----
Moor, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor,
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia *dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a ſword of *Spain*, the ‡ *Ebro*'s temper;
Oh here it is: uncle, I muſt come forth.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did it ſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh. I've ſeen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your ſtop. But, oh vain boaſt!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not ſo now.
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear:
Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now-----how doſt thou look now? oh ill-ſtarr'd wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! When we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heav'n,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?

‡ *In the firſt edition it is* Iſebroke's temper. *Thence corrupted to* Ice-brooks. Ebro's *temper: the waters of that river of* Spain *are particularly famous for tempering of ſteel. The fineſt arms in the world, the* Catalonian *Fuſees.*

Ev'n like thy chaſtity. Oh curſed ſlave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heav'nly ſight;
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire -----
Oh *Deſdemona! Deſdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

SCENE X.

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio *led in wounded,* Montano, *and* Jago *priſoner, with officers.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was *Othello:* here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet; but that's a fable.
If that thou beeſt a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Othello *wounds* Jago.

Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Jago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.
Lod. Oh thou, *Othello,* that waſt once ſo good,
Faln in the practice of a curſed ſlave,
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why any thing;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death?
Oth. Ay.
Caſ. Dear General, I never gave you cauſe.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,

Why

Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Jago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir you ſhall underſtand what hath befalnt,
Which as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Rodrigo*,
And here another, one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.
Oth. Oh villain!
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh and moſt groſs!
Lod. Now, here's another diſcontented paper
Found in his pocket too; and this it ſeems
Rodrigo meant t'have ſent this damned villain;
But that belike *Jago* in the interim
Came in, and ſatisfy'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Caſſio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelf confeſt it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!
Caſ. There is beſides, in *Rodorigo*'s letter,
How he upbraids *Jago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt; and even now he ſpake
After long ſeeming dead, *Jago* hurt him,
Jago ſet him on.

Lod.

Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this ſlave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* ſtate. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down ought in malice. Then muſt you ſpeak
Of one that lov'd not wiſely, but too well;
Of one, not eaſily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream; of one whoſe hand,
Like the baſe † *Indian*, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whoſe eyes
Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
Drop tears as faſt as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this.
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the ſtate,
I took by th' throat the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him, thus. [*Stabs himſelf.*

Lod. Oh bloody period!

Gra. All that is ſpoke is marr'd.

† *In the firſt edition it is* Judian, *occaſion'd probably by the word* Tribe *juſt after, but the common reading is better; as the word* Tribe *is applicable to any race of people, and the thought of an ignorant* Indian's *caſting away a pearl very natural in itſelf, whereas to make ſenſe of the other, one muſt preſuppoſe ſome particular ſtory of a* Jew *alluded to, which is much leſs obvious.*

Oth.

Oth. I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee. No way but this,
Killing my ſelf, to die upon a kiſs. [*Dies.*

Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* dog!
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poiſons ſight,----
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you. To you, lord governor,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh inforce it.
My ſelf will ſtraight aboard, and to the ſtate,
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [*Exeunt.*

The End of SHAKESPEAR's *Plays.*

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OF THE

CHARACTERS, SENTIMENTS,

SPEECHES *and* DESCRIPTIONS

IN

SHAKESPEAR.

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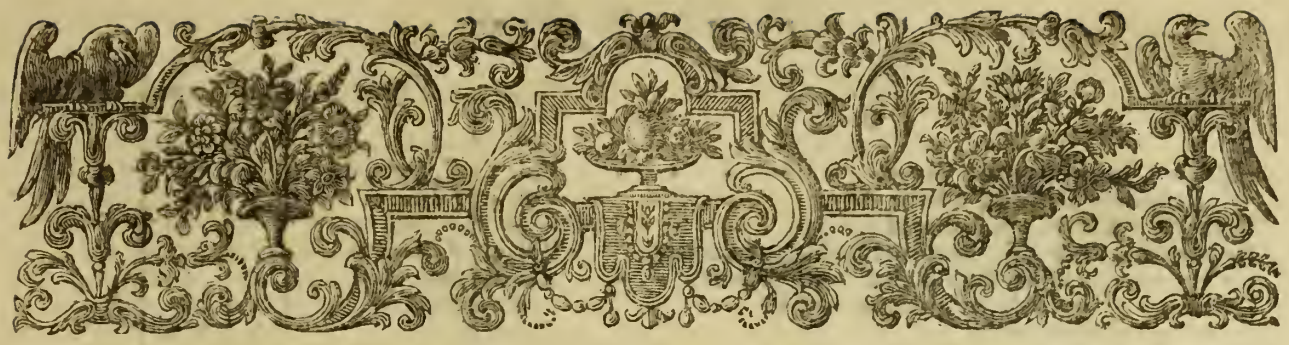

SECT. I.

CHARACTERS OF HISTORICAL PERSONS.

A.		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
ARTHUR, a hopeful young Prince, unfortunate.	Vol. 3.	*K. John.*			
Alcibiades, baniſh'd for interceding for his Friend.	Vol. 5.	*Timon.*	3	6	
- - - - - - viſits *Timon* with two Miſſes.	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	4	
- - - - - - - - exhorted to Cruelty by him, and the Women to Luſt	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	4	
- - - - - - - - conquers *Athens.* - - - - - - - -	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	5	
Antony, *Mark*, his Conference with *Brutus* after *Cæſar* was murther'd. - - - - - - - - -	Vol. 5.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	3	3	
- - - - his Reflections on it, when alone.		- - - -		4	
- - - - ſpeaks *Cæſar*'s Funeral Oration. - - - - - - - -		- - - -		6	
- - - - his Eloquence prais'd by *Caſſius.*		- - - -	5	2	
- - - - his Valour degenerates into Fondneſs for *Cleopatra.*	Vol. 5.	*Ant. and Cleop.*	1	1	
- - - - reſolves to leave her. - - - - - - - - - -		- - - -		4	
- - - - his former Bravery deſcrib'd by *Octavius Cæſar.*		- - - -		5	
- - - - *Pompey*'s wiſh that he may live on in love and luxury. - -		- - - -	2	1	
- - - - quarrels with *Octavius*, which ends in a Marriage with *Octavia.*		- - - -		2	
- - - - his Genius inferior to *Octavius*'s.		- - - -		4	*Sooth. Ant.*
- - - - complains of *Octavius*'s ill-treatment to *Octavia.* - - -		- - - -	3	4	
- - - - beaten at *Actium*, and deſpairs after it.		- - - -		6. 7	
- - - - ſends to *Octavius* to treat, and is refus'd. - - - - - -		- - - -		8	
- - - - grows jealous of *Cleopatra.*		- - - -		10	
- - - - beats *Cæſar* by Land, and meets the Queen in Rapture.		- - - -	4	6	
- - - - his Fleet revolting he quarrels again with *Cleopatra.* - -		- - - -		9	
- - - - being told ſhe is dead he falls on his Sword. - - - -		- - - -		10	
- - - - carried to *Cleopatra* he dies in her Arms.		- - - -		12	
- - - - *Octavius* and his Generals lament and praiſe him. - - -		- - - -	5	1	
- - - - and *Cleopatra.*		- - - -		2	
Ajax his Character. - - - - - - - - - -	Vol. 6.	*Tro. and Creſ.*	1	3	*Ser.*

Blanch,

I N D E X.

		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Perſon.
B.					
Blanch, her Beauty and Virtue.	Vol. 3.	*K. John.*	2	5	*Cit.*
Burgundy, Duke of, a Falſe Ally.	Vol. 4.	1 *Hen.* 6.	3	8	
Beauford, Cardinal. *vid. Wincheſter.*					
Buckingham, Duke of, treacherous, cruel, mercenary.	Vol. 4.	*Richard* 3.			
- - - - - - - in *Henry* 8th's Reign, raſh, choleric.	*ibid.*	*Hen.* 8.	1	2	
- - - - - - - his Character given by *Hen.* 8.	*ibid.*	ibid.	1	5	
- - - - - - - Condemn'd.	*ibid.*	ibid.	2	1. 2	
Bullen, *Anne*, her Beauty.	*ibid.*	ibid.	1	7	*King.*
- - - - - - - - item.	*ibid.*	ibid.	2	5	*Cham.*
- - - - - - - - item.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	2	*Suf.*
- - - - - - - - item.	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	1	2 *Gent.*
Brutus, reſerv'd and melancholic	Vol. 5.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	1	3	
- - - - ſpirited up by *Caſſius* againſt *Cæſar.*		- - - -	1	3	
- - - - of great Authority with the People		- - - -		7	*Caſc.*
- - - - his ſelf-debate upon *Cæſar*'s Death.		- -	2	1	
- - - - opens himſelf freely to the Conſpirators.		- - - -		2	
- - - - declares for ſaving *Anthony.*					
- - - - importun'd by his Wife *Portia.*		- - - -		3	
- - - - his Speech to the People, to juſtify *Cæſar*'s Murther.		- - - -	3	5	
- - - - quarrels with *Caſſius.*		- - - -	4	2. 3	
- - - - relates the Death of *Portia.*		- - - -		4	
- - - - ſees *Cæſar*'s Ghoſt.		- - - -		7	
- - - - takes his laſt farewel of *Caſſius.*		- - - -	5	3	
- - - - reſolves to die, and kills himſelf.		- - - -		8	
- - - - prais'd by *Antony.*		- - - -		9	
Banquo, his Character (for the reſt, *vid. Mackbeth.*)	Vol. 5.	*Mackbeth.*	3	2	*Mac.*
C.					
Conſtance, a Mother paſſionately fond.	Vol. 3.	*K. John.*			
Cade, *John*, a bold crafty Rebel.	Vol. 4.	2 *Hen.* 6.	3	5	*York.*
Clifford, bold and revengeful.	*ibid.*	3 *Hen.* 6.			
Cæſar, *Julius.*	*ibid.*	*Richard* 3.	3	1	*Prince.*
Catharine, Q. to *Henry* 8.	*ibid.*	*Hen.* 8.	2	3	*Norf.*
- - - - - - pitied by *Anne Bullen.*	*ibid.*	ibid.	2	5	
- - - - - - her Speech to the King before her Divorce.	*ibid.*	ibid.	2	6	
- - - - - - prais'd by the King.	*ibid.*	ibid.	2	7	
- - - - - - recommends her Daughter and Servants to him.	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	2	
Cromwell, *Thomas.*	*ibid.*	*Hen.* 8.	4	1	3 *Gent.*
Cranmer's, Character by *Gardiner.*	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	1	
- - - - - - by *Cromwel.*	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	5	
- - - - - - by the King.	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	6	
- - - - - - his Speech over Princeſs *Elizabeth.*	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	8	
Coriolanus, brave, proud, a Contemner of the Populace.	Vol. 5.	*Coriolanus.*			
- - - - - - chides his Soldiers when repuls'd.	*ibid.*	ibid.	1	8	
- - - - - - his Character.		- - - -			*Lar.*
- - - - - - his Entry into *Rome* after a Victory.		- - - -	2	4	*Bru. Meſ.*
- - - - - - his Actions ſumm'd up by *Cominius.*		- - - -		6	*Com.*
- - - - - - approv'd by the Tribunes, he rails at the Populace.		- - - -	3	1	
- - - - - - baniſh'd.		- - - -		6	
- - - - - - applies to, and is kindly receiv'd by *Aufidius.*		- - - -	4	4	
- - - - - - not to be diverted by his Friends from invading *Rome.*		- - - -	5	1	
- - - - - - yields to his Mother's intreaties.		- - - -	5	3	
- - - - - - ſlain by the envy and treachery of *Aufidius*		- - - -		6	
Cæſar, *Julius*, ſuſpicious of *Caſſius.*	Vol. 5.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	1	4	*Cæſ:*
- - - - refuſeth the Crown that was offer'd.		- - - -		5	*Caſc.*
- - - - addicted to ſuperſtition, and lov'd flattery.		- - - -	2	2	*Caſc. Dec:*
- - - - diſſuaded by *Calphurnia* from going to the Senate.		- - - -		4	
- - - - his contempt of Death.		- - - -			*Cæſ.*
- - - firm					

I N D E X.

		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Perſon.
Cæſar, Julius, firm againſt thoſe who wrong him.		*Jul. Cæſar.*	3	1	*Cæſ.*
- - - - Aſſaſſinated.		- - - -			
- - - - his Ghoſt appears to *Brutus*.		- - - -	4	7	
Caſſius, confers with *Brutus* againſt *Cæſar*.	*ibid.*	ibid.	1	3	
- - - - his Character.		- - - -		4	*Cæſ.*
- - - - reſolves to kill himſelf if *Cæſar* is made King.		- - - -		7	
- - - - his Quarrel with *Brutus*.		- - - -	4	2. 3	
- - - - ill Omens ſtagger him tho' an Epicurean.		- - - -	5	3	
- - - - preſages he ſhould die on his Birth-day.		- - - -		4	
- - - - kills himſelf.		- - - -			
- - - - mourn'd and prais'd by *Titinius*, *Meſſala* and *Brutus*.		- - - -		5. 6	
Caſca's Character.	*ibid.*	ibid.	1	5	*Caſ.*
Cleopatra, the power of her Beauty over *Antony*.	*ibid.*	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*	1	1	*Ant.*
			2	3	*Eno.*
- - - - - - tenderly paſſionate.		- - - -	1	3	
- - - - - - her Character of *Antony* when he had left her.		- - - -		6	
- - - - - - her ſailing down the *Cydnus* deſcrib'd.		- - - -		3	
[for the reſt *vid. Antony.*					
- - - - - - her Lamentation over the dead Body of *Antony*.		- - - -	4	12	
- - - - - - reſolves to die.		- - - -	5	2	
- - - - - - viſited by *Octavius*.		- - - -		3	
- - - - - - affronted by her Treaſurer *Seleucus*.		- - - -			
- - - - - - kills her ſelf with an Aſpick.		- - - -		6	
D.					
Dowglaſs	Vol. 3.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	1	*Hot.*
Duncan, K. of *Scotland* murther'd. *vid. Macbeth.*					
E.					
Edward the Black Prince.	Vol. 3.	*Richard* 2.	2	3	*York.*
Eleanor Wife of D. *Humphrey*, Ambitious and given to ſuperſtition.	Vol. 4.	2 *Hen* 6.	1	4	
- - - - - walks in Proceſſion for Penance, and is baniſh'd.	*ibid.*	2 *Hen.* 6.	2	7	
Edward 4th, amorous, brave, ſucceſsful.	*ibid.*	3 *Hen.* 6.			
- - - - his two Sons.	*ibid.*	*Richard* 3.	2	5	
			3	1	
- - - - murther'd.	*ibid.*		4	3	
Edward P. of *Wales*, Son to *Henry* 6.	Vol. 4.	*Richard* 3.	1	2	
Q. *Elizabeth*, prophetically deſcrib'd by *Cranmer*.	*ibid.*	*Henry* 8.	5	8	
- - - - - - Complimented by the Title of the Veſtal Queen.	Vol. 1.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	2	2	*Ob.*
Enobarbus, a brave *Roman* Captain.	Vol. 5.	*Ant.* and *Cleop.*			
- - - - - - dies with grief for deſerting *Antony*.	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	7	
F.					
Faulconbridge, boaſtful, brave and enterprizing.	Vol. 3.	*K. John.*			
Fulvia's Death and Character.	Vol. 5.	*Ant.* and *Cleop.*	1	3	*Ant.*
G.					
Glendower	Vol. 3.	1 *Hen.* 4.	3	1	
- - - - deſcrib'd by *Hotſpur*.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	2	
Gloceſter, Humphrey D. of gives up his white Staff.	Vol. 4.	2 *Hen.* 6.	2	5	
- - - - - ſees his Dutcheſs's Proceſſion for Penance.	*ibid.*	ibid.	2	7	
- - - - - Accus'd to the King by the Queen and others.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	1	
- - - - - Arreſted for High Treaſon, he defends himſelf.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	2	
- - - - - murther'd by ſtrangling.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	6	*War.*
Gardiner, Bp. of *Wincheſter*, flattering and cruel.	*ibid.*	*Hen.* 8.	5	6	*King.*
H.					
Henry 5th, whilſt Prince.	Vol. 3.	*Richard* 2.	5	6	*Boling.*
- - *item.*	Vol. 3.	1 *Hen.* 4.	3	4	*K. Hen.*

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		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
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Henry 4th describ'd by *Hotspur.*	Vol. 3.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	5	
- - - his Son Prince *Henry.*	Vol. 3.	ibid.	5	4	*Ver.*
- - - item	Vol. 3.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	8	*K. Hen.*
Henry 5th.	Vol. 3..	*Henry* 5.	1	1	*Cant.*
- - - item.	Vol .4	1 *Hen.* 6.	1	1	
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Henry 8th, *vid.* Q. *Catharine*, *Anne Bullen.*					
I.					
JOHN, King, dissembling, cruel, irresolute, unfortunate.	Vol. 3.	*K. John.*			
Joan, the Maid of *Orleans.*	Vol. 4.	1 *Hen.* 6.	1	5, &c.	
- - - - - - raiseth Fiends.	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	3	
- - - - - - taken Prisoner.	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	3	
- - - - - - Condemn'd to be burn'd.	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	6	
James I. King, prophetically describ'd by *Cranmer.*	*ibid.*	*Hen.* 8.	5	8	
Julio Romano, his Character.	Vol. 2.	*Wint. Tale.*	5	5	3 *Gent.*
L.					
LEAR, King, choleric, fickle, mad, miserable.	Vol. 3.	*K. Lear.*			
Lepidus's Character by *Antony.*	Vol. 5.	*Jul. Cæsar.*	4	1	
- - - - - - - - by *Pompey.*		*Ant.* and *Cleop.*	2	1	
M.					
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Margaret, *Henry* 6th's Queen, enrag'd with her own miseries, exults at others.	Vol. 4.	*Richard* 3.			
Moor, Sir *Thomas.*	*ibid.*	*Hen.* 8.	3	6	*Wol.*
Menenius Agrippa, his Fable of the Belly and Limbs.	Vol. 5.	*Coriol.*	1	2	
- - - - - his Character by himself.	*ibid.*	ibid.	2	1	*Men.*
- - - - - his Character of *Coriolanus.*	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	4	
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- - - - - hath his Greatness foretold by Witches		- - - -		4	
- - - - - the conflict of his Mind when he first intended to kill the King.		- - - -		5. 6.	
- - - - - his Temper describ'd by his Lady.		- - - -		7	
- - - - - she resolves on murthering the King, and encourages *Macbeth.*		- - - -		7	
- - - - - he staggers in his Resolution, and is confirm'd again by his Wife.		- - - -		9. 10.	
- - - - - his Soliloquy before he kills the King, and horror after.		- - - -	2	2. 3	
- - - - - meditates *Banquo*'s Death, and employs murtherers.		- - - -	3	2	
- - - - - *Banquo*'s Ghost appears to him.		- - - -		5	
- - - - - consults the Witches again.		- - - -	4	2	
- - - - - his Character by *Malcolm.*		- - - -		4	
- - - - - distracted with horror.		- - - -	5	2	
- - - - - despairs, on hearing the *English* advance against him.		- - - -		3	
- - - - - told of his Lady's Death.		- - - -		5	
- - - - - slain by *Macduff.*		- - - -		7. 8	
N.					
Northumberland's grief for *Hotspur.*	Vol. 3.	2 *Hen.* 4.	1	3	*North.*
O.					
ORpheus's Musick.	Vol. 4.	*Hen.* 8.	3	1	*Song.*
- - - - item.	Vol. 1.	2 *Gent. Ver.*	3	5	*Pro.*
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- - - item.	Vol. 3.	1 *Hen.* 4.	3	4	*K. Hen.*
- - - - - item.	Vol. 3.	1 *Hen.* 4.	5	1	*P. Hen.*
- - - - - his Death.	Vol. 3.	2 *Hen.* 4.	1	3	*Mort.*
- - - - - Character, by Lady *Percy*.	Vol. 3.	2 *Hen.* 4.	2	6	
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R.					
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- - - - - - - - - item.	Vol. 3.	ibid.	2	2	*Gaunt.*
- - - - - - - - - - - - item.	Vol. 3.	ibid.	2	4	
- - - - - - - - - - - item.	Vol. 3.	1 *Hen.* 4.	3	4	*K. Hen.*
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Richard 3. ambitious, brave, diſſembling, cruel, unfortunate,	Vol. 4.	3 *Hen.* 6. & *Rich.* 3.			
his Birth prodigious.	Vol. 4.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	7	*K. Hen.*
- - - - - - his Perſon and Manners deſcrib'd by Q. *Margaret.*	Vol. 4.	*Richard* 3.	1	4	
- - - - - - deſcrib'd by his Mother, the D. of *York.* - - -	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	5	*Dutch.*
S.					
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- - - - - - his Death. - - - - - - - - -	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	1	
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- - - ſlain with his Son.	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	7	
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- - - - - - - - - idem. - - - - - - - - -	*ibid.*	ibid.		7	*Flav.*
- - - - his laſt entertainment for the Paraſites.	*ibid.*	ibid.	2	1	*Sen.*
- - - - retires, and ſhakes off humanity. - - -		- - - -	3	7	
- - - - digging for Roots finds Gold.		- - - -	4	1	
- - - - viſited by *Alcibiades*, excites him to cruelty. - - - -		- - - -		3	
- - - - pinch'd with Hunger, his reflections on the Earth.		- - - -		4	
- - - - compares himſelf with *Apemantus* - - - - - - - -		- - - -		5	
- - - - he gives Gold and encouragement to the Thieves.		- - - -		6	
- - - - viſited by his honeſt Steward. - - - - - -		- - - -		7	
- - - - by the Poet and Painter.		- - - -	5	1	
- - - - by the Senators, entreating him to command againſt *Alcibiades.*		- - - -		2	
- - - - his Death and Epitaph. - - - - - - - - -		- - - -		3	
			5	5	
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- - - - - inſtructs *Coriolanus* to addreſs the People.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	5	
- - - - - - - diverts him from deſtroying *Rome.* - - - - - -		- - - -	5	3	
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- - - - - his Death. - - - - - - - - - -	*ibid.*	2 *Hen.* 6.	3	9. 10	
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- - - - his reflection on his fall.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	6	
- - - - his Death related and mix'd Character.	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	2	*Grif. Kath.*
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SECT. II.

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- - - - - debates with himſelf whether he ſhou'd kill the King at his Prayers. - - - - - - - - -		- - - - -	3	9	
- - - - - upbraids the Queen with her guilt, when the Ghoſt appears again to him - - - - - - - -		- - - - -	3	11	
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- - - - - blames his own inactivity		- - - - -	4	4	
- - - - - converſeth with the Grave-maker, and moralizeth on the Sculls. - - - - - - - - - -		- - - - -	5	1	

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- - - - - asks *Laertes* pardon before they fight for his former raſhneſs.		- - - -	5	5	
- - - - - kills *Laertes*, the King, and dies himſelf.		- - - -	5	5. 6	
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SECT. V. SPEECHES.

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			2	10. 11
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The Chief Juſtice's Defence to K. *Hen.* 5.	*ibid.*	2 *Hen.* 4.	5	3
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Pr. *Henry*, on the Troubles attending Greatneſs.	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	10
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O

		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Perſon.
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D. of *York*'s on the ſurrender of *Anjou* to the *French.* - -	Vol. 4.	*2 Hen. 6.*	1	3	
- - - - - - on his deſign to ſeize the Throne for himſelf.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	5	
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- - - - - - after he loſt the Battle, on his Q. going to *France.*	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	1	
Glouceſter's on his deformity, and ambition - - - - -	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	3	
Warwick's dying Speech.	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	3	
Richard the Third's on his deformity. - - - - - - -	*ibid.*	*Richard 3.*	1	1	
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Cardinal *Wolſey*'s on the viciſſitudes of life.	*ibid.*	*Hen. 8.*	3	6	
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- - - - deſcrib'd in its ſituation. - - - - - - - -	*ibid.*	*K. John.*	2	1	*Auſt.*
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Inchanted

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Constables and Watchmen.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	5	
			4	4	
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- - - - - - - by ſtrangling, in D. *Humphry.*	*ibid.*	2 *Hen.* 6.	3	6	*War.*
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- - - - item.	*ibid.*	*Cymbeline.*	4	5	*Arv.*
- - - - item.	*ibid.*	*Rom. and Juliet.*	5	4	*Rom.*
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- - - - - - deſcrib'd by the *French.*	Vol. 4.	1 *Hen.* 6.	1	5	
- - - - - - - ridicul'd for following *French* Faſhions.	*ibid.*	*Henry* 8.	1	6	
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- - - - item.	Vol. 6.	*Rom. and Jul.*	1	5	*Merc.*
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H.					
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King, a good,	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	9	*K. Hen.*
L.					
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		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
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---- in Solitude.	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	4	*idem.*
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---- item.	*ibid.*	*K. John.*	2	7	*Const.*
------ with good News.	*ibid.*	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	9	*K. Hen.*
A Mad-man.	*ibid.*	*K. Lear.*	4	4	*Cord.*
A Miserable Mother in *Constance.*	*ibid.*	*K. John.*	3	5	*K. Phil.*
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A Nun.	Vol. 1.	*Midf. N. Dr.*	1	1	*The.*
O.					
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--- vigorous, from temperance in Youth.	Vol. 2.	*As you like it.*	2	3	*Adam.*
Old Man in the extremity of decay.	*ibid.*	ibid.	2	9	*Jaques.*
Old Men subject to ingratitude.	Vol. 5.	*Timon.*	2	5	*Tim.*
P.					
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------ see the same describ'd.	*ibid.*	*Lear.*	2	8	*Kent.*
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A Quarrelsome Person.	Vol. 6.	*Rom. and Jul.*	3	1	*Mer.*
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Sea faring Persons in distress.	Vol. 1.	*Temp.*	1	2	*Pro.*
Savage-man. ---- *vid. Caliban.*	*ibid.*	ibid.	2	1	*Fran.*
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T.					
TWins, their likeness describ'd in the two *Antipholis's* and *Dromio's*	Vol. 1.	*Com. of Er.*			
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V.					
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		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Perſon.
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——— item.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	1	*Hero.*
Wife, a good one.	Vol. 2.	*Mer. of Ven.*	3	6	*Jeſ.*
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——— item.	Vol. 6.	*Cymbeline.*	1	1	1 *Gent.*
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Younger Brother, kept without Education.	*ibid.*	*As you like it.*	1	1	*Orla.*
Youth, a beautiful one deſcrib'd.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	11	*Phe.*
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F.					
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LOve, humourously describ'd.	Vol. 2.	*Love's Lab. loſt.*	3	3	*Biron.*
- - improves all our Faculties.	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	4	*idem.*
- - - - - fantastical.	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	10	*idem.*
Lioness.	*ibid.*	*As you like it.*	4	6	*Oli.*
Life, a pleasant one describ'd.	*ibid.*	*Tam. of the* &c.	1	4	*Lord.*
- - - in a wild solitude.	Vol. 5.	*Timon.*	4	6	*Apem.*

Masque,

I N D E X.

		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Perſon.
M.					
Maſque, rural.	Vol. 1.	*Tempeſt.*	4	3	
Moon.	*ibid.*	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	1	*Theſ. Hip.*
——— item.	*ibid.*	ibid.	1	3	*Lyſ.*
Maſquerade, a Scene of one.	*ibid.*	*M. A. abt. Noth.*	2	2	
Moon.	Vol. 2.	*As you like it.*	3	2	*Orla.*
Muſick.	*ibid.*	*Twelfth Night.*	1	1	*Duke.*
Martlets Neſts.	Vol. 5.	*Mackbeth.*	1	8	*King.*
Madneſs for grief and love, in *Ophelia.*	Vol. 6.	*Hamlet.*	4	5. 7	
N.					
Nature, State of.	Vol. 1.	*Tempeſt.*	2	1	*Gon.*
Nature and Art.	Vol. 2.	*Wint. Tale.*	4	5	*Pol. Per.*
O.					
Oak, large, old.	Vol. 2.	*As you like it.*	4	6	*Ol.*
P.					
Parting of Lovers.	Vol. 6.	*Rom. and Jul.*	3	7	
Popularity.	Vol. 3.	*Richard 2.*	1	7	*K. Rich.*
Pride.	*ibid.*	ibid.	1	4	*idem.*
Peace.	*ibid.*	ibid.	1	4	*idem.*
——— after Civil War.	*ibid.*	*1 Hen. 4.*	1	1	*K. Hen.*
Prodigies.	*ibid*	*Richard 2.*	2	11	*Cap.*
——— item.	*ibid*	*1 Hen. 4.*	3	1	*Glend.*
——— item.	*ibid*	*2 Hen 4.*	4	9	*Cl. and Gl.*
——— item.	Vol. 5.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	1	6	*Caſc.*
Peace.	Vol. 4.	*Richard 3.*	1	1	*Rich.*
——— betwixt *York* and *Lancaſter.*	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	7	*Richm.*
Play, a bad one deſcrib'd.	Vol. 1.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	5	1	*Philoſt.*
Picture of a beautiful Woman.	Vol. 2.	*Mer. of Ven.*	3	2	*Baſs.*
Pictures of *Adonis*, *Venus*, *Io*, *Daphne* and *Apollo.*	*ibid.*	*Tam. of the* &c.	1	4	
Poetry.	Vol. 5.	*Timon.*	1	1	*Poet.*
Prodigies.	*ibid.*	*Jul. Cæſar.*	2	4	*Calph.*
——— item.	Vol. 6.	*Hamlet.*	1	1	*Horat.*
Poiſon.	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	9	*Laer.*
R.					
Rumour.	Vol. 3.	*2 Hen. 4.*	in	the	Induction.
——— item.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	2	*War.*
Roſes, Red and White, the Badges of two Parties.	Vol. 4.	*1 Hen. 6.*	2	5	
S.					
A Song (*Welſh*)	Vol. 3.	*1 Hen. 4.*	3	3	*Mort & Gle.*
Sleep.	*ibid.*	*2 Hen. 4.*	3	1	*K. Hen.*
Signs of change in Government.	Vol. 4.	*Richard 3.*	2	4	*3 Cit.*
Sleep.	Vol. 1.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	3	9	*Ob.*
a Stream beautifully deſcrib'd.	*ibid.*	*2 Gent. Ver.*	2	10	*Jul.*
Sleep, ſound.	*ibid.*	*Meaſ. for Meaſ.*	4	6	*Claud.*
Stag, in the Chaſe.	Vol. 2	*As you like it.*	2	1	*1 Lord.*
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Storm at Sea.	Vol. 6.	*Othello.*	2	1	

Time,

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		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Perſon.
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V.					
Viſion, of good Spirits.	Vol. 4.	*Henry 8.*	4	2	
Virginity.	Vol. 2.	*All's well, &c.*	1	3	*Par.*
A Victory long diſputed.	Vol. 5.	*Mackbeth.*	1	1	
- - - - - and purſuit of the conquer'd.	Vol. 6.	*Cymbel.*	5	2	*Poſt.*
W.					
WAR, the prognoſticks of it.	Vol. 3.	*Richard 2.*	2	11	*Captain.*
- - - preparation for.	*ibid.*	*Hen. 5.*	2	1	*Chorus.*
- - - - - ill effects of.	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	3	*Burg.*
- - - - - item.	Vol. 4.	*2 Hen. 6.*	5	5	*Y. Cliff.*
A Wreck.	Vol. 1.	*Tempeſt.*	1	{2 {3	*Mer.* *Ari.*
- - - - - item.	*ibid.*	*Com. of Er.*	1	1	*Ægæon.*
- - - - - deſcrib'd by a Clown.	Vol. 2.	*Wint. Tale.*	3	7	
White Hand.	*ibid.*	ibid.	4	7	*Fle.*
Wonder proceeding from ſudden joy.	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	5	*3 Gent, &c.*
White Hand.	Vol. 6.	*Tro. and Creſ.*	1	1	*Tro.*

Deſcriptions of Times and Seaſons.

YEAR, unfruitful and ſickly.	Vol. 1.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	2	2	*Queen.*
Spring.	Vol. 2.	*Love's Lab. loſt.*	5	10	*Song.*
Winter.	*ibid.*	*As you like it.*	2	1	*Duke Sen.*
- - - - - item.	*ibid.*	*Love's Lab. loſt.*	5	10	*Song.*
Day-break.	Vol. 3.	*1 Hen. 4.*	3	3	*Glend.*
- - - - item.	Vol. 4.	*1 Hen. 6.*	2	3	*Bed.*
- - - - - item.	*ibid.*	*Richard 3.*	5	3	*Stan.*
- - - - - item.	Vol. 1.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	3	9	*Puck.*
- - - - - item.	*ibid.*	*M. A. abt. Noth.*	5	8	*Pedro.*
- - - - - item.	Vol. 6.	*Tro. and Creſ.*	4	2	*Tro.*
- - - - - item.	*ibid.*	*Rom. and Jul.*	3	7	
- - - - - item.	*ibid.*	*Hamlet.*	1	1	*Hor.*
Morning.	Vol. 3.	*Richard 2.*	3	2	*Richard.*
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- - - - - - - - - - Clear.	Vol. 4.	*3 Hen. 6.*	2	1	*Rich.*
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- - - - item.	*ibid.*	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	3	9	*Ob.*
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- - - - - - - - - - item.	Vol. 6.	*Rom. and Jul.*	2	4	*Fri.*
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- - - - - item.	Vol. 6.	*Rom. and Jul.*	1	2	*Ben. Moun.*
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- - - - - item.	Vol. 5.	*Macbeth.*	3	4	*1 Mur.*
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- - - - ſtormy.	*ibid.*	*K. Lear.*	3	1. 2	*Gent. Kent.*
Midnight.	*ibid.*	*K. John.*	3	5	*K. John.*
- - - item.	Vol. 4	*2 Hen. 6.*	1	8	*Boling.*

		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Perſon.
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Night.	Vol. 1.	*Mid. N. Dr.*	3	8	*Her.*
- - - - item.	*ibid.*	ibid.	5	3	*Puck.*
- - - - a beautiful deſcription of a Moonlight.	Vol. 2.	*Mer. of Ven.*	5	1	*Lor. Por.*
- - - - tempeſtuous.	Vol. 5.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	1	6	*Caſc.*
- - - - item.	*ibid.*	*Mackbeth.*	2	4 6	*Len.* *Old M. & R.*
Night.	*ibid.*	ibid.	3	3	*Mac.*
- - - - item.	Vol. 6.	*Tro. and Creſ.*	5	14	*Achil.*
- - - - item.	*ibid.*	*Rom. and Jul.*	3	4	*Jul.*
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T A B L E

A

TABLE

OF THE

Several Editions of *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, made uſe of and compared in this Impreſſion.

MR. *William Shakeſpear*'s Comedies, Hiſtories and Tragedies, publiſh'd according to the Original Copies. the firſt Edition in Folio, 1623.

The ſecond Impreſſion in Folio, of 1632.

I. A *Midſummer Night's Dream*, as it hath been ſundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. Printed by *James Roberts*, Quarto, 1600 (the 36th Year of the Author's Age.)

II. A moſt pleaſant and excellent conceited Comedy of Sir *John Falſtaffe*, and the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, with the ſwaggering Vain of Ancient *Piſtol* and Corporal *Nym*. printed for *Arthur Johnſon*, 1619, Quarto.

III. The excellent Hiſtory of the *Merchant of Venice*, with the extream Cruelty of *Shylock* the *Jew* toward the ſaid Merchant, in cutting a juſt Pound of his Fleſh, and the obtaining of *Portia* by the choice of three Caskets. Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600, Quarto.

Another Edition of the ſame, printed by *J. R.* for *Tho. Heyes*, in the ſame Year (the 36th of his Age.)

IV. A pleaſant conceited Comedy called *Loves Labor loſt*, as it was preſented before her Highneſs this laſt *Chriſtmas*, newly corrected and augmented by *William Shakeſpear*. Imprinted at *London* by *W. W.* for *Cutbert Burley*, 1598.

V. A pleaſant conceited Hiſtory called *The Taming of a Shrew*, as it hath been ſundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Pembroke* his Servants. Printed at *London* by *V. S.* for *Nich. Ling*, 1607. There is ſcarce a line of this the ſame with the preſent Play, yet the Plot and Scenary ſcarce differ at all from it. I ſhou'd think it not written by *Shakeſpear*; but there

there are ſome Speeches (in one or two Scenes only) the ſame: And we have there the concluſion of the Play, which is manifeſtly wanting in all the ſubſequent Editions, as well as the latter part of the laſt Act, manifeſtly better, and clear of that impertinent Prolixity which is in the common Editions.

VI. Mr. *William Shakeſpear* his true Cronicle Hiſtory of the Life and Death of King *Lear* and his three Daughters, with the unfortunate Life of *Edgar* Son and Heir to the Earl of *Glouceſter*, and his ſullen and aſſumed humour of *Tom a Bedlam*. As it was play'd before the King's Majeſty at *Whitehall* upon St. *Stephens* Night in *Chriſtmas* Holydays. By His Majeſty's Servants playing uſually at the *Globe* on the *Bankſide*. Printed for *Nath. Butter*, 1608.

VII. The Tragedy of King *Richard the Second*, as it hath been publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. By *William Shakeſpear*. Printed by *Valentine Simms* for *Andrew Wiſe*, 1598. (the 34th Year of *Shakeſpear*'s Age.)

The ſame, with new Additions, of the Parliament Scene, and the depoſing of King *Richard*. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majeſty's Servants at the *Globe*. By *W. Shakeſpear*. Printed by *W. W.* for *Matthew Law*, 1608, and again 1615.

VIII. The Hiſtory of *Henry the 4th*, with the Battle at *Shrewsbury*, between the King and Lord *Henry Piercy*, Sirnamed *Henry Hotſpur* of the *North*. With the humourous Conceits of Sir *John Falſtaffe*. newly corrected by *William Shakeſpear*. Printed by *P. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe*, 1599, Quarto. his 35th Year.

The ſame Printed in 1604.

The ſame Printed for *Matthew Law*, *&c.* in 1608, Quarto.

IX. The *Second Part* of *Henry the 4th*, containing to his Death and Coronation of *Henry* the 5th. With the Humours of Sir *John Falſtaffe* and ſwaggering *Piſtol*. As it hath been ſundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpear*. Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe* and *William Aſpley*, 1600, Quarto, (the 36th Year of his Age.)

X. The Cronicle Hiſtory of *Henry the 5th*, with his Battle fought at *Agincourt* in *France*. Together with Ancient *Piſtol*. As it hath been ſundry times played by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede* for *Tho. Millington*, 1600.

Another Printed for *T. P.* 1608, Quarto. Theſe Editions are ſhort in many Scenes and Speeches, and want the Chorus's; which (with many other noble Improvements) were ſince added by the Author, not above 8 Years before his Death. This was

one

one of the laſt Plays he finiſh'd, a conſiderable time after *Henry* the 6th had been written and acted. See the Epilogue of *Henry* 5th.

XI. *Henry the 6th*, firſt Printed under this Title. The whole Contention between the two famous Houſes, *Lancaſter* and *York*: With the Tragical Ends of the good Duke *Humphrey*, *Richard* Duke of *York*, and King *Henry* the Sixth: divided into two parts, and newly corrected and inlarged. Written by *W. Shakeſpear*, Gent. Printed at *London* for *T. P.* (without a date) Quarto.

This was the firſt Sketch only of the preſent ſecond and third Parts of *Henry* the Sixth; which were ſince greatly inlarged, and the Poetry improved; the Scenary was much the ſame as at preſent.

Since Printed under the ſame Title by *W. W.* for *Tho. Millington*, with the true Tragedy of *Richard* D. of *York*, and the Death of good King *Henry* the 6th, acted by the Earl of *Pembroke* his Servants. 1600.

XII. The Tragedy of King *Richard the 3d*, containing his treacherous Plots againſt his Brother *Clarence*, the pitiful Murther of his Innocent Nephews, his Tyrannical Uſurpations; with the whole courſe of his deteſted Life, and moſt deſerved Death. As hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. By *W. Shakeſpear*. Printed by *Tho. Creed* for *Andrew Wiſe*, 1598, Quarto (the 34th Year of the Author's Age.)

The ſame newly augmented, Printed for the ſame Printers in 1602.

The ſame in 1612.

XIII. The moſt lamentable Tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*. As it hath been ſundry times play'd by the King's Majeſty's Servants. Printed for *Edw. White*, 1611. It appears from *B. Johnſon*'s *Induction to Barthol. Fair*, that this Play was of 25 Years ſtanding, in the Year 1614, ſo that if it was *Shakeſpear*'s, it muſt have been writ in the 25th Year of his Age.

XIV. The famous Hiſtory of *Troilus and Creſſeida*, excellently expreſſing the beginning of their Loves, with the conceited wooing of *Pandarus* Prince of *Lycia*. Written by *Will. Shakeſpear*. Imprinted by *G. Eld*, for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, 1609, Quarto, with a Preface of the Publiſher. (This was 8 Years before his Death.)

The ſame, as it was acted by the Kings Majeſty's Servants at the *Globe*. Printed by the ſame.

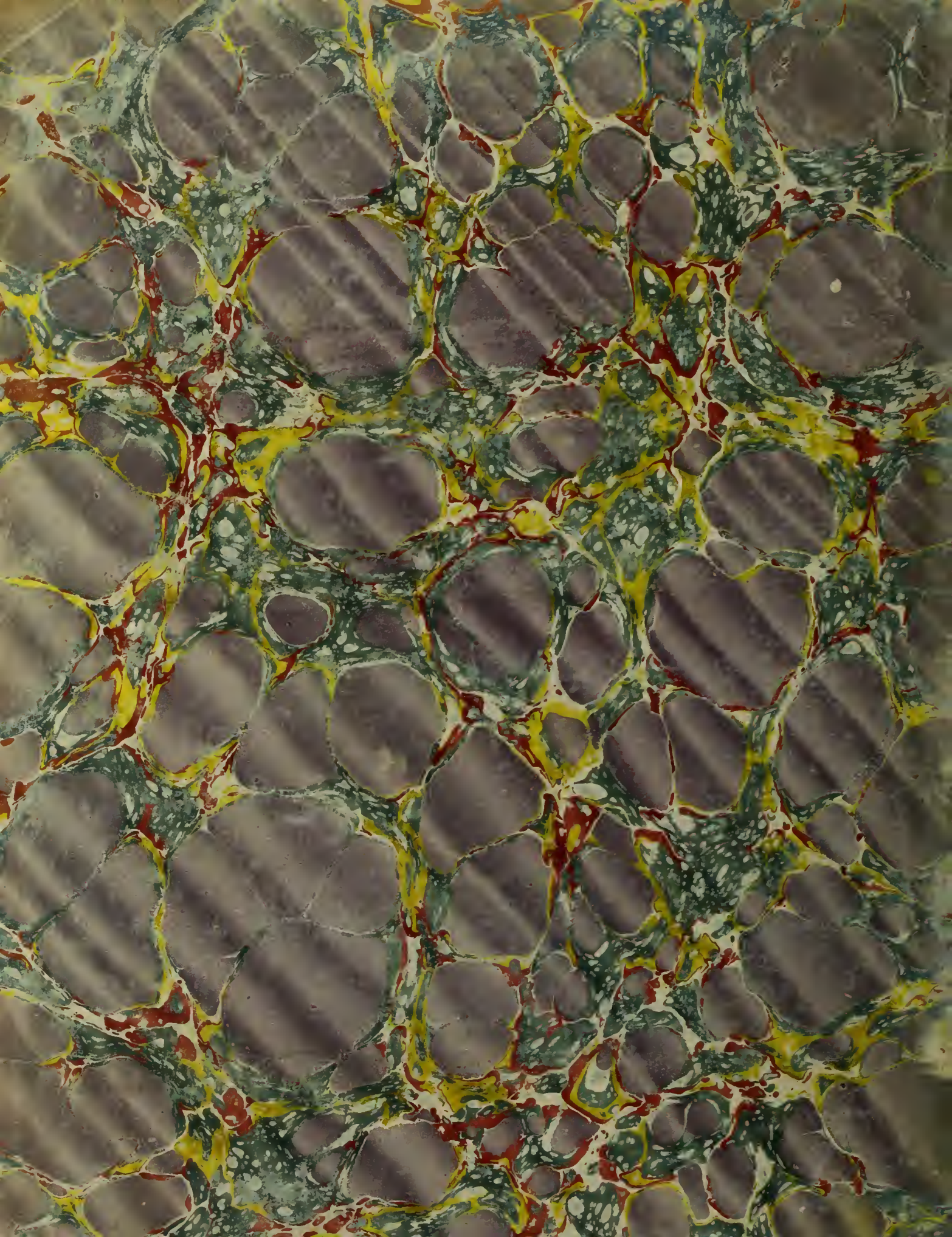
XV. An excellent conceited Tragedy of *Romeo and Jnliet*. As it hath been often with great Applauſe play'd publickly, by the Right Honourable the Lord of *Hunſdon* his Servants. *London* Printed by *John Danter*, 1597, Quarto.

The moſt excellent and lamentable Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, newly corrected, augmented, and amended. As it hath been ſundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable

Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede*, for *Cutbert Burby*, 1599, Quarto.

XVI. The Tragical Hiſtory of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*. By *W. Shakeſpear*. Newly imprinted and enlarg'd to almoſt as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect Copy. Printed by *J. R.* for *N. L.* 1605, Quarto.

The Tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*, newly imprinted and enlarg'd according to the true and perfect Copy lately Printed. Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwich*, 1611.

XVII. The Tragedy of *Othello, the Moor of Venice*. As it hath been divers times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black Fryars*, by his Majeſty's Servants. Written by *Will. Shakeſpear*. Publiſhed by *Tho. Walkely*, Quarto, (ſoon after his Death, as appears by the Preface.)

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